April 25, 1936

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Oil and War

By Walter C. Teagle

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AS DIFFERENT AS DAY AND NIGHT
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOV'T.
Established 1810
1 PINT 100 PROOF
OLD OVERHOLT STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY A. Overholt & Co. Inc. BROADFORD, PA. U.S.A.
NATIONAL DISTILLERS

The *taste* that stands apart in *Solitary Excellence*

Anyone who is an experienced judge of whiskey will tell you that there is no other rye which approaches Old Overholt.

This straight rye whiskey, bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision,* has a rich and robust flavor which makes most others seem pallid by comparison.

At first, perhaps, your palate will be surprised at the virility of this noted whiskey. But to know it and ask for it is the mark of the connoisseur.

Distilled according to a formula 125 years old—aged in oak four and a half years at least—bottled at full 100 proof—Old Overholt occupies an unique place among finer whiskies. And its price—at bars and stores—is attractively low considering its superb quality.

**The U. S. Government has the most rigid bottled in bond act of any country in the world, the requirements of which assure you full 100 proof, aging in barrels for at least four years, and freedom from addition of younger spirits.*

A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKEY

© 1936, A. Overholt & Co., Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.

OLD OVERHOLT

BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

HOW THE WARMTH OF YOUR HAND EXPANDS THE AIR IN A PEN BARREL

—Causes Ink to Flood and Blot Your Paper

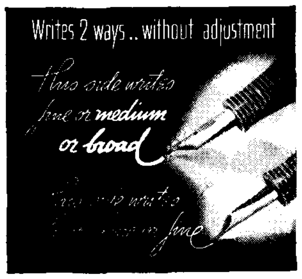
A General Complaint that is never made about The Parker Vacumatic, due to its unique Breather Tube

*This enables this Revolutionary Pen to withstand *up to 100% more air expansion than ordinary sacless pens*

Tested by The Miner Laboratories, *Checked and Warranted* by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE—*Performance* That Counter Demonstrations Can't Reveal

Perhaps you have noticed the big parade of sacless pens that have fallen in line behind Parker's Vacumatic. Yet due to patents granted Parker, this revolutionary invention still rears itself in "splendid isolation" wherever pens are sold—it's the modern *standout* in 91 countries, and just around the corner.

So don't ever forget that it's not how magically a pen may fill in the store that counts so much as how it performs *a month or two later in the hand!*


Writes 2 ways..without adjustment
This side writes fine or medium or broad
This side writes
fine

That's where the Parker Vacumatic is the saving grace of sacless pens. For it brings the world Automatic Ink Control—prevents leaking, flooding, and blotting caused by excessive air pressure in a pen barrel.

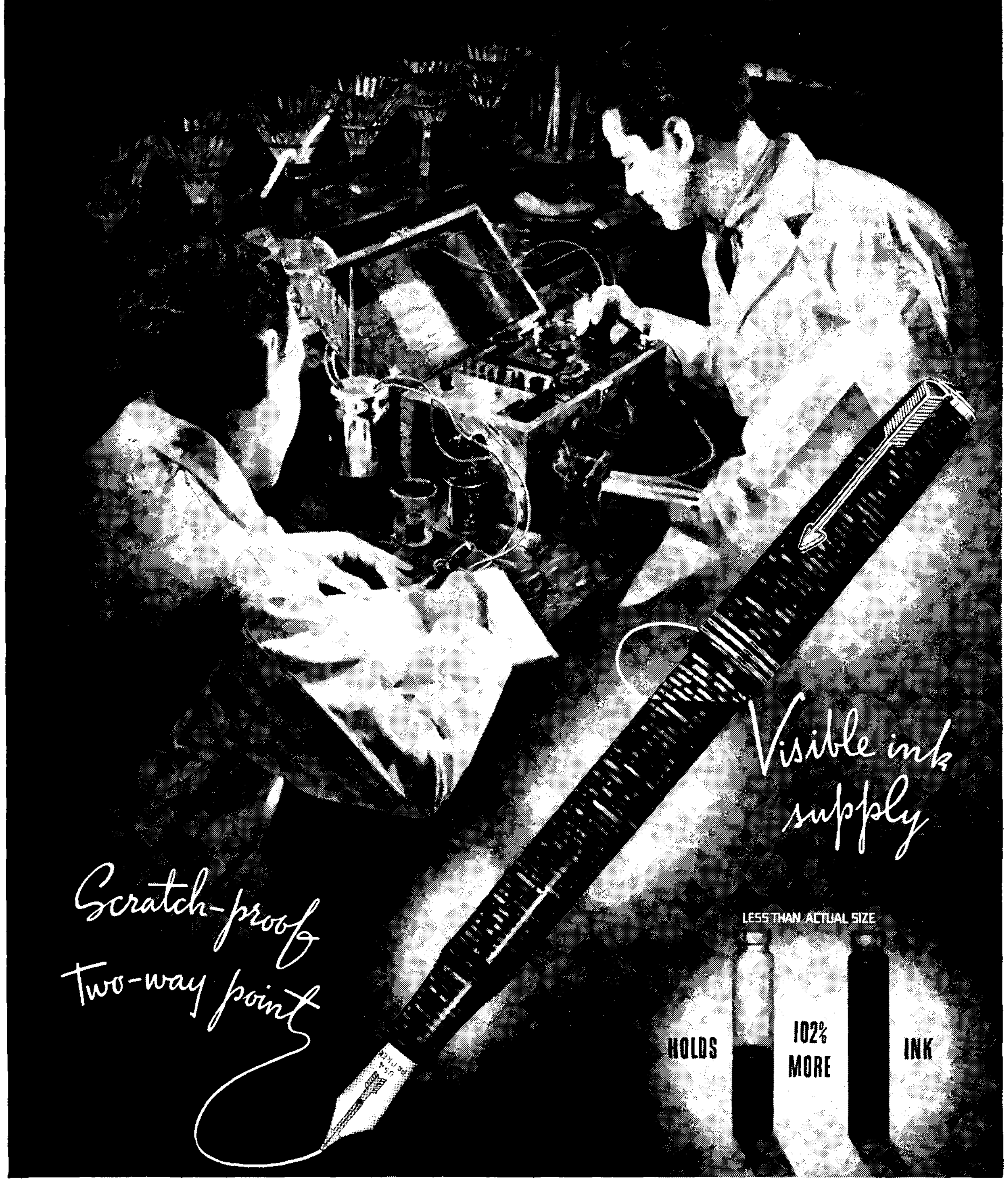
When the warmth of your hand expands the air in the Parker Vacumatic, excess air pressure escapes through the Breather Tube. That tends to equalize pressure *inside* and *outside.*

This Breather Tube *is the only invention known* that "deflates" expanding air in a pen, *without permitting the escape of ink!*

Only the Parker Breather Tube gives these results. For it's engineered to scientific tolerance—to perfect team-play with Parker's patented Filler. As proof—in the Miner tests, warranted by Good Housekeeping, the Parker withstood from 25% to 100% more air pressure than other sacless pens tested, *with or without breather tubes!*

Parker
VACUMATIC REG. T.M.
GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, $5; Over-Size, $10 — $7.50 — Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5



*** Above photograph taken in The Miner Laboratories shows how rising temperature within each pen was scientifically recorded by precision potentiometer. This instrument was connected with thermocouple inserted into the barrel of the pen which was held in writer's hand. *Good Housekeeping Magazine* checked this and other tests of Parker performance—warrants the findings certified by Miner, proving that the Parker Vacumatic defies from 25% to 100% more air expansion without flooding or blotting than four other makes of sacless pens tested in exactly the same way.**

Parker's revolutionary Filler requires No Sliding Piston—No Squirt-Gun Pump. That's why this miracle pen is Guaranteed mechanically perfect. And because it has no rubber ink sac, no lever filler—has 14 fewer parts than old-styles—there's room for 102% more ink *without increase in size.* Its working parts are Never touched by ink, hence won't corrode, decompose, or get out of order.

The laminated barrel is a wholly exclusive Style—rings of Pearl and Jet. When held to the light, the "Jet" becomes transparent—shows the ink level—shows when to refill—*ends running dry!*

Its Scratch-Proof Point—precious Platinum combined with solid Gold—is skillfully fashioned to write two ways without adjustment.

Resolve not to putter along with an antiquated pen—give your learning and earning an utterly new "pick-up" NOW—go to the nearest pen counter Today. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.

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To Guard Your Pen from Pen-Clogging Inks

use Parker Qu*ink*—a miracle ink that cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker or any other pen. Not watery ink, but rich, full-bodied. Get Qu*ink* at any store selling ink. 15c up.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

THERE was a disarming guilelessness about the Honorable Bus Byrnett. An imp lived inside his fat body, venting its high spirits in constant drollery. What's more, Bus got things done for State U. He bought a football team and built a stadium; he jammed bills through the legislature and put up new buildings. The students shouted their heads off for him—perhaps he was a crook and a blatherskite, but how were they to know?

One of them knew. Her name was Hollis, but after she started talking against Bus Byrnett it might just as well have been mud. Hollis was pretty lonely—until the crash. In a dramatic love story, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan introduces "A Friend of Alma Mater."

FAR up a red-clay road in Georgia —as far up as his car would take him—Walter Davenport made the acquaintance of Mr. Yancey Deans. Mr. Deans, drowsing in a split-hickory chair in the mellow warmth of spring, was nevertheless alert enough to discourse on Georgia politics—Georgia politics being to all intents and purposes the colorful presidential candidate Mr. Gene Talmadge. Mr. Davenport tells you what the home folks are saying.

BRETTE HASTINGS' eyebrows went up at both ends: they were like little wings over her eyes. When her brother, flying his own plane home from England, disappeared in the wastes of Labrador, Brette flew north to join the search. That gives you four men and a girl in the wilds, searching for a fifth. The resulting story of love and adventure is told by D. K. Findlay in "Wings Over Labrador."

THE papers were filled with the details of the Twitchells' divorce last week. All the wife did, according to the story, was to send her husband's old hat to the cleaners. Only a fisherman would know what that meant —and so few wives are fishermen. "Trout Widows," by Corey Ford, clears up the whole situation.

THE will by which Charley Ballard inherited a half interest in Riccardi's vineyard was very specific about strong drink; Charley must achieve a reputation for sobriety. It was also specific about the girl; the girl went with the establishment. "Babes in the Vineyard" is by Sidney Herschel Small.

AS if that wasn't enough, you will find articles and fiction by Frank Condon, Paul Jones, George Creel, Sax Rohmer, Quentin Reynolds, George Agnew Chamberlain and others. Brace yourself.

This Week

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April 25, 1936

Cover by Howard Butler

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●

Any Week

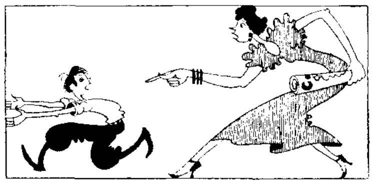
OUR patience is rewarded. For some months we have been asking sincere advocates of the Townsend Plan just how it was proposed to get the money to put that fine humanitarian idea on a paying basis. And Mrs. Jeanette Barrett of Long Beach, California, the town wherein the vision came to the Doctor, has found the answer. "While those European countries are butchering each other in selfish warfare we must remain aloof, contenting ourselves with manufacturing the munitions. Instead of the profits from this munitions business going into the pockets of a few selfish individuals, let it be taken by the government and put aside for our old folks. This will give high-pay jobs to the young people and provide all the money the Townsend Plan will need."

ANYBODY can see the practical benefits of that. And we're very glad to be the first to give the thought publicity. Plenty of people will rejoice with us, just as Mr. Peter Bokma of Conrad, Montana, finds us right now and then. "In my search for the truth," writes Mr. Bokma, "I was led to believe that your periodical was a device of the devil. Now that you have published that article on co-operatives I am persuaded that the angels must have hovered near you at least momentarily."

OUR old fellow whittler, Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, informs us that "out our way they've fired the last surviving Republican holding federal office, on charges of Pernicious Political Activity. Which," concludes the colonel, "has caused lots of folks to wonder if this is likely to become epidemic by November third."

OUR modesty, with which you are doubtless acquainted, forbade us to mention this on our own account. But inasmuch as Mr. Dan Cannon of Donora, Pennsylvania, discovered it, we capitulate. Says Mr. Cannon, "In the month of February, 1936, there were five issues of Collier's. It will be thousands of years before there will again be five issues in the month of February. Aren't we Collier's fans lucky to be living now? Just think what our grandchildren will be missing. They, poor wights, will only get four issues of Collier's in their months of February."

WE were having dinner not long ago at the home of a lady who was having a little trouble with her son, a spirited fellow of six. The argument threatened to be anybody's victory until the mother said sharply: "That will be all, Wallace—absolutely all. One more word and I'll take Collier's." Instead of cheering so rosy a prospect, Wallace instantly subsided and strode off to bed. Naturally we asked for details. "Oh, that," said the triumphant mother. "Of course we've been reading Collier's for years. I enjoy it too, but Wallace doesn't. You see, we use it to spank him with."



AT the same time Mr. M. L. McKibben of Duluth, Minnesota, thinks there's something for private business, the government and labor to consider in the reasons why Uncle Jim Jensen died a bachelor. Mr. Jensen courted a lady for seventeen years before asking her to marry him. But he did ask her and she accepted. Mr. Jensen wanted no fuss about it. He asked her to marry him on the coming Wednesday. She agreed that Wednesday would be all right for her. Very well, said Mr. Jensen, he would meet her in the city at noon and they'd be married. But Mr. Jensen and the lady lived near Minneapolis and St. Paul. Her idea of the city was St. Paul. Mr. Jensen had meant Minneapolis. As he didn't specify which city he had in mind, she went to St. Paul and he to Minneapolis, just across the Mississippi River. Each hung around the city hall for a couple of hours and returned home never to speak to each other again. "Later," says Mr. McKibben, "we asked Uncle Jim why he didn't do something about it—explain to the lady for example, or why he hadn't been more specific in the first place. And Mr. Jensen replied: 'And let a damned woman get the best of me? I should say not.' "

BUT we have reached the end. So has Mrs. Ira E. Farmer of Thomson, Georgia. "I see," says she, "that we're about to have Windfall Taxes. That's what the President calls them. I suppose that means taxes where, when and how the Administration wind listeth. Anyway, I'm putting into the pot the settin' hen the governor of Georgia told us last year we soon couldn't afford to own. You're welcome while it lasts."

THANKS. We'll be right down.

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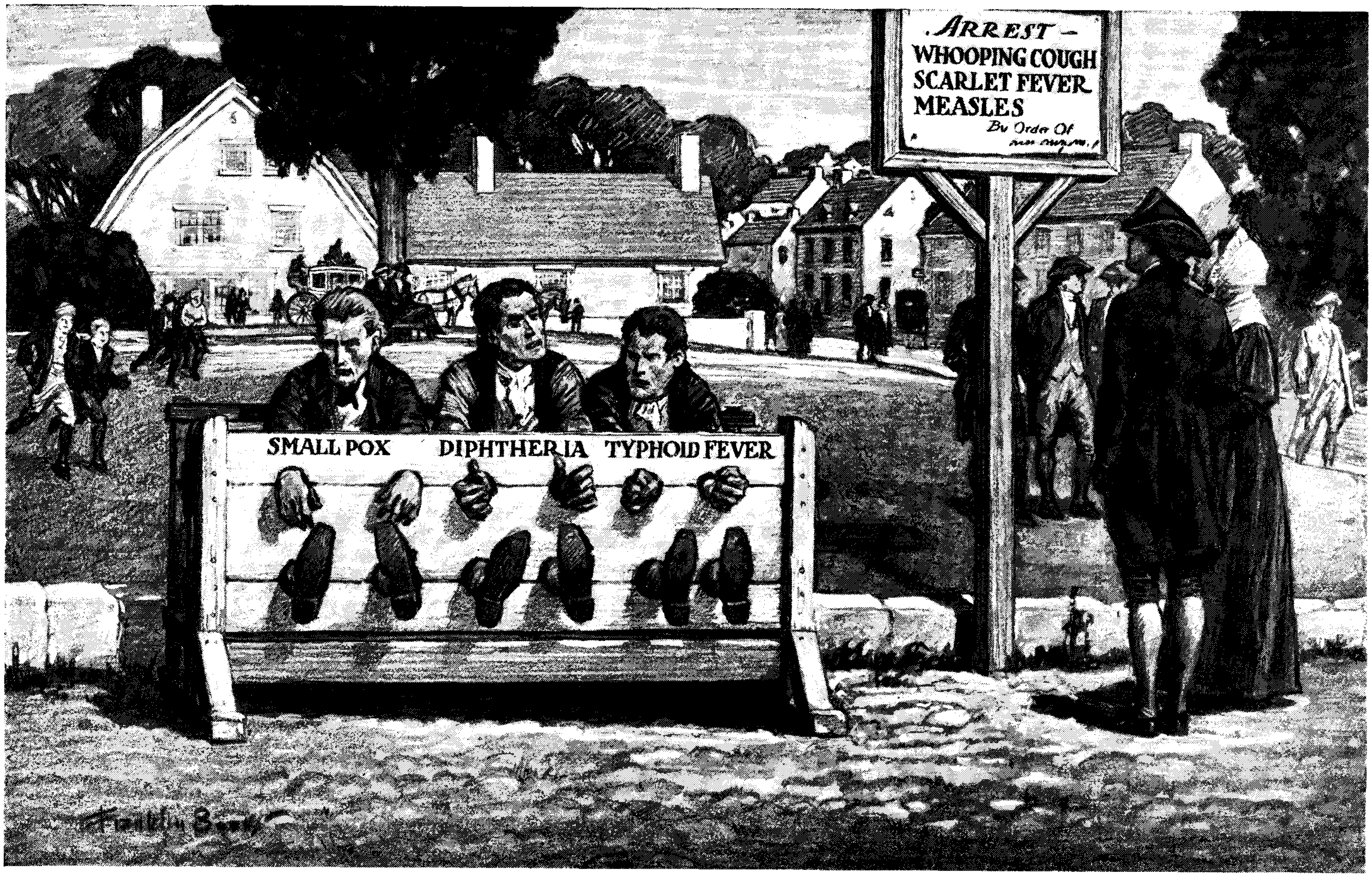

Arrest these Enemies

WHAT wouldn't mothers and fathers have given in Colonial days to guard their children against the diseases which today your doctor can prevent?

Three of the scourges which formerly took thousands of lives can be kept under control. Every child, and adult too, can now be protected against smallpox, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

Smallpox has practically disappeared in the States where vaccination is widely practiced. In communities where families ignore this protection, it still smoulders, though protected families are safe.

Diphtheria is rapidly being stamped out by immunization against it. Nevertheless, 3,000 children in this country died of it last year. Have your baby inoculated when he is six months old. A later test will determine whether or not further inoculation is desirable. Then, if diphtheria should break out in your neighborhood, he will be immune.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Typhoid claims comparatively few victims except where suitable sanitary and preventive medical practices have been neglected.

Your doctor can tell you of the means that are used to check epidemics of scarlet fever, whooping cough and measles—and of the vaccines, antitoxins and serums which soften the attacks of these diseases and make the after-effects less damaging.

If, when you were little, you escaped serious consequences from any or all of these diseases, you were lucky. Don't let your child run the same risks. At the time of your child's regular physical examination, the doctor will be able to advise concerning immunization and the building up of resistance against disease.

You are welcome to a free copy of "Out of Babyhood Into Childhood." When you ask for it please address Booklet Department 536-C.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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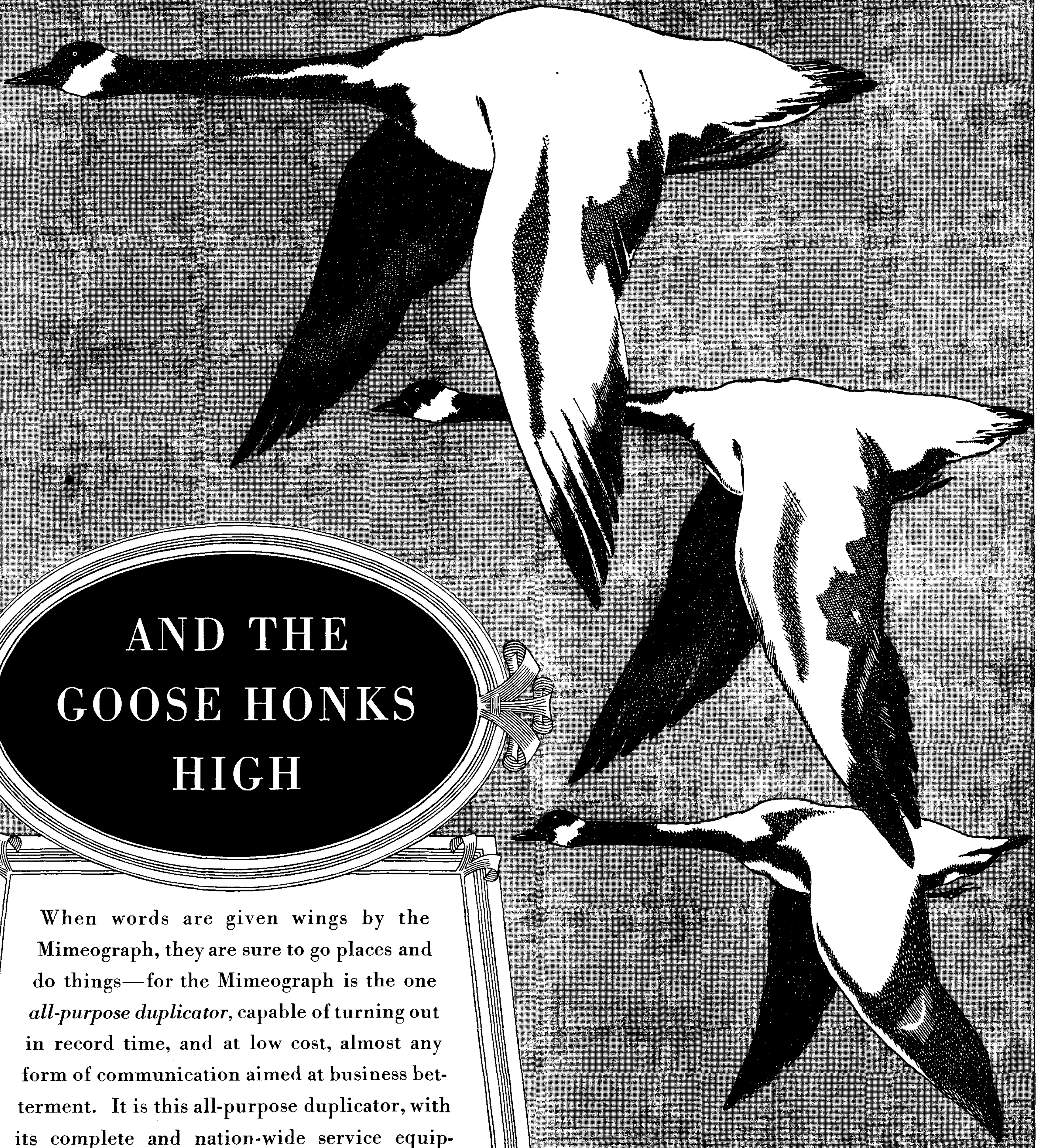

AND THE GOOSE HONKS HIGH

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DONALD DENTON

Collier's The National Weekly for April 25, 1936

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KY
PETROLE MARQUE "AIGLE"

Natives of Saigon, French Indo-China, get their regular supply of American kerosene

Oil and War

By Walter C. Teagle

PRESIDENT OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(NEW JERSEY)

as told to Donald Wilhelm

Some say foreign trade causes war. So, they urge, stop trading and avoid the danger. The case of petroleum proves it isn't so simple as that. Some countries have none. Some have more than they need. And no modern country can get along without it. Walter C. Teagle, who knows about both oil and foreign trade, tells the inside story

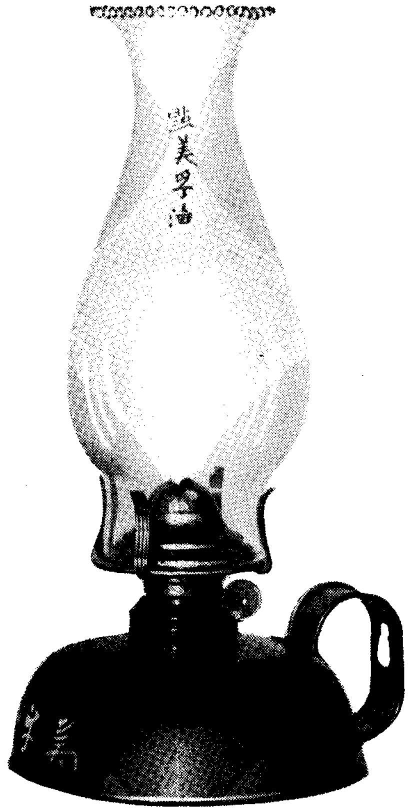
SOME time ago I had to add a word to my vocabulary. The word is "autarchy." If it should be new to you, autarchy means self-sufficiency. It expresses a doctrine given life by the World War and its aftermath; it is essentially foreign in conception, though it has its adherents here just as many other un-American panaceas have. The disciples of self-sufficiency would build barriers across the ocean piers and fences for boundaries so as to keep a nation's own resources in and those of its neighbors out. Under autarchy, each country would live for, and on, itself so far as possible. What it lacked it would endeavor to develop at home by stimulating new industries through prohibitive tariffs, or go without. To the individual it spells deprivation of many things—a submergence of his rights to certain comforts and luxuries in the interest of the State.

That, you say, is indefensible. The United States has imposed protective tariffs, but only to keep up our standard of living against competition from underpaid labor elsewhere. We want foreign trade. Always we have had a surplus of some products. Why not sell the oversupply abroad, remitting the proceeds, or else use them where they accumulate to buy other things needed here?

Everybody believes in foreign trade of that kind. Everybody understands it.

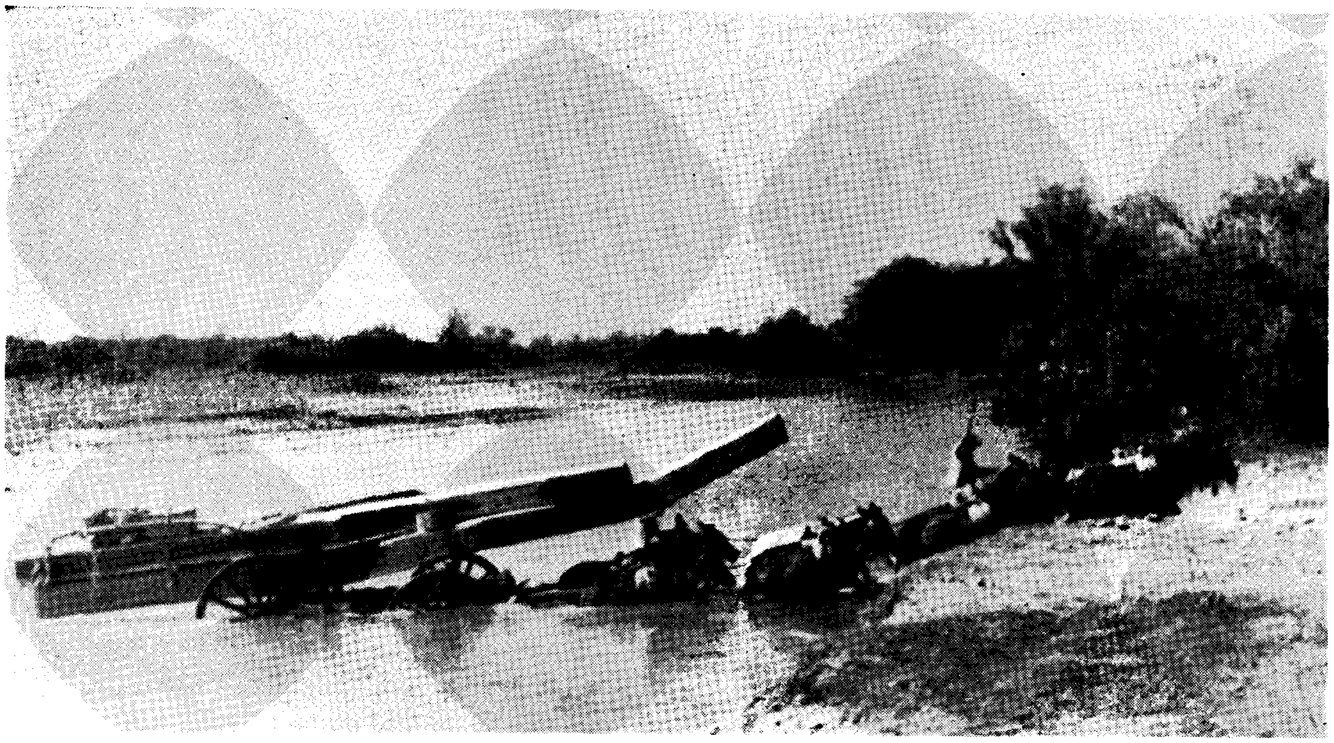
Now, of course, foreign trade is not as simple as that. The other fellow is a businessman, too. He has definite ideas of what he will buy, and how he is going to pay for it. Competing salesmen are sitting in his waiting-room with samples. If he buys from us this year, when we have a surplus, he has a right to expect us to do our best to supply him in another year when supplies may not be so generous. If the exporter wants to stay in business he must look out for the buyer as well as for himself.

If you want an illustration of the seller's obligation, one which everyone will understand, use this: Up in the White Mountains, where thousands of motorists go for vacations, it is no trick



The Mei Foo, or "Beautiful Confidence" lamp that opened a vast Chinese market for American oil

The American influence shows clearly in this filling station in Rome



Left: fording a river in Argentina with drilling-rig timbers. Left center: temporary storage for crude oil at Luneberg, Germany

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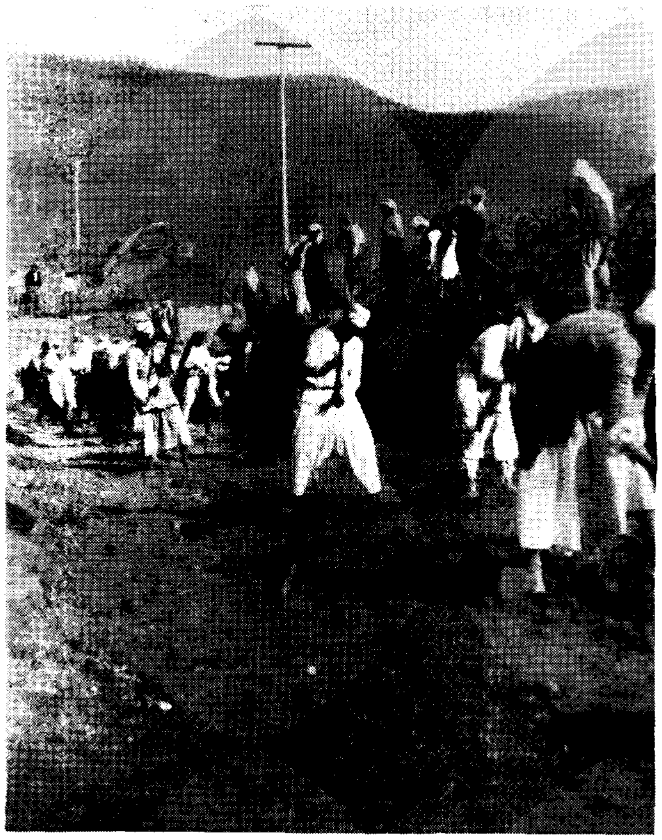


at all to make deliveries of oil and gasoline in the summer. But in winter there are only a few people in some of those villages isolated by snow and ice. The easy business is gone until the next season, and with it most of the suppliers. We got word a while back that a farmer had to have some zero cold-test oil to lubricate his water pump. Our men broke a road through the drifts to make this small delivery, and I venture to say that it cost us ten times the amount of the sale.

But to get back to international trade. Suppose a foreign nation puts a high duty on flour, while admitting wheat free. An American miller finds he has to build a plant over there to continue his established trade in flour. Then there occurs a shortage in our cereal crop and he has to buy wheat from the Argentine to keep his European flour mill going. The capital is owned over here. The earnings, if any are made, are brought back and distributed to Americans. The foreign operations tie into those of the owner in the United States. This is a phase of foreign trade which many of our people do not seem to understand. They fail to realize that markets secured and investments made in facilities for distribution are only a first step in the building up of our export business. Autarchy, with its tariff walls, quota restrictions, blocked credits, patent control and many other regulations, has now forced the exporter to embark on manufacturing operations abroad.

American Oil in Foreign Markets

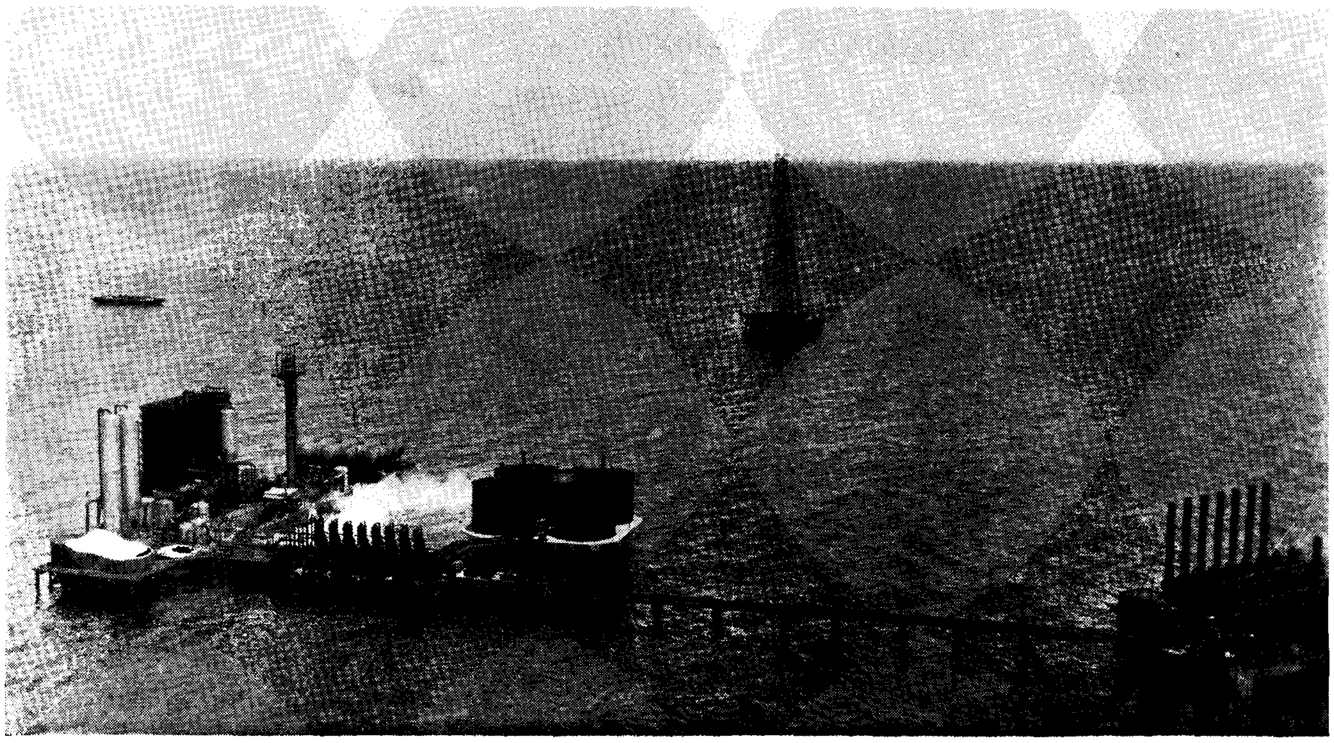
Our investments abroad, as well as shipments of goods and commodities, are part of our country's foreign trade strength. We send out materials and machinery, managers and experts, to keep these enterprises going. Such activities have been encouraged by our government as sound trade efforts. Treaties and foreign policies, such as the "Open Door" in China, have been designed to secure for America's foreign trade the same protection and rights that we have granted to foreigners trading in the United States.

Believers in autarchy deny the value of foreign trade to our national economy, and view it as a potential cause of friction which might be embarrassing to our government. They seem unable to appreciate that the only protection expected by those engaged in foreign trade is the opportunity to compete on the same terms as are granted to the nationals of other countries.

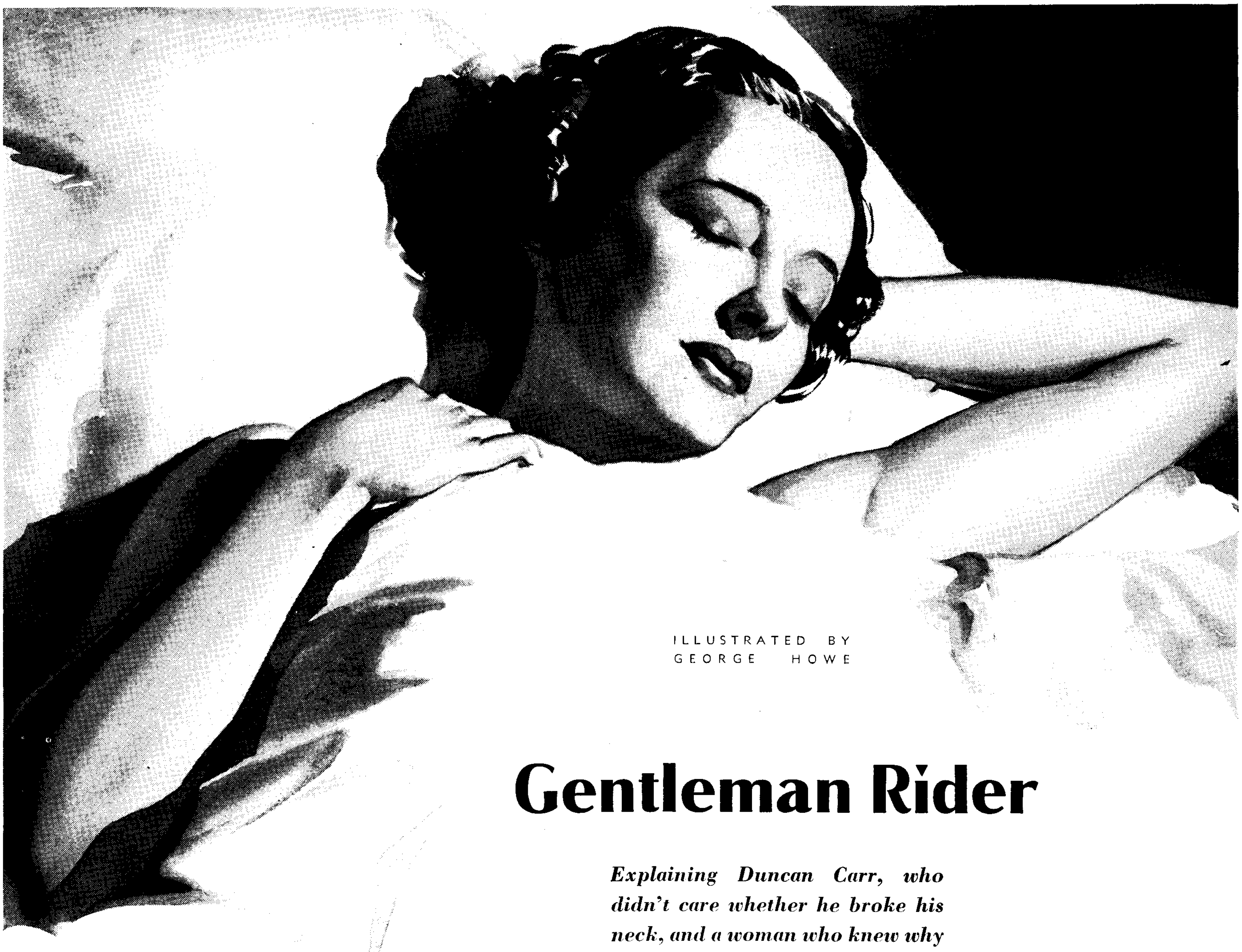
This is all preliminary to answering Collier's question, "What about the foreign oil situation and sales to Italy?" Because, if you will substitute oil for wheat in the case just cited, you have essentially the position of Standard Oil Company (N. J.) in foreign markets.

We started shipping petroleum products to Italy, in tins and barrels, more than threescore years ago. To keep this business, and to continue the service to which the Italian customers are entitled, we have had to change methods and increase investments, not once but a dozen times. Changes will continue so long as we are in business over there, or anywhere else. We take the bad with the good or quit, just as any business does.

(Continued on page 72)



Right Center: Arabs building a pipe line on the banks of the Jordan. Left: a gasoline recovery plant on stilts in Venezuela



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

The memory of her asleep returned to him with an agonizing clarity

Gentleman Rider

Explaining Duncan Carr, who didn't care whether he broke his neck, and a woman who knew why

By Edward Shenton

"The Chesterton Cup, about four miles over timber in a fair hunting country. Four-year-olds and over. Amateur riders. . . ." —Hunt Meet Program

ONLY five horses were running when the second round of the course began. They came down the long green slope to the post-and-rail jump in the hollow, Ricky Vincent's chestnut gelding Avenger still six or seven lengths in the lead.

Duncan Carr gathered the big gray under him with a firm hand. "Stead-ah," he said in his Virginia drawl. The footing was soft on the low ground. The gray came into the fence easily, separate from the other horses, not excited or anxious. "Come ovah," Duncan said sharply. He felt the powerful quarters drive; the horse jumped smoothly, like a great cat, barely clearing the pale skinned wood of the top rail, wasting no effort. Duncan noted that Ricky had not eased for the jump; the distance between them had increased. He let the gray have his head over the quarter-mile uphill to the next fence.

It was hidden from view by a conical mound and a white fence circling its base marked the inside of the course. There were a lot of people on the grassy hillock and a course judge in a scarlet coat and silk hat motionless on a tall ruddy hunter. Vincent was already at the turn, riding so close to the fence that his boot seemed to brush the rail, horse and rider leaning in toward the fence with the speed of their effort.

"He's goin' awful fast," Duncan thought. "He's settin' a terrible pace."

The field had been spread in the first mile by the fury of young Vincent's riding, with two horses down at the third jump, another hopelessly distanced after a refusal, and the fourth running out, his rider hanging from his neck until he threw him and continued running, the empty stirrups bouncing and jerking, down a slope into a patch of woodland.

The fence rose up before Duncan and he let the gray take it, leaning well forward as they came down without a break in the stride, the way a wise old horse comes away from a fence as though he were floating. Behind him, Duncan heard the sharp "tock-tock" as the hoofs of one of the following horses rapped the top rail and then the soft drumming of pursuit resumed.

DUNCAN could recall the girl as clearly as though he were back on the clubhouse veranda.

"I wanted specially to meet you," she had said, standing there gazing up at him, appearing very young, her eyes wide and curiously pale, like opals, her full lips slightly parted, her hair, the color of honey, smooth and glinting in the light from the window beyond.

He had not been able to answer, for at that moment the sudden, completely unexpected resurrection of the past had begun, like the confused awakening from an unreal sleep where he had existed in bitter loneliness.

It had nothing to do with the words. Plenty of girls had made the same remark to him on the verandas of hunt clubs from the Carolinas to Connecticut, because he was engaged in an occupation that was quite obviously picturesque, dangerous and romantic. Not even the girl herself had been directly responsible for the tumult of awareness and longing that had swept through him leaving him shaken and bewildered. It had been something subtle springing from her youth and a certain intensity that had evoked with poignant reality the image of Rhoda. She had been like that when he had first known her, at the time of their marriage, in the years of happiness they had had together before everything went wrong in a way he had never understood. Then, after Rhoda had left him and gotten her divorce, he had fallen into that curious drugged indifference where nothing had any meaning at all. . . .

Duncan knew he was rating the gray perfectly. The horse was still eager to run, fighting the bit, not viciously but the way a spirited horse will in a race when he is enjoying it and wants to go out in front and run for the sheer wild pleasure of running.

VINCENT'S lead had been cut to six lengths as they took the fence, leaping through the shadow into the bright sunlight. The course went across a meadow in a wide easy curve marked by flags until it reached the highway edging the lovely five-thousand-acre farm where the meet was held. Here parallel fences, to keep the horses from over-running, possibly out onto the road, formed a kind of short track with a bad, almost right-angle turn and a jump as they came out from between the fences. It was dangerous, particularly when the horses were beginning to tire. The riders all hated it. There was always a crowd as close to the fence as it could get, mostly outsiders who came, not for the delight of watching the horses jump, but to see the falls.

Duncan continued to hold the gray in, feeling the comfortable satisfaction of a horse strong and alert under him in contrast to that terrible sensation when you approach a fence uncertain of your mount's ability to take it. When the fence

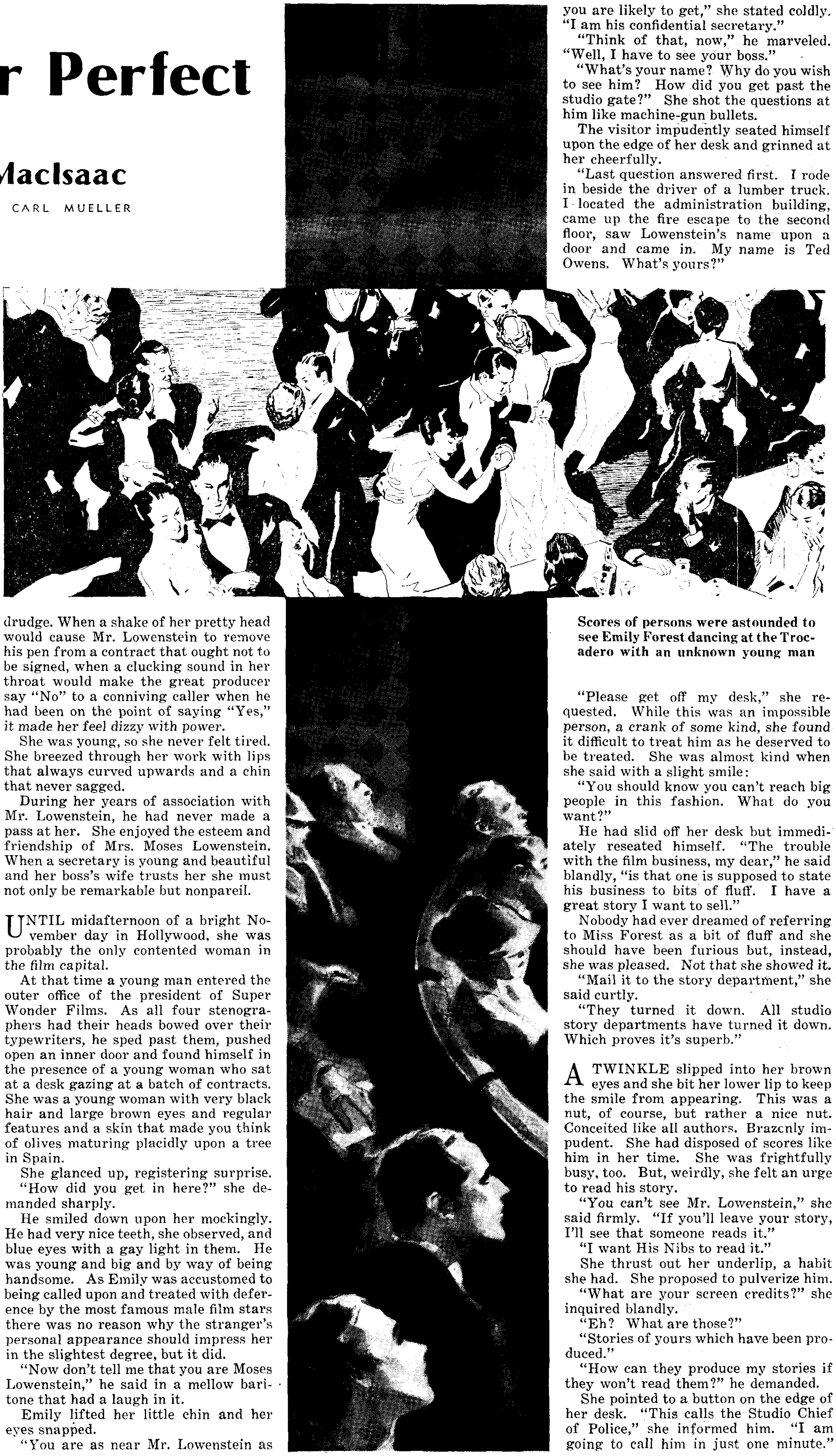
(Continued on page 50)

No Longer Perfect

By Fred MacIsaac

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

The Hollywood adventure of Emily Forest, Mr. Lowenstein's confidential secretary, who wasn't so perfect as she seemed, and Ted Owens, her unwitting partner in crime, who was the luckiest author ever to make the grade in Hollywood



Scores of persons were astounded to see Emily Forest dancing at the Trocadero with an unknown young man

WHEN Emily Forest was seventeen years old and lived in Elmira she fell in love with a Cornell sophomore who failed to recognize her worth. The calamity caused her to change her intention of becoming a model wife and mother and to determine to become the perfect secretary.

Being endowed with brains and energy, she so nearly realized her ambition that, when her New York employer, Mr. Moses Lowenstein, was sent to Hollywood to take over Super Wonder Films, Emily Forest also went West.

At the end of five years in Hollywood she was the confidential secretary to the head of a great studio and the power behind the throne. She was a woman absorbed in her work, one who believed that it was better to hold a position of influence than to be the wife of somebody who might make her scrub and wash dishes.

It wasn't that her position at Super Wonder Studios got her anything except a good salary and the privilege of working twelve or fourteen hours a day, but it pleased her to amount to something in the world and to have great and famous people defer to her.

Mr. Lowenstein was a glutton for work—at least he was a glutton for spreading his labors over many hours. Arriving at ten A.M., he was in his office till six, dined at the studio cafeteria and, returning, remained on the job until ten or eleven P.M. His industry made a fine impression on the financial backers of the company and saved him from spending his evenings in the bosom of his family.

During Emily's years in Hollywood she had had no social existence. When a girl works nights and Sundays, she misses all the parties and has no time for swains. On the other hand, she saved a huge percentage of her seventy-five dollars a week. Women's wages are squandered on clothes, but the only clothes Emily needed were working frocks and a few nightgowns.

Emily did not consider herself a drudge. When a shake of her pretty head would cause Mr. Lowenstein to remove his pen from a contract that ought not to be signed, when a clucking sound in her throat would make the great producer say "No" to a conniving caller when he had been on the point of saying "Yes," it made her feel dizzy with power.

She was young, so she never felt tired. She breezed through her work with lips that always curved upwards and a chin that never sagged.

During her years of association with Mr. Lowenstein, he had never made a pass at her. She enjoyed the esteem and friendship of Mrs. Moses Lowenstein. When a secretary is young and beautiful and her boss's wife trusts her she must not only be remarkable but nonpareil.

UNTIL midafternoon of a bright November day in Hollywood, she was probably the only contented woman in the film capital.

At that time a young man entered the outer office of the president of Super Wonder Films. As all four stenographers had their heads bowed over their typewriters, he sped past them, pushed open an inner door and found himself in the presence of a young woman who sat at a desk gazing at a batch of contracts. She was a young woman with very black hair and large brown eyes and regular features and a skin that made you think of olives maturing placidly upon a tree in Spain.

She glanced up, registering surprise.

"How did you get in here?" she demanded sharply.

He smiled down upon her mockingly. He had very nice teeth, she observed, and blue eyes with a gay light in them. He was young and big and by way of being handsome. As Emily was accustomed to being called upon and treated with deference by the most famous male film stars there was no reason why the stranger's personal appearance should impress her in the slightest degree, but it did.

"Now don't tell me that you are Moses Lowenstein," he said in a mellow baritone that had a laugh in it.

Emily lifted her little chin and her eyes snapped.

"You are as near Mr. Lowenstein as you are likely to get," she stated coldly. "I am his confidential secretary."

"Think of that, now," he marveled. "Well, I have to see your boss."

"What's your name? Why do you wish to see him? How did you get past the studio gate?" She shot the questions at him like machine-gun bullets.

The visitor impudently seated himself upon the edge of her desk and grinned at her cheerfully.

"Last question answered first. I rode in beside the driver of a lumber truck. I located the administration building, came up the fire escape to the second floor, saw Lowenstein's name upon a door and came in. My name is Ted Owens. What's yours?"

"Please get off my desk," she requested. While this was an impossible person, a crank of some kind, she found it difficult to treat him as he deserved to be treated. She was almost kind when she said with a slight smile:

"You should know you can't reach big people in this fashion. What do you want?"

He had slid off her desk but immediately reseated himself. "The trouble with the film business, my dear," he said blandly, "is that one is supposed to state his business to bits of fluff. I have a great story I want to sell."

Nobody had ever dreamed of referring to Miss Forest as a bit of fluff and she should have been furious but, instead, she was pleased. Not that she showed it.

"Mail it to the story department," she said curtly.

"They turned it down. All studio story departments have turned it down. Which proves it's superb."

A TWINKLE slipped into her brown eyes and she bit her lower lip to keep the smile from appearing. This was a nut, of course, but rather a nice nut. Conceited like all authors. Brazenly impudent. She had disposed of scores like him in her time. She was frightfully busy, too. But, weirdly, she felt an urge to read his story.

"You can't see Mr. Lowenstein," she said firmly. "If you'll leave your story, I'll see that someone reads it."

"I want His Nibs to read it."

She thrust out her underlip, a habit she had. She proposed to pulverize him.

"What are your screen credits?" she inquired blandly.

"Eh? What are those?"

"Stories of yours which have been produced."

"How can they produce my stories if they won't read them?" he demanded.

She pointed to a button on the edge of her desk. "This calls the Studio Chief of Police," she informed him. "I am going to call him in just one minute."

"You read my story," he pleaded. "You'll be crazy about it. You look as if you had some intelligence. Here."

He laid his manuscript upon her desk.

"I'm too busy—"

"Aw, be a good kid, will you?"

Emily met his eyes, and read desperation in them.

"All right," she agreed. "Goodby."

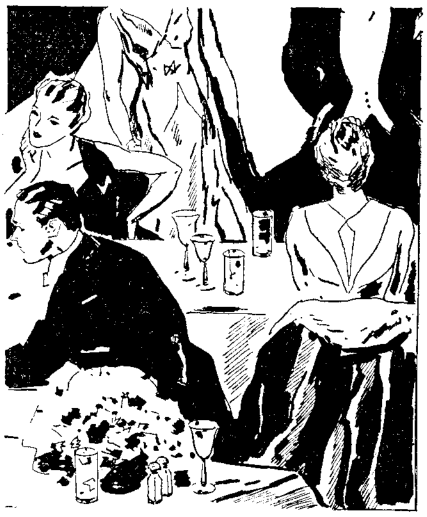
"I'll call for it tomorrow. What's your name?"

"Miss Forest."

"Be seeing you and much obliged."

He took himself off and she picked up his manuscript, glancing at the title. He called his opus "End of the Road."

Upon her desk was a mass of work. The details of a vast business were in her hands; every day she had to travel like a streamlined express train to fix things so that the wheels of industry would turn on the morrow. She didn't have a minute to spare, so she took half an hour to read Mr. Owens' masterpiece.



It was the regular motion picture plot, one which had been done a hundred times and would be done a hundred times more. They were making three of it on the lot at the moment. It was not a script which was likely to be bought from a young man who slipped into the studio via a lumber truck and came up the fire escape to the president's office. She tossed the script on a table and picked up a batch of contracts.

"The End of the Road."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Owens' title wasn't very closely related to his story, it stuck in her mind while she was inspecting the contracts to make sure nobody was slipping anything over on Super Wonder Films and Mr. Lowenstein and then it caused Miss Forest to stop reading contracts and look out of the window, something she rarely did. All one could see from her window was the blank gray wall of a sound stage and looking out of that window was a sheer waste of time.

"The End of the Road. . . ."

Everybody came to it and it occurred to Emily Forest that a time would arrive when she no longer would be private secretary to the president of Super Wonder Films. She was working too hard. Maybe the pace would kill her in another ten years. If it didn't, it certainly would kill Mr. Lowenstein and a new president would come in and look down his nose at Emily Forest, who would then be an old maid with spectacles and gray in her hair.

There were such old girls in the outer office and one of them had been the secretary to the president of Super Wonder Films before Mr. Lowenstein had been put in office by the banks which held the mortgages.

What did a woman do when she had lost her youth and her efficiency and hadn't acquired any friends—and wasn't married? Emily Forest didn't know and, for the first time since she had been in love with the sophomore, she became horribly depressed.

She sat back and folded her hands and had an empty feeling. While she couldn't analyze it, it probably was a feeling healthy young women of twenty-five are apt to have—the vague desire to press something in their arms—for instance, a baby.

And then it struck her very hard that she was a fool to be spending her youth and fourteen hours a day in the interests of a huge impersonal thing like a film studio. While she didn't care for the company of men, perhaps it was because she didn't know any men. This Ted Owens might be a third-rate writer but he had a lot of personality—and charm. And he was probably a very good dancer. Emily hadn't been on a dance floor for eight years but, at the age of seventeen, she had won prizes for dancing.

SHE was supposed to have tremendous influence in the studio but what good was that when she was going to turn into a gray-haired old woman who would be alone in the world?

And Emily Forest, the efficient, for no reason, felt like laying her head down on her desk and having a good cry. Just then Mr. Lowenstein's buzzer sounded.

She lifted her chin, squared her slender shoulders and her brown eyes acquired a hard glint. An unscrupulous glint. She picked up the bunch of contracts in her left hand and the script in her right hand and marched into the president's office.

Mr. Moses Lowenstein was a genius of the first water, as his career had demonstrated conclusively. He carried on in a great room a trifle smaller than the interior of St. Peter's in Rome but bearing a certain resemblance, due to stained glass windows, carved pillars, a desk which had been pilfered from an Italian palace and which looked something like an altar, and a huge projection machine that wasn't unlike an organ in appearance. He sat in a chair which had been a king's throne in its day and to say that he filled it would be an understatement. He bulged out over it, being a person who weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, mostly stomach.

He had a shock of uncombed grayish-black hair, a huge nose, a large mouth and a heavy chin and a pair of small black eyes and a voice like an infuriated bull. It was reported that he had scared several people to death but Emily Forest knew that he was a simple, kindly, hearty and generous man who was so moved emotionally by a hard luck story that she had been forced to build up an elaborate system to keep bearers of such away from the president of Super Wonder Films.

HE HAD great ideas and no sense of order. He was a man in need of a manager and Emily had managed him successfully for years. When he had a nightmare it was usually that Emily Forest had died or thrown up her job and left him alone in a bewildering world.

Mr. Lowenstein had his feet on his magnificent desk, a cigar in his mouth and a radio at his elbow. He was listening to a broadcast of the Stanford-Southern California game.

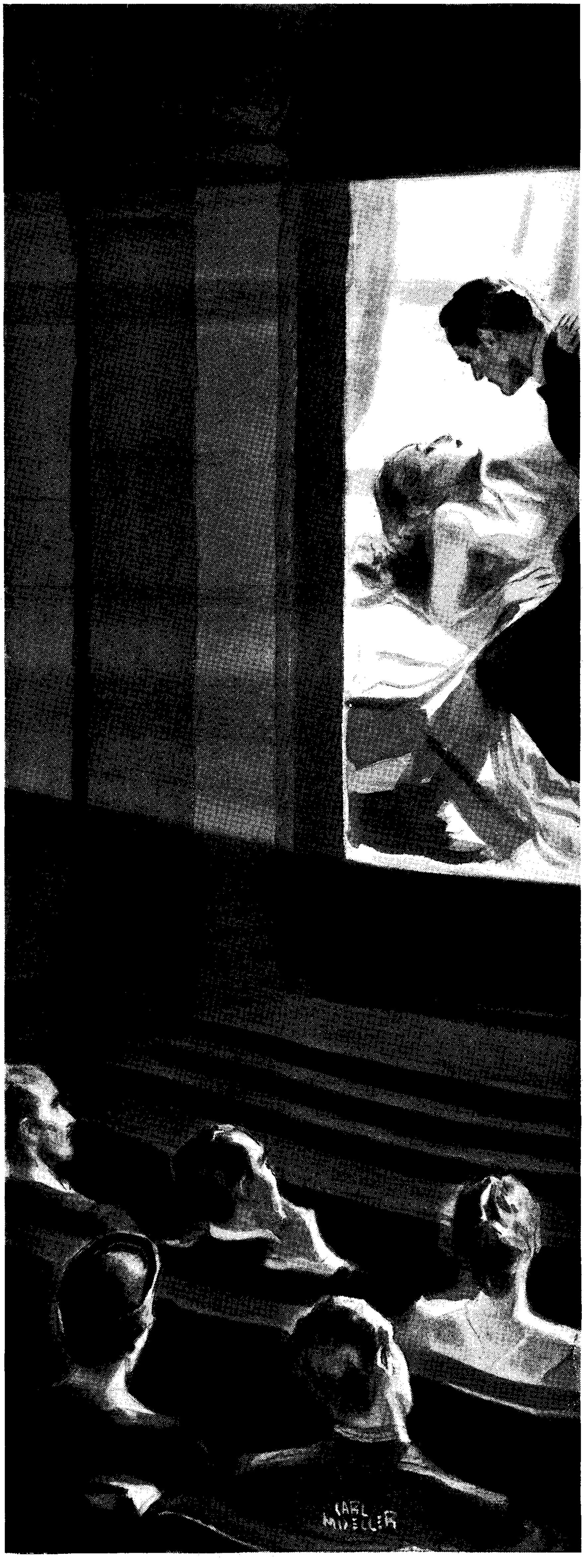
She laid the contracts before him one by one and he signed each mechanically.

She then placed the script in front of him.

"We're paying five thousand dollars for this," she stated. "Clark will direct and Stella Blair will star in it."

"I don't know about this," he protested. He grew tense.

(Continued on page 82)



Every now and then Ted muttered angrily when they detoured around his story, and Emily shushed him

Under Pressure

By
George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

LA BARRANCA, Cutler Sewell's beautiful Mexican hacienda, is seized by bandits. Sewell succeeds in saving his small daughter, Joyce, and makes his escape. His wife, however, is murdered.

Joyce grows to young womanhood in Elsinboro, a small Eastern city. She sees her father, married again, strive futilely to regain his property; and when he finally dies, penniless, she resolves to regain La Barranca. But how? Quite a problem, that, for a girl with beauty her only asset. But when she is twenty, a ten-thousand-dollar check—indemnity for the death of her mother—from the Mexican ambassador enables her to begin her fight. Taking no one into her confidence, except a banker friend who handles her finances, she flies to Mexico.

An interview with the young second secretary of the American Embassy—Dick Van Suttart—convinces her that she can expect no help from the ambassador. Whereupon, she turns for advice to a Mexican woman lawyer: Margarida Fonseca.

Margarida confers with General Zacharias Onelia, the right-hand man of the Minister of War; and the general makes an interesting suggestion. La Barranca is in the possession of "General" Dorado; he has seized it as abandoned property. If he can be forced to leave the place, Joyce can move in; after which, her legal claim to the hacienda may be recognized. The general suggests that Joyce go to La Barranca, under the escort of Sergeant Buenaventura, a soldier of unquestioned courage, and eighteen men. Joyce accepts the suggestion, agrees to accompany Buenaventura, who is warned that he must not kill Dorado, under any conditions.

Margarida and Onelia agree that, to secure more information regarding Dorado, she and Joyce should interview a man to whom they refer as "Adán Arnaldo of Tenebroso."

"Tenebroso," Onelia explains to Joyce, "is what you would call a night club; it is no fit place for ladies. But I shall send my car—at one o'clock."

III

JOYCE thought she knew exactly what to wear at a night club, so did not bother to ask Margarida. Upon leaving her she ordered a frock pressed, ate a light meal, left word she was to be called at midnight and went to bed. The telephone woke her out of a sound sleep into a startled daze. A three-quarter moon, far down the western sky, filled the strange room with a silvery effulgence and by its light she was amazed to see a high wall staring at her instead of a small-paned window.

What had happened? Where was she? Her homemade dressing table was gone and in its place stood an ornate three-mirrored affair. Had Elsinboro been wiped out while she slept or was this a dream? The telephone kept on ringing and to silence it she snatched it up.

"Media noche, señorita, media noche!" Somebody was talking to her in Spanish—shouting at her, *"Media noche!"* She had to gulp before she could answer: "Oh! *Gracias, muchas gracias.*"

She rubbed her eyes, buried her fingers in her hair and stretched. Now she was awake—really awake—but for a moment longer she lay quite still. Mexico—this was Mexico. She had arrived the evening before and remembering what she had accomplished in a single day she smiled, but promptly her lips firmed to a look of resolve. Switching on the light, she leaped from the bed and ran for the bath. The parquet floor was cold to her feet but not nearly as cold as the shower which presently drenched her, all but her head. She rubbed herself to a glow. She was built like an arrow and felt like an arrow, with a force inside her that could not possibly fail of its mark. Just now it was headed only for a party but where would its flight end?

Excited, she took joy in dressing before the cheval glass and in slipping into the freshly pressed frock which she found on a hanger just inside her door. It was simple, a semi-evening affair with a square yoke. A mere trifle and it had cost only a trifle, but with Joyce inside, it took on a beauty of line which no amount of money could have accentuated. She sat down to wave her hair with a wet comb and brushed her cheeks and neck with powder. She stared at herself, wondering if she were as lovely as the mirror seemed to say. In spite of the electric heater the room was cold. She put on her evening cloak, silk with a ruffled puff around the neck, but still felt chilly. The wrap was really not warm enough to go out in, but it was either that or the polo coat she had worn on the trip down. The thought of it gave her an idea. She put it on over the cloak, warmed herself until word came that Margarida was waiting, then threw it off and hurried downstairs.

El Tenebroso occupied a triangle at the intersection of a side street with the Calzada Manuel Villalongin. A string of private rooms comprised its longer flank but on the shorter side there was a respectable entrance leading directly to the restaurant and dance floor. The room was fan-shaped and fairly large. The orchestra was placed in the stem of the fan, which put the master of ceremonies, the highly popular Adán Arnaldo, at a distinct advantage since he could watch the entire assemblage without having to worry about anything behind his back. The tables were in two banks, one at the level of the floor, the other raised and hugging the slant of the walls. The wide outer fringe of the fan was given over to stage entrance, hallway, cloak-room, cooking and service departments.

GENERAL ONELIA met them in the foyer. He was dressed in mufti and when Margarida, divesting herself of an ulsterlike overcoat, displayed a dark tailored suit, Joyce felt a qualm as to her own apparel. But immediately her attention was seized by something else; at a murmured request from the check-room girl two men were condescending to park their guns with their hats. Margarida cast a hurried and curious glance at Joyce's face but found she need not worry—quite evidently Joyce was surprised at the incident but more amused than startled. Joyce decided to carry her wrap; and as for the general, he took no chances; without a pause he stalked by the cloak-room, retaining his hat which he subsequently deposited on the floor under his chair.

No small part of the attraction of El Tenebroso consisted in sizing up the arrivals on any given night, and even had Onelia been alone his entry would have caused a flurry. But on this occasion the women he escorted completely stole his show. Never had the restaurant, famous as a resort for types, beheld two so divergent or more striking. Eyes flew from the general, plowing his way to the choice wall-table which had been reserved for him, to Margarida and back to the lovely girl who walked between them. The very simplicity of her frock established her at once as the top note of interest in the room, for it lent to the whiteness of her neck and shoulders a sublime innocence that made of her a startling incongruity. She would have been remarkable anywhere, but here she was unbelievable.

SHE was given a seat with her back to the wall. Sensing the concentrated stare upon her, she was troubled and looked around anxiously. It must be her clothes. But to her relief she saw people on the dance floor in evening dress and then discovered a party of men against the opposite wall, all of whom were togged out in the full regalia of tails and white ties. She wondered about them, perceiving at once they were onlookers rather than participants. Evidently they had come to watch the fun, perhaps in an effort to forget the boredom of some diplomatic function. At the thought she examined them more carefully and suddenly found herself gazing at long range into the eyes of Dirk Van Suttart.

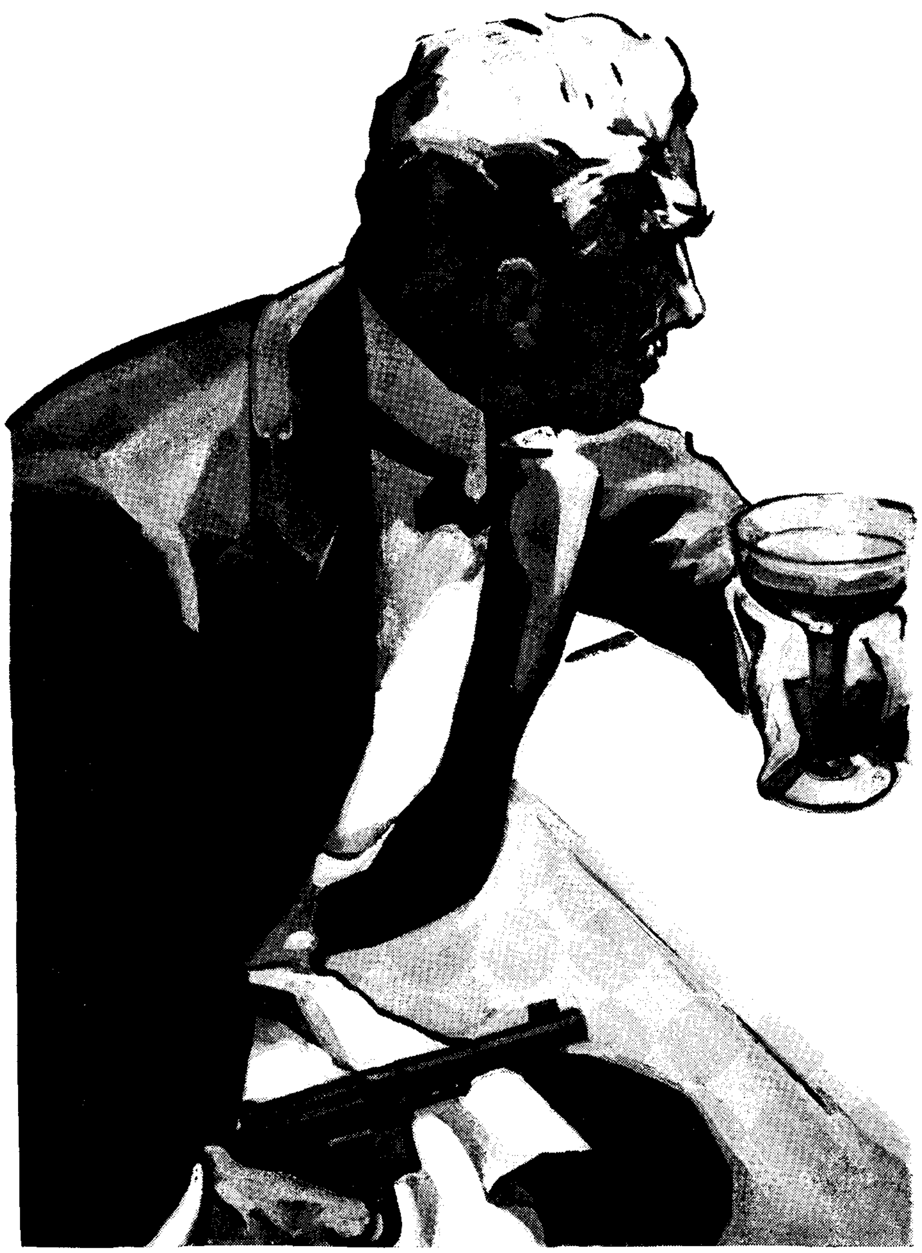
She looked away at once, making no sign of recognition, but not before she had caught the rapid change of expression in his face. In an instant it had passed from surprise to wonder and from wonder to dismay tinged with aversion. He was profoundly shocked.

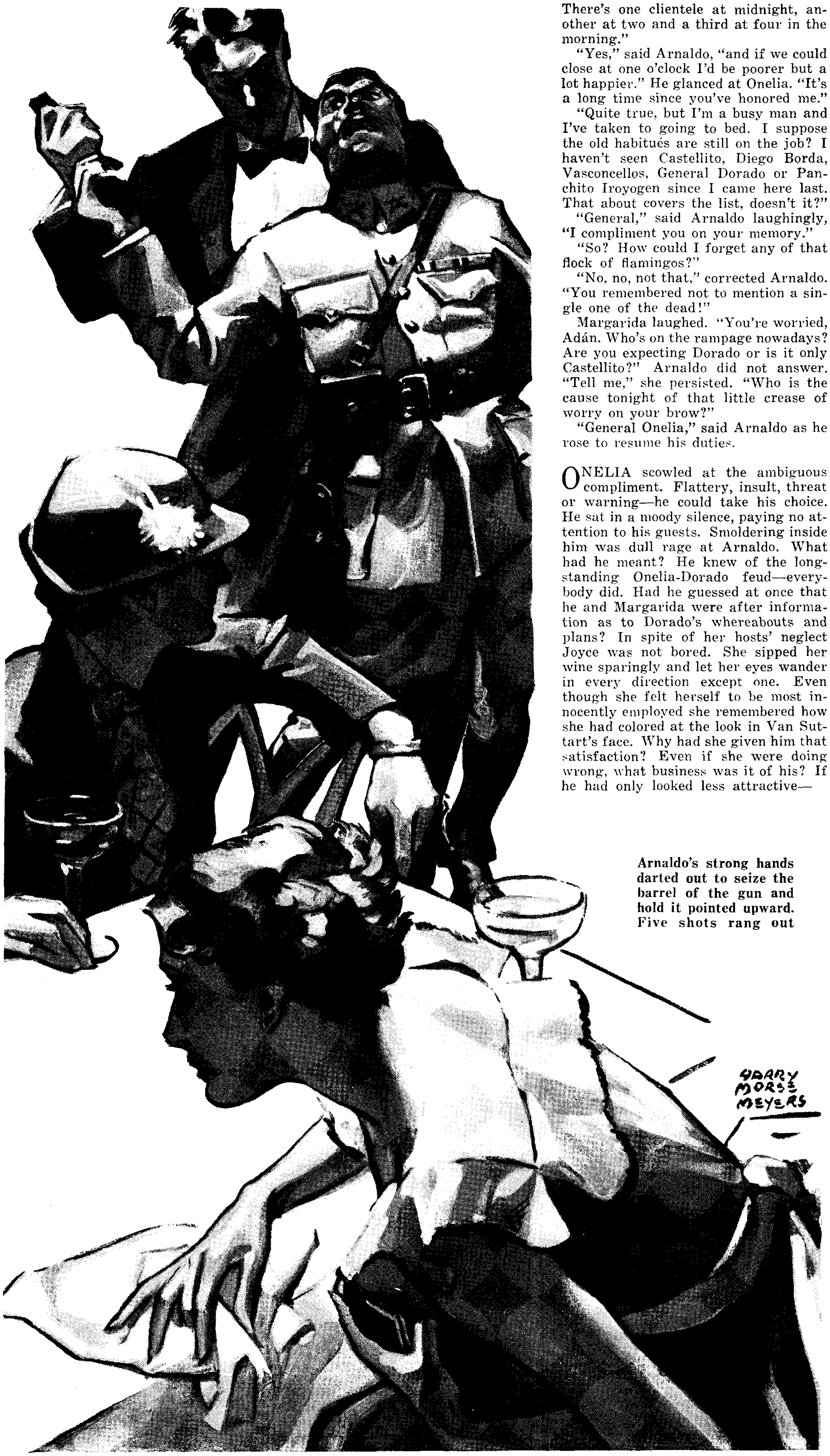
A flush of anger stained her cheeks but at that moment Adán Arnaldo came to Onelia's table to do homage to authority. He was a handsome young man and lacked the sleek look which usually distinguishes the masters of ceremonies of such places as El Tenebroso. His manner as he greeted Margarida, whom he knew, declared him a substantial partner as well. Acknowledging an introduction to Joyce, he took her hand but without removing his eyes from the general's face. Joyce was surprised at the strength of his grip, though he barely touched her fingers and let them go. She felt instinctively he was troubled—so troubled by Onelia's presence he could not be bothered with ordinary amenities. However, he gave no outward sign, accepted a chair and sat down to chat.

"Well, Adán," said the general, "I don't have to ask you how things are going. Jam-packed as usual."

"Not so bad," admitted Arnaldo.

"The genius of this place," remarked Margarida, "consists in its diversity.





Arnaldo's strong hands darted out to seize the barrel of the gun and hold it pointed upward. Five shots rang out

There's one clientele at midnight, another at two and a third at four in the morning."

"Yes," said Arnaldo, "and if we could close at one o'clock I'd be poorer but a lot happier." He glanced at Onelia. "It's a long time since you've honored me."

"Quite true, but I'm a busy man and I've taken to going to bed. I suppose the old habitués are still on the job? I haven't seen Castellito, Diego Borda, Vasconcellos, General Dorado or Panchito Iroyogen since I came here last. That about covers the list, doesn't it?"

"General," said Arnaldo laughingly, "I compliment you on your memory."

"So? How could I forget any of that flock of flamingos?"

"No, no, not that," corrected Arnaldo. "You remembered not to mention a single one of the dead!"

Margarida laughed. "You're worried, Adán. Who's on the rampage nowadays? Are you expecting Dorado or is it only Castellito?" Arnaldo did not answer. "Tell me," she persisted. "Who is the cause tonight of that little crease of worry on your brow?"

"General Onelia," said Arnaldo as he rose to resume his duties.

ONELIA scowled at the ambiguous compliment. Flattery, insult, threat or warning—he could take his choice. He sat in a moody silence, paying no attention to his guests. Smoldering inside him was dull rage at Arnaldo. What had he meant? He knew of the long-standing Onelia-Dorado feud—everybody did. Had he guessed at once that he and Margarida were after information as to Dorado's whereabouts and plans? In spite of her hosts' neglect Joyce was not bored. She sipped her wine sparingly and let her eyes wander in every direction except one. Even though she felt herself to be most innocently employed she remembered how she had colored at the look in Van Suttart's face. Why had she given him that satisfaction? Even if she were doing wrong, what business was it of his? If he had only looked less attractive—

Abruptly she sensed Onelia had gone tense in every muscle and, following the direction of his gaze, she saw an individual in uniform, accompanied by two bodyguards, erupt from a slight commotion in the entrance hall on her left. Never before had she seen a visage so striking, so individual, so different from the ordinary conception of a human face. Jet-black hair, close-cropped, came down in a sharp peak to within an inch of heavy eyebrows and where cheekbones should have protruded there were indentations, causing the massive blue-black jaw, divided midway by the gash of full red lips, to appear to slant outward. Feeling her eyes upon him the man stopped, stared, smiled and saluted gayly. He was drunk and, as he staggered toward the table hurriedly being placed for him at the edge of the dance floor, Arnaldo darted forward, apparently to greet him. But he took up his stand in a direct line between Onelia and the new arrival.

Joyce leaned toward Margarida. "Who is that man," she whispered, "the officer who just came in?"

"General Dorado," murmured Margarida almost inaudibly.

Arnaldo, chatting cheerfully with Dorado, took out a cigarette and tamped it on his wrist. At the third tap the orchestra began to pack up its instruments and one of the four tiers of lights went out. Adán did his best to hold the attention of the recent arrival but when a second bank of lights was extinguished Dorado awoke to realization of what was intended. An odd hush fell on the room, accompanied by an electric air of expectancy. It was real, something even the uninitiated could feel, and Joyce's knees began to tremble from excitement. Her evening bag slipped from her lap. She leaned over quickly to pick it up and to her consternation caught the glint of a service revolver clapped against Onelia's thigh. Her first impression was that it was quite still but as she looked she realized its muzzle had been moving slowly upward.

Then she heard Margarida whisper to him hoarsely: "Don't be a fool or you'll spoil everything. Leave it to Adán and nothing will happen—nothing!"

AT THAT instant Dorado raised his own gun aloft, butt end down, and crashed it on the table so violently that plates, knives and forks went flying. "*Musica!*" he roared. He pointed uncertainly at Joyce with a wagging forefinger, then waved it to include every woman in the room. "*Musica!*"

Arnaldo's strong hands darted out to seize the barrel of the gun and hold it pointed upward. The last of the lights were extinguished and with darkness came uproar. Five shots rang out in a steady spurt, tables were overturned, dishes crashed, women screamed, men groaned and grunted. Joyce sat quite still, pressing back as if to push herself through the wall. Soon she reached out her right hand tentatively; General Onelia was gone. She pushed her left along the seat. It was empty—Margarida was gone.

The darkness and the din, already terrific, seemed on the increase. She had read of people throwing themselves on the floor; was that what she ought to do? Her instinct was to run, to plunge forward—anything that promised action and escape. Though her head told her such a course was all wrong she half rose and at that instant a fumbling hand found her shoulder, shot down along her arm and seized her wrist. She felt herself being hauled along the wall by someone who seemed sure of his way. Who was it and why? Was it Onelia, Van Suttart or—or Dorado? What did it matter if only she

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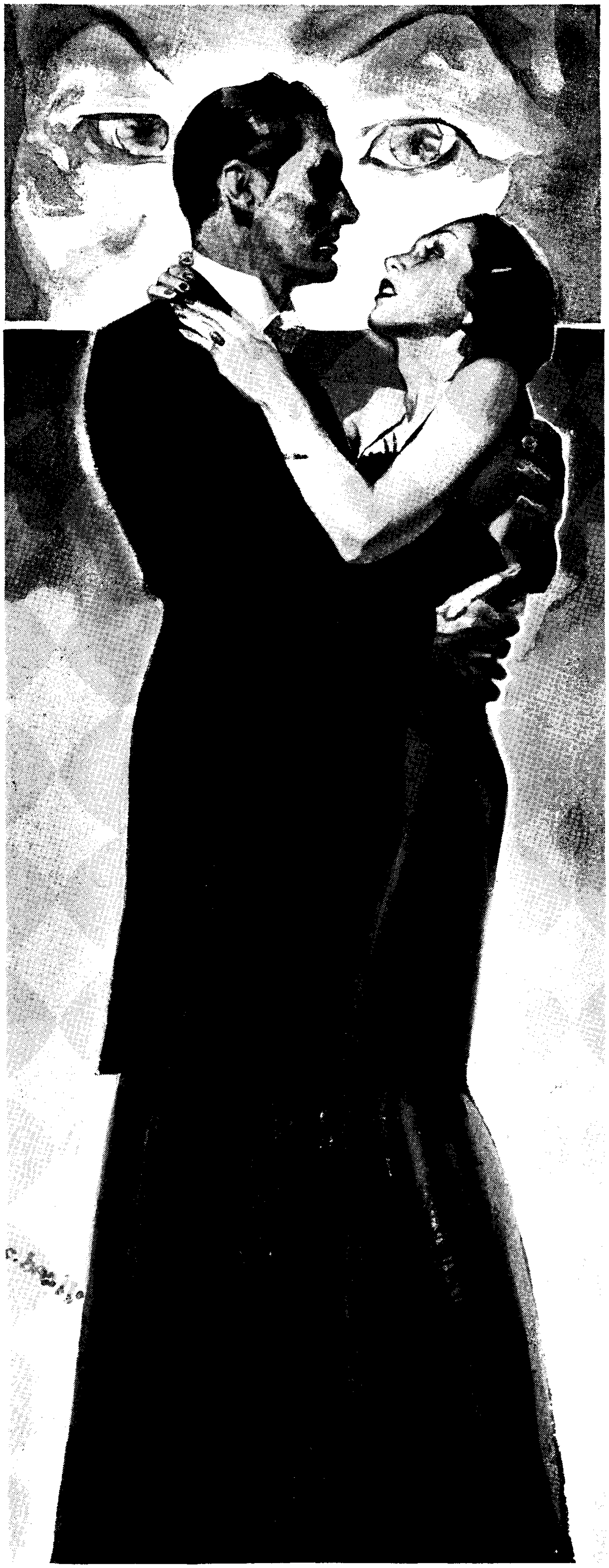


In silence he held her while, more and more insistent, the demand rose from the terraces: "Salvaletti! Salvaletti!"

The Invisible President

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

PLOTTING to seize the reins of government in America, Dr. Fu Manchu, most sinister of all the world's criminals, establishes his headquarters in New York City. Fighting for the presidential nomination of their party are two strong men: Dr. Orwin Prescott, supported by Abbot Dom Patrick Donegal, who controls millions of votes; and Harvey ("Bluebeard") Bragg, a conscienceless demagogue, who is assured of the endorsement of the League of Good Americans, a powerful political body that he has founded.

Ostensibly supporting Bragg, but his presence unsuspected by the public at large, Fu Manchu sets an army of spies and killers to work. Among his assistants are two beautiful women: Lola Dumas and Moya Adair. . . . A series of murders by the Oriental's hirelings comes to a shocking climax with the death of Bragg—a tragedy skillfully engineered by the master plotter so that the police do not suspect him.

But two men *do* suspect him: Sir Denis Nayland Smith, most brilliant of Scotland Yard's operatives, and Captain Mark Hepburn who, shadowing Fu Manchu day and night, have learned how great is the country's peril. At the risk of their lives, Smith and Hepburn have unearthed evidence sufficient to convict the "Doctor;" some of this evidence has been supplied by Moya Adair with whom, in the course of his sleuthing, Hepburn has fallen in love!

Co-operating with the New York police, Sir Denis and Hepburn now plan to arrest the enemy, together with many of his aides. A cordon of policemen is thrown around a large area in Chinatown, where Fu Manchu has his downtown headquarters. As the police, directed by Detective Inspector Finney and Hepburn, close in, Smith and Police Captain Corrigan enter a subterranean passage through an East River gate and, after some exciting experiences, succeed in capturing one of Fu Manchu's men: Ahmed Fayume, an Egyptian who, Smith suspects, is one of the leaders of Si-Fan, a sinister secret organization covering the entire world.

But Hepburn, too, is having plenty of excitement. Having climbed to the window sill of a room far above the streets of Chinatown, he looks in. He sees men passing through another window to a ropeway which has been thrown across the street—Fu Manchu's aides are escaping! As he gazes into the room, a man enters. The man's eyes—vivid green and strangely compelling—meet Hepburn's. *The man is Fu Manchu!*

IX

MARK HEPBURN, keyed up by the immensity of the moment, ventured to the very top of the swaying ladder. He clutched a hook on one side of the window, placed there for the convenience of window-cleaners, and crashed his right heel through a pane of glass.

Stooping, he thrust his automatic through the opening, and:

"Hands up! Fu Manchu!" he shouted, his voice rising from syllable to syllable upon notes of excitement.

The sea mist continued its insidious invasion of the streets of Chinatown. One by one it blotted out the lights below. A voice spoke from the roof at the foot of the ladder:

"Go easy, Captain; we can't catch you if you fall!"

Hepburn scarcely heeded the cry: his entire interest was focused upon the uncanny being who stood in the curtained opening. The two men straining on the rope were wonderfully trained servants; for at the glass crash and harsh words of command, they had not started, had not turned, but had continued to perform mechanically the duty allotted to them!

Slowly, the perturbing regard of those green eyes never wavering, the tall Chinaman raised his hands. If he could not see the speaker, he could see the barrel of the automatic. From below:

"Bear left!" came urgently; "we can't hold the ladder."

During one irrevocable moment, Hepburn tore his attention away. In that moment, the room became plunged in darkness!

Clutching at the hook, he fired in the direction of the curtained doorway . . . and the flash showed it to be empty. Further shots would be wasted. He looked downward.

"Pass the word there's a ropeway across the street. This fog has helped them. Have the house opposite covered and searched."

Now came shouted orders, sounds of running, muffled cries from the police below. . . .

"Arrest everyone in Wu King's. Search the place from roof to cellar."

He fired again in the direction of the distant window, aiming over the heads of the Chinamen. Craning forward, he heard scurrying footsteps; then came silence. Perilously, but aided by a high exaltation which had come to him in the moment when he knew that he actually stood in the presence of the all but fabulous Dr. Fu Manchu, he found his foothold on the ladder, and descended to the roof. Finney, one arm thrown out, hauled him back from the parapet upon which the ladder was poised, and:

"What's up there, Captain?" he demanded hoarsely. "I feel a fool glued down here to the ladder."

"A getaway across the street. Get busy. We must hurry."

BUT already, delegating to a competent junior the matter of Wu King's and of those inside it, Lieutenant Johnson had entered the building indicated.

It consisted of a dry goods store which had been closed half an hour before, and of apartments above. (Investigations were to prove that the landlord was none other than Wu King.) Employing those methods peculiar to the police responsible for the good conduct of Chinatown, entrance was forced to every apartment and every room right to the top. Here a hitch occurred.

On the top story was a lodge of a Chinatown tong. No key was forthcoming and the door defied united attack.

As a precautionary measure every man, woman and child found in the building had been arrested. Laden police wagons were taking them to the Tombs when Hepburn came racing up to the landing. The work of the demolition of the door of the Tong temple had commenced. It was proving a tough job when a cry came: "Make room there!"

A grim-faced policeman appeared from below, holding an elderly Chinaman by the scruff of the neck.

"He's got the key," he explained laconically.

A moment later, the door was thrown open. Light was searched for and found, and the garishly decorated place revealed.

It was characterized by a curious odor of stale incense, wafted in their direction by a draft from a window overhanging the street. Tackle lay upon the floor; a pulley had been rigged to one of the beams which crossed the ceiling. It was to this spot that escape had been made from the top story of Wu King's building.

The Tong temple was empty from wall to wall. . . .

IN HIS tower study Dr. Fu Manchu spoke softly. Two points of light glowed upon the switchboard on the table.

"It was well done, my friend, but the rest is merely a question of time. Base 3 must be vacated. It is regrettable that the representative from Egypt should have been arrested, but steps have been taken to insure his release. Of Wu Chang's silence we are certain; other representatives are safe. You are short of helpers, therefore many splendid specimens must be sacrificed. But make good your own escape, leaving nothing behind that might act as a clue for the enemy."

"I hear, Master," the voice of old Sam Pak replied as though he stood in the room. "I shall see to these matters."

"Instinct is greater than wit," the guttural voice of Dr. Fu Manchu continued. "By instinct Enemy Number 1 has smelled us out. I hear you hiss, my friend. We shall see. I have a plan."

"Do you desire, Marquis, that the way be made easy?"

"Such is my wish. Give them this hollow triumph: it will blind their eyes. Base 3 is of no further service; move in this matter, my friend."

Long fingers manipulated switches. The two lights became extinguished, but another appeared upon the board.

"Report," Dr. Fu Manchu directed, "of Number covering Base 3."

"Report to hand," the Teutonic tones of the Memory Man replied, "timed 11:36. Wu King's Bar was raided at 11:05 and everyone on the premises, including Wu King and members of his family, arrested by police. Emergency exit is also in their hands; many other arrests—some forty in all. The barricades have been raised and everything is normal except that the area is being heavily patrolled. Government agent in charge of operations tonight identified as Captain Mark Hepburn, U. S. M. C. Captain Hepburn has left the area—covered. Report ends. From Number 37."

THERE was a moment of silence; the long fingers resting upon the lacquered table were so still that they might have been wrought of smoked ivory.

"Report," the voice directed, "of Number responsible for protection of representatives."

"Report of Protection Bureau to hand," the Memory Man replied, "timed 11:50. All are safely returned to their hotels or places of residence with the exception of Egyptian representative. He was arrested at Entrance 4 together with one Wu Chang, who was in his company. This arrest was the subject of an earlier report."

"Latest report of Number covering Exit 4."

"To hand, time 11:38. The raiding party believed to be in charge of Police Captain Corrigan has withdrawn, leaving men estimated at seven to nine covering the point. Report ends. This from Number 49."

"Prepare coast-to-coast reports. I shall require you to relay them in the order received, in one hour."

Amber light prevailed again in the domed room where the man of miraculous memory worked upon his endless task of fashioning that majestic Chinese head. And at the moment that the light reappeared, the long bony fingers of Dr. Fu Manchu reached out to the silver box; raising the lid, he extracted the delicate equipment for opium smoking which this receptacle contained.

"WHAT'S the idea, Hepburn?" rapped Nayland Smith.

A newspaper propped up against a coffeepot, he was sitting at a frugal breakfast as Hepburn came into the sitting-room. Save for a suggestion of shadows beneath his keen eyes, there was little in that bronzed face to show the state of sustained nervous tension in which Nayland Smith had been during the past forty-eight hours. Automatically filling his pipe, he stared at Hepburn.

The mustache and beard had vanished. Mark Hepburn was again his clean-shaven self. He smiled in his almost apologetic way.

"Wasn't it your friend Kipling who said that women and elephants never forget?" he asked. "I guess he might have included Dr. Fu Manchu. Anyway, I was shot at twice last night!"

Nayland Smith nodded.

"You're right," he said, rapidly. "I had forgotten momentarily that he saw you at the window. Yes, the bearded newspaperman must disappear."

Fey entered from the kitchenette bearing silver-covered dishes upon a tray; an appetizing odor accompanied him. Fey's behavior was that of a well-trained servant in a peaceful English home.

"I am making fresh coffee, sir," he said to Hepburn. "It will be ready in a moment."

He uncovered the dishes and withdrew.

"I AM rapidly coming to the conclusion," said Nayland Smith while Hepburn explored under the covers, "that we have outstayed our welcome here. It's only a question of time for one or both of us to be caught either going out or coming in."

Hepburn did not reply. Nayland Smith struck a match, lighted his pipe and continued:

"So far we have been immoderately lucky, although both of us have had narrow squeaks. But we know that this place is covered night and day. It would be wise, I think, if we made other arrangements."

"I am disposed to agree with you," said Mark Hepburn, slowly.

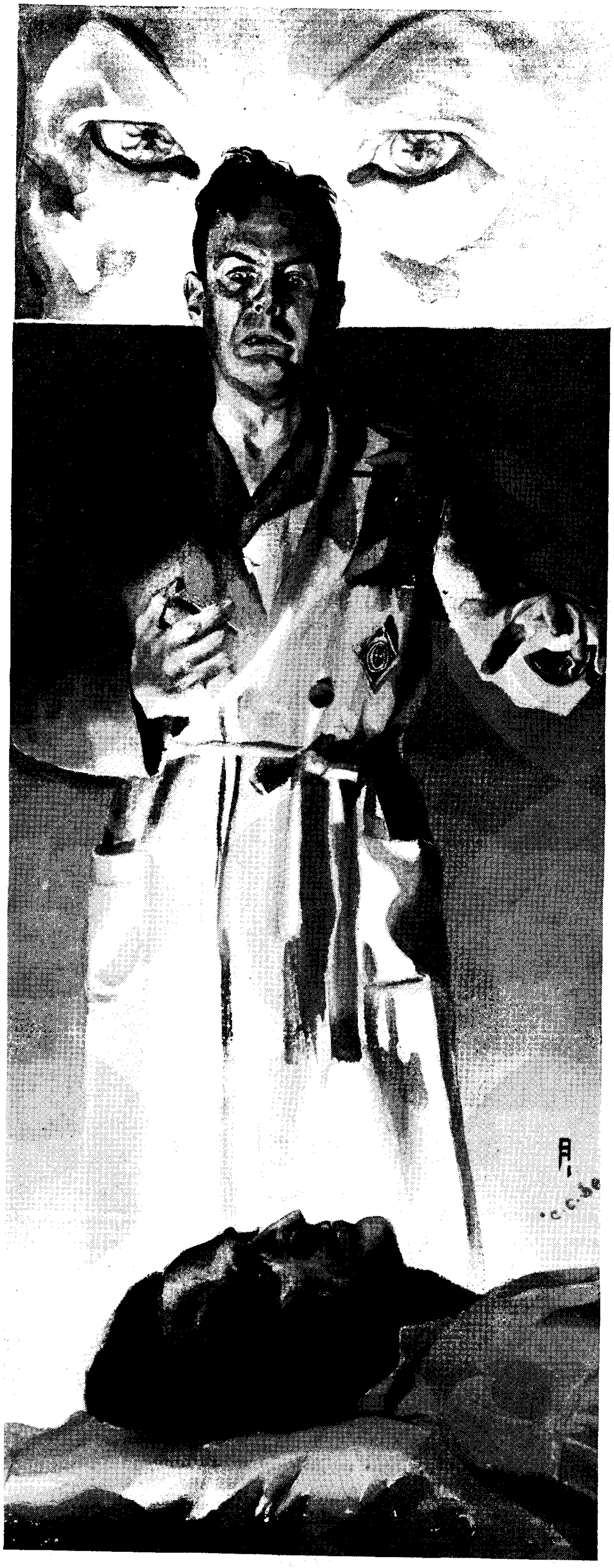
"The papers—" Nayland Smith indicated a score of loose sheets upon the carpet beside him—"are reticent about our abortive raid. A washout, Hepburn! Impossible to hold either of the prisoners. We have no evidence against them."

"I know it."

Fey entered with coffee and then withdrew to his tiny sanctum.

"It is merely a question of time," Smith went on, unconsciously echoing the words of Dr. Fu Manchu, "for us to find this Chinese rabbit warren. I attended the line-up this morning, but it's a waste of breath to interrogate a Chinaman. This fact undoubtedly accounts for the survival of torture in their own country. Wu King, as I anticipated, fell back on the story of tong warfare. Centre Street is beginning to regard me as a tiresome fanatic. Yet," he brought his palm sharply down upon the table, "I was right about the Chinatown base. It's there, but by the time we find it it will be deserted. An impasse, Hepburn, and our next move in doubt."

(Continued on page 26)



Nayland Smith lay motionless. The conditions were ideal, it seemed to Mark Hepburn in his dream. Stealthily he stole across the room

Absent Treatment

By James B. Connolly

"Take 'em on and off the wind, wimmin got no reasonin' sense," says one of the Gloucester fishermen in this exceedingly salty story, which goes to show that the men out of Gloucester are quite normal—they actually believe that they are capable of managing their womenfolk!

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

IT'S a November morning, and the crew are waiting on the wharf for the skipper to come along and put out to sea. Being the cook, I'm waiting also for the butcher's truck to come along with my order of fresh beef, which is almost as necessary aboard a fresh halibuter as the bait for the trawls.

Standing next to me on the wharf is Sam Pryor, and the other side of Sam is John Houghton, and John is telling Sam that his wife's aunt is due to arrive at his house that very day again.

"Again, John? And what's so special about that again?" asks Sam.

"I say again, Sam, because five times before this she's come all the way from New York to visit us, and each time I'm away to sea. And this time she writes ahead complainin' to the wife about me never bein' home when she comes."

"She complains, hah? And where does she think that a bank fisherman does his fishin'—off the end of some wharf? Take 'em on and off the wind, wimmin got no reasonin' sense, John."

"Maybe a lot of 'em ain't, Sam, but there's times when a man has to take notice of what they say. Not you, acourse, Sam, you not being married."

"You bet I ain't married," says Sam.

"But I am, Sam. And take my case. The old lady's got a dory load of money, and she's past eighty and she writes she's not feelin' too well, and the wife reminded me only last night that some of that money would come in handy to herself and our eight children if I was lost out to sea. What about that, Sam?"

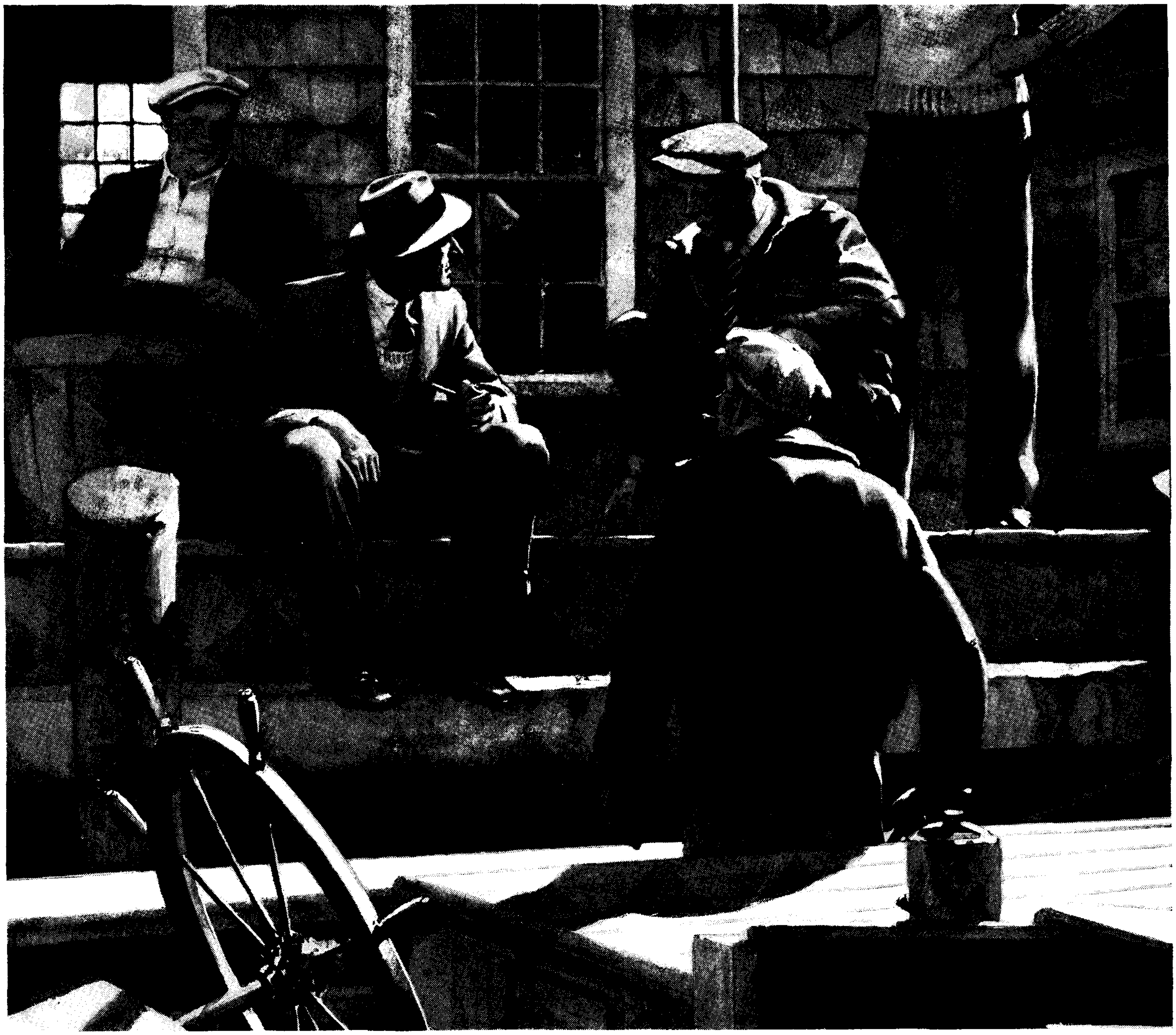
"Mm—you have got a dory load o' children, John, and you could acourse be lost out to sea. Mm-mm! Why don't you stay home a trip and brighten up the old girl's visit?"

"That's what the wife said last night, and I told her that I would think it over, but standin' here this mornin' and the vessel ready to sail, I feel like it would be goin' back on the skipper to stop ashore now and have him have to get somebody in my place at the last minute. And there'd be you, Sam, left without a dory mate."

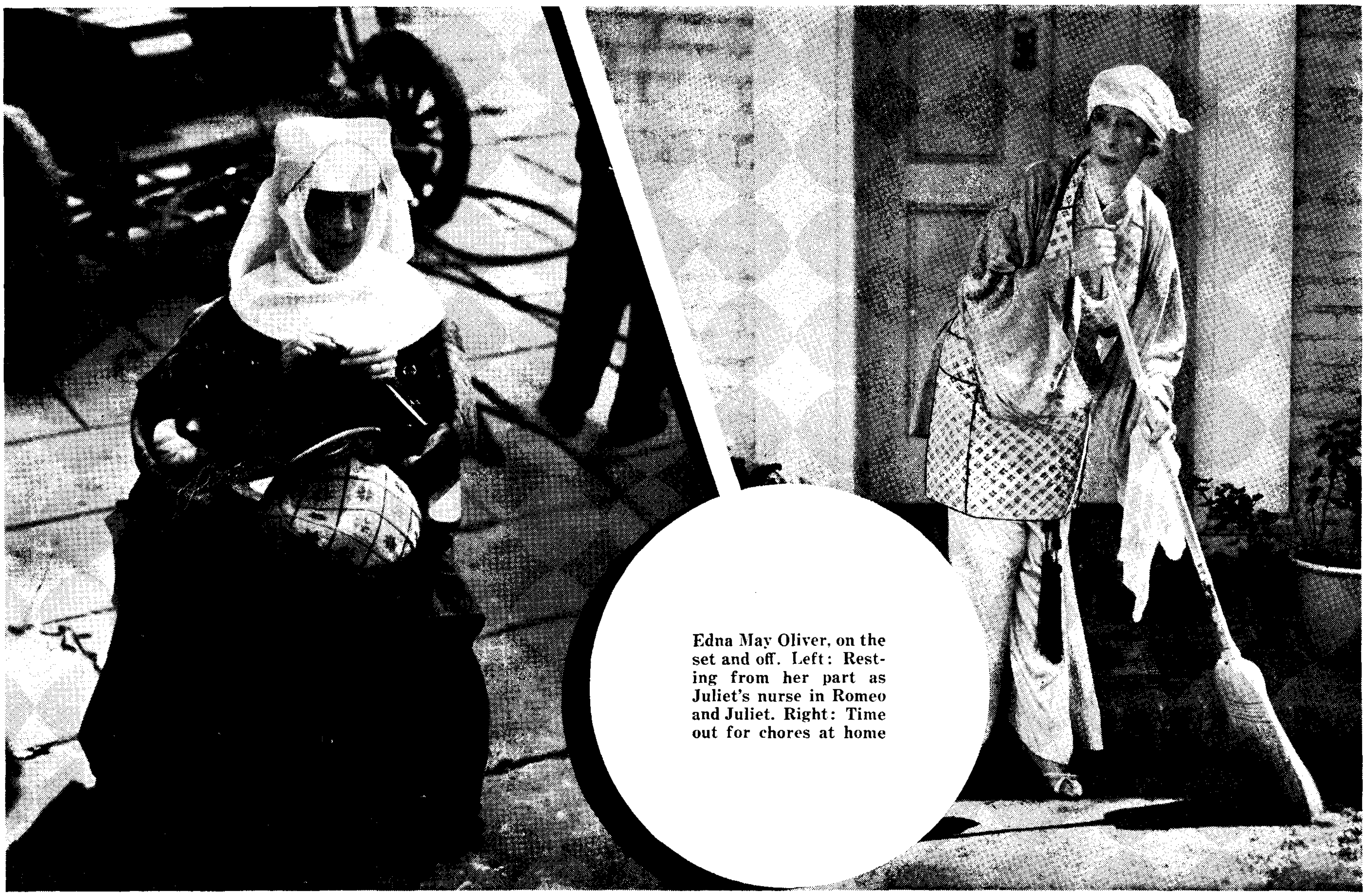
"That's right, I would. And a dory mate ain't picked up in a hurry—not a good dory mate. What's more—well, well! Jud, will you look at who's comin'?"

I was already looking. It was Phineas Marney comin' down the wharf.

(*Continued on page 56*)



"Phinny," says Sam, "Jud 'n' me 'n' John was discussin' the ways of wimmin"



Edna May Oliver, on the set and off. Left: Resting from her part as Juliet's nurse in Romeo and Juliet. Right: Time out for chores at home

She Acts by the Clock

About Edna May Oliver, who quits work at six o'clock, director or no director

By Kyle Crichton

JUST how long Edna May Oliver is going to get away with it is problematical but there certainly will come a day. You get the first inkling when the driver turns into a driveway leading to a cottage which looks like the gardener's hut on an estate. Being in a hurry, you're not too pleased at the thought of the chauffeur stopping to chat with his wife but you realize that even the common folk have their personal problems. When the man climbs down from the front seat and comes around to open the door, however, you feel it's time to take a stand.

"No, no," you say coldly, sitting hastily back against the cushions. "I'll be fine right here. You go ahead and I'll wait."

It's then that you find you've arrived at the Oliver place. The news tends to make you a little angry. A leading lady of the screen, eh? Well, where's the swimming pool? Where are the illuminated gardens and the polo ponies? Where are the porticos and portcullises and patios and moats? Is this the way to uphold the honor of the cinema? What will visitors from strange lands say when they wander in here thinking it's a barbecue stand?

Theoretically the house didn't seem large enough to hold Miss Oliver, who is tall and animated and extremely forthright, but it turned out to be as charming as four feudal castles and homelike as anything. At the moment Miss Oliver was not extremely animated because it was her day of rest and she was still trying to recover from a day on the set of Romeo and Juliet, dragging around her nurse's costume.

"Wait'll you see the thing," she said. "It weighs something like thirty pounds. . . . Made of a sort of red burlap. Very elegant and heavy as all get out. After eight hours of *that*, you stop worrying about the old Shakespearean addicts who will write in to say that they saw Sadie Glutz play the nurse with Sir Albert Pumpernickle in 1812 and are surprised that a person like you would have the NER-R-RVE."

Off-Set, She's Still Miss Oliver

With this you get the conviction that Miss Oliver is Miss Oliver, on or off. It is conceivable that Boris Karloff as Frankenstein and Mr. Karloff in his garden are different persons, but the Miss Oliver who has endeared herself to the strange people known as the English for her playing in David Copperfield and The Tale of Two Cities is still the Miss Nutter who was born in Boston, Massachusetts. Edna May Nutter, the Oliver coming later and being taken from the name of her step-grandfather.

Her early life in New England was embittered by the fact that she was tall and awkward and possessed of a stern father who thought that little girls should be little girls until their age indicated that they were big girls. As a consequence, Edna May was a matured lady at thirteen and at thirteen she was still wearing her hair in braids. Because she had a fine voice and was being educated as a singer, her father also insisted that she wear her muffler and galoshes into June, not laying too great trust in the Massachusetts climate.

"I'd wear the things out of the house," says Miss Oliver, "and hide them under the rainspout until I came back. I always had them on when Papa saw me."

There was, however, the other matter of the parties and the chaperon. Because her singing was in demand, she was allowed to attend evening parties accompanied by an elderly person but on the understanding that she would come home immediately after her numbers. This was hard on her because last on the program were one-act plays and she never got to see them. One night she took a stand and stayed on. The chaperon, in fright, went off without her.

"I can remember it yet," says Miss Oliver. "I started home about midnight, alone. It was winter and pretty cold but I felt all right about it until I saw a figure looming up before me. It was Father. At first he didn't know whether to be relieved at seeing me alive or furious, so he compromised on being furious. 'Young lady,' he said firmly, 'you come right home with me . . . I'll warm your jacket.' Father was always a man of his word."

And Father Has His Way

Edna May also sang in the choir and things were pretty bad there. She was taller than anybody in the choir loft and looked like Little Red Riding-Hood and was very unhappy about it. For Easter she had bought a hat, an extraordinary hat, a hat which would be blindingly beautiful if handled properly. So Edna May wrapped her braids about her head, attached the hat on top of that (at least a foot over her brow) and started to sneak past Papa, who was reading the Sunday paper in the living-room.

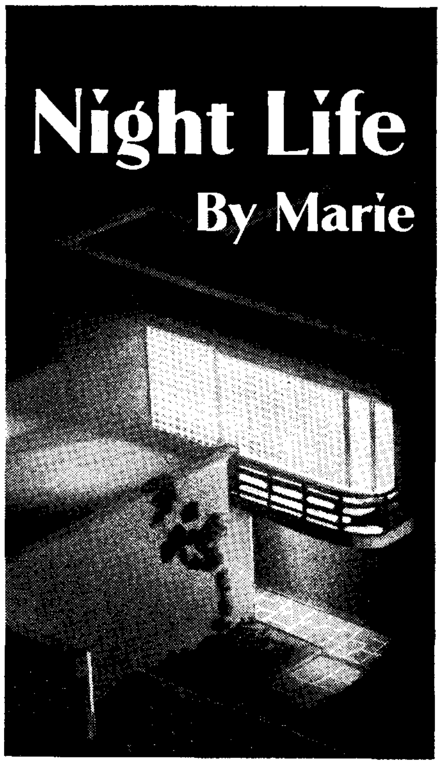
"Where are you going?" cried Papa, seeing this apparition bobbing past.

"Oh-h, Papa," wailed Edna May, "I'm la-a-ate already."

(Continued on page 42)

Night Life

By Marie



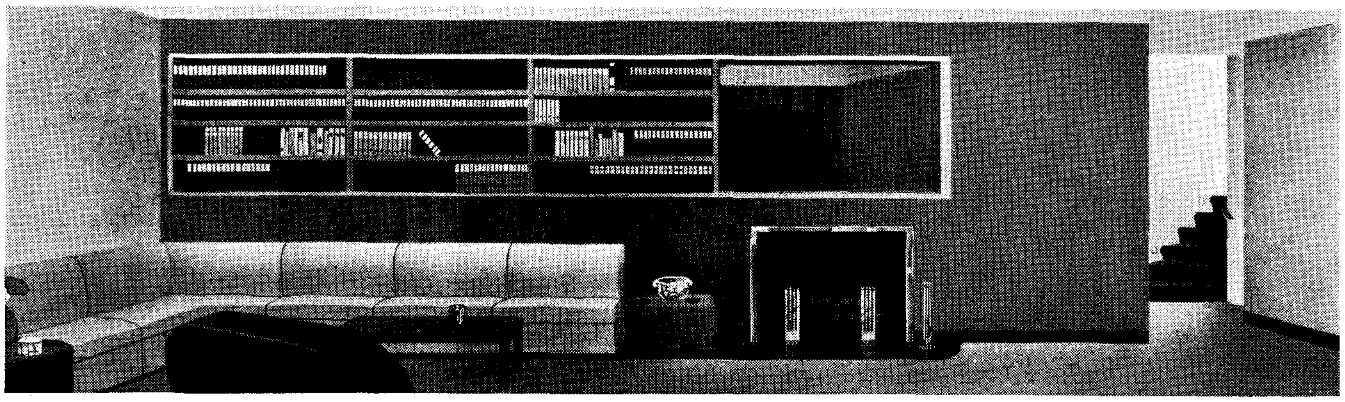
Candles and oil lamps for general lighting are things of the past, but their influence lingers on. In the illumination of Collier's house you see what usefulness and beauty electricity can achieve when freed from tradition. Here are the latest devices properly employed—not to turn night into day but to make of it something that is altogether distinctive, festive and charming

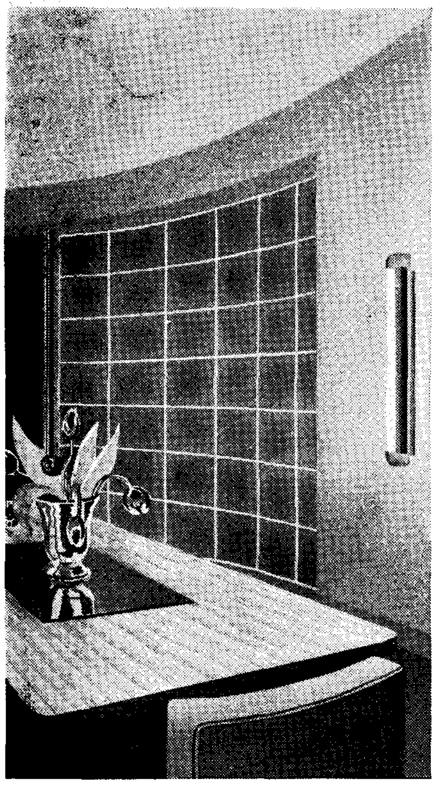
WITHIN the past few years our control over light has increased enormously. Having but recently captured that wild spirit of the upper air, electricity, we were quite satisfied to have tamed it and confined it in a tiny bulb for our use and convenience — and perhaps that was achievement enough for one generation. To have domesticated the lightning was really something. But recently we began to wonder if it weren't possible to give it more rein and thus gain wonderful new advantages.

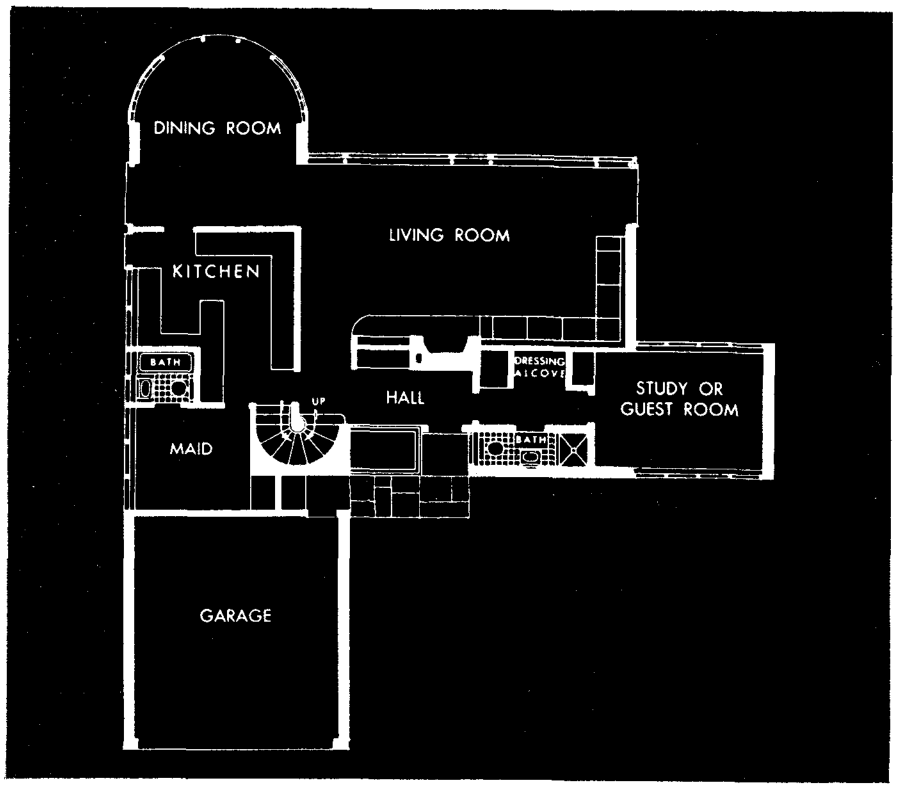
Scientists, engineers, architects, decorators began asking themselves, "Why shouldn't light be built right into the house—as the windows and doors are? Why shouldn't light be scientifically measured and adjusted to its uses—instead of just being spilled and spotted around? Why must light come from some obvious source—a chandelier, a lamp, a bracket? Why not from a cornice or from a window, where the sunlight comes from or"—with mounting enthusiasm—"from behind glass panels or mirrors or a dropped ceiling or even from the furniture?"

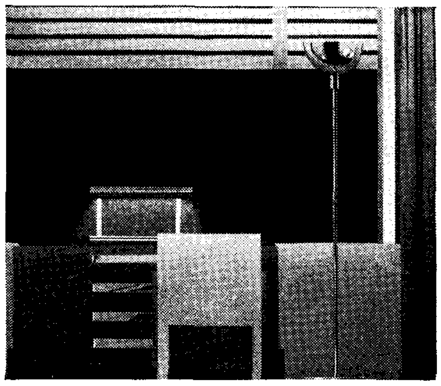
And the minute they started to ask those questions, light became architectural, functional, scientific, decorative. This means that, just as the architect plans to let daylight into the room by windows, so he now plans to illuminate it at night not only or even chiefly by lamps or super-imposed fixtures, but through the use of coves, cornices and louvres which are architectural features and through flush panels of glass that are actually fixtures but are built into walls, ceilings, bookcases, etc., becoming an integral part of the room. It means further that each light introduced into a room is placed with a definite purpose, and that it is exactly suited to that purpose—no more spotting of lights hither and yon, hoping for the best. It means that the light shall be exactly the right quality and quantity for each purpose and occasion, scientifically calculated. And lastly, it means that we have discovered that light itself is beautiful, not because it comes through a decorated shade or from a gleaming chandelier, but because there's nothing more beautiful on earth than light. If you don't believe it, watch a dawn sometime. Quite naturally, then, the fixture becomes incidental, the light itself paramount. This new beauty of decorative light we can now have in our homes.

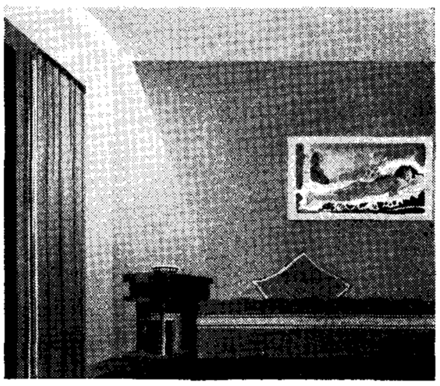
Right: Cove lighting over the bookshelves in the living-room of Collier's house gives general illumination to the room and makes every book title visible. Below: Wall lights of metal and glass throw a soft glow through the dining-room and an invisible pin light picks out the dining table exactly, with no light spilling off into space

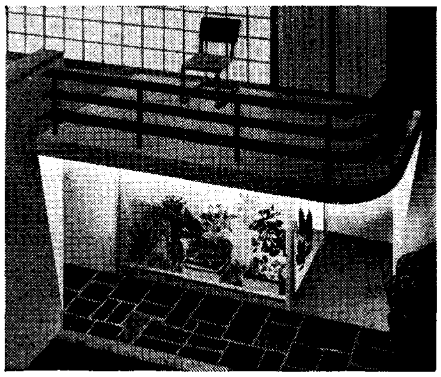


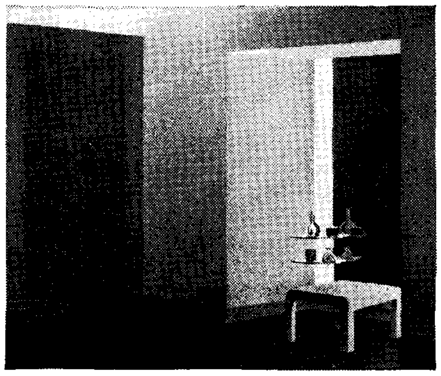










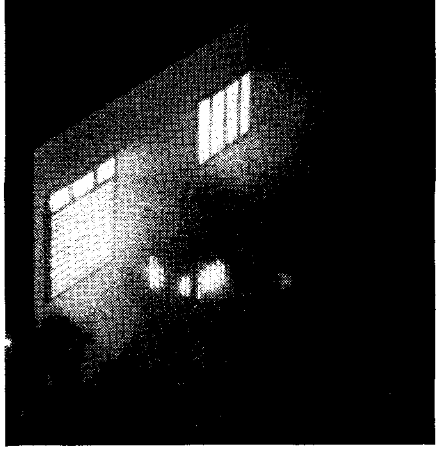


Right: Light floods through the flower window at the entryway to illuminate the hall, coming from a built-in panel of glass in the canopy over the entrance. Far right: The dressing table alcove near the study is lighted from behind panels of frosted glass at either side of a full-length mirror. The glass diffuses the light. A cove of light over the door illuminates the passageway

Above: At the desk in the living-room is a simple study light for close work, with general illumination provided by a chromium shaft and bowl that flings light to the ceiling thence to be reflected. Next below: Cove lighting along one side of the study. Bulbs concealed in a recess in the ceiling throw light against the wall, from which it is diffused through the room

at Home

Beynon Ray



Until recently the obvious lighting fixture—lamp, bracket, chandelier—was the only method of illumination, depended upon for the general illumination of a grand ballroom or the special illumination of a student's desk. The modern decorator uses it very little for general illumination but still leans upon it heavily for special local lighting. So, throughout our carefully planned Collier's house, you will find floor and table lamps for reading, working, card-playing, etc., but no chandeliers and only one pair of wall fixtures. Instead the general illumination comes chiefly through architectural features like coves (which we will demonstrate later) and through such built-in arrangements as flush glass panels in walls and ceilings.

However, the greater number of installations described here—those that are built in as well as lamps and wall brackets which only a short time ago were custom made—are now manufactured and sold in quantity, available everywhere. They are still fixtures, but of a very different kind, differently placed and differently used from the old type of fixture.

The first point to consider in lighting a room is the general illumination, for this practically every room must have. Next comes local or directed lighting for reading or particular tasks; and finally, the decorative aspects of lighting, such as the projector light, which on special occasions adds so much to the beauty of a room. You will see how in Collier's house all these have been considered, and how the same principles can be applied to any house, even one already built. You will notice how carefully everything has been planned, not only to make this house a perfectly lighted home, but also to illustrate the principles of modern lighting in such a way that everyone who reads can apply them to his own needs, can sit down and plan how, in his own home, he can have more efficient and interesting lighting—for this kind of lighting doesn't just happen, it requires careful study. Sun-worshipers as we have become, insisting on our sun baths, on larger windows, even on glass walls to let in the life-giving, spirit-lifting sunlight, we can't be content at night to retire to ineffectively lit rooms, once we have seen the beauty and the comfort of modern lighting. True, a few more watts cost a few more pennies—but it also costs more to drive a car than a horse and buggy.

Look now at the sketches of the lighting for Collier's house. See how a gentle effulgence of light, like moonlight, fills the flower window at the entrance. If we were to investigate, we would see that it really does come from outside, flooding from built-in glass units in the canopy over the door through the walls of the flower recess into the hall, throwing flower silhouettes decoratively on the floor and at the same time offering a welcoming, festive light to guests entering. When more direct light is wanted in the hall instead, there is a glass lighting strip inside, just above the flower window, to give it.

That room over at the right in our plan, which may be used as a study or guest-room, is also so disposed with its bath and dressing table alcove that it makes a perfect little private apartment for a guest. The lighting has been arranged to allow for every possibility in its use. The brief hallway is meant only as a passageway to make the necessary connections. So the lighting of it is not only adequate for its purpose but so placed that your eye is led directly to the entrance of the room. This is achieved by cove lighting built into the

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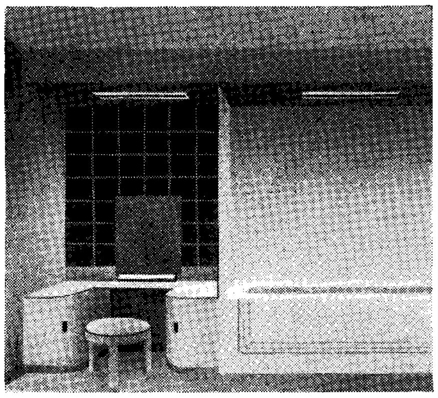
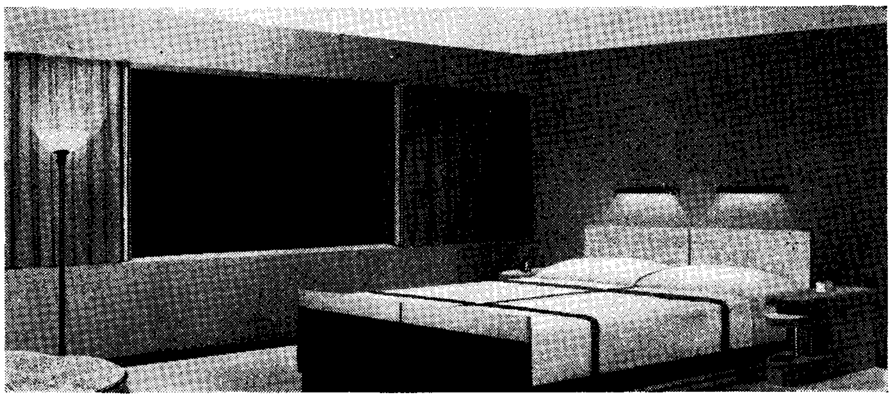
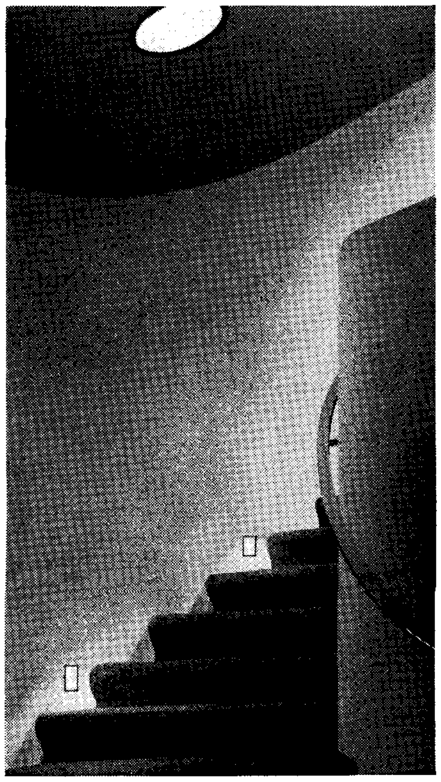
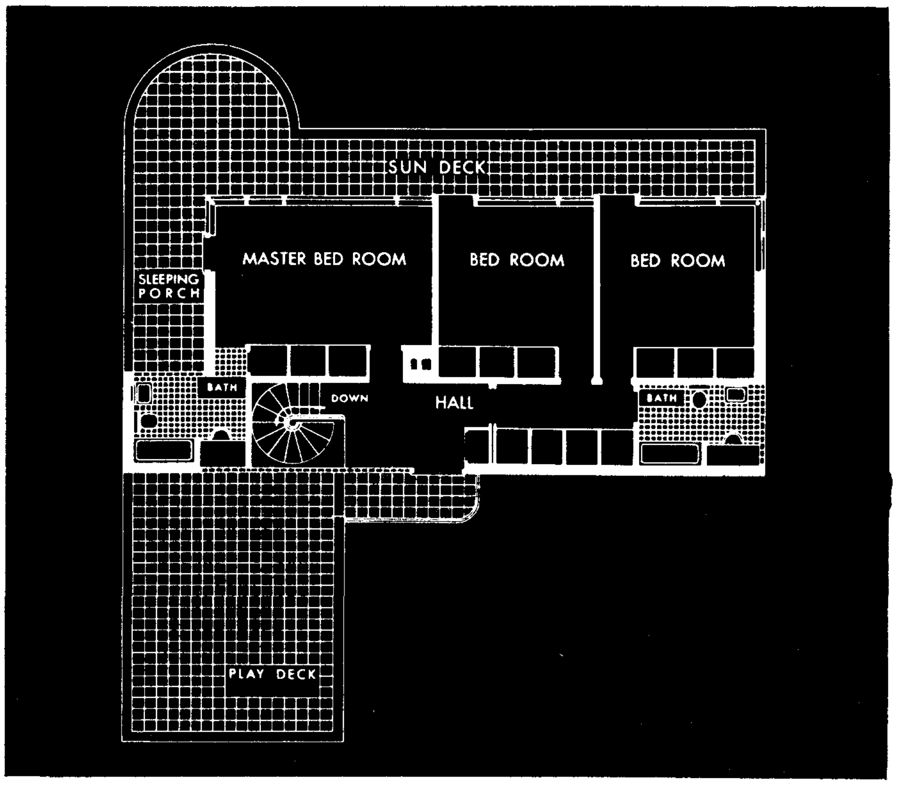
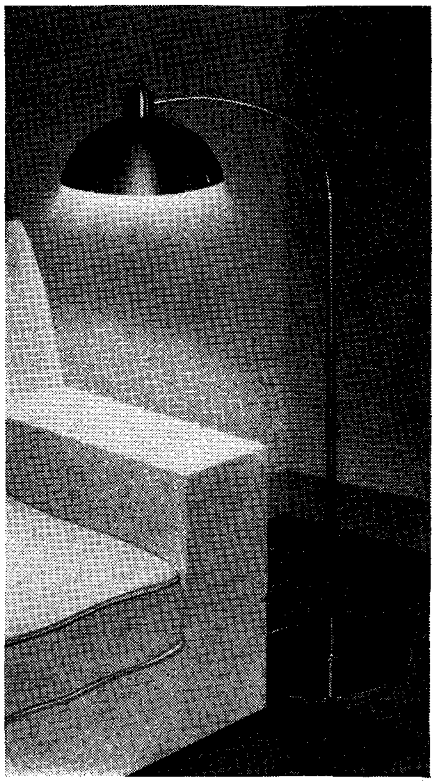


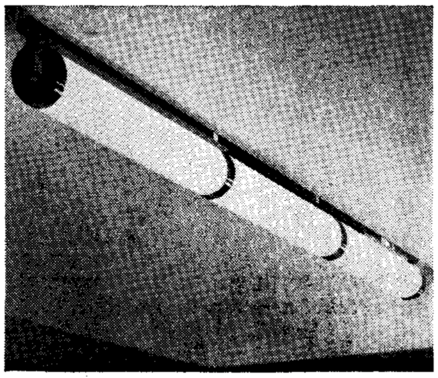


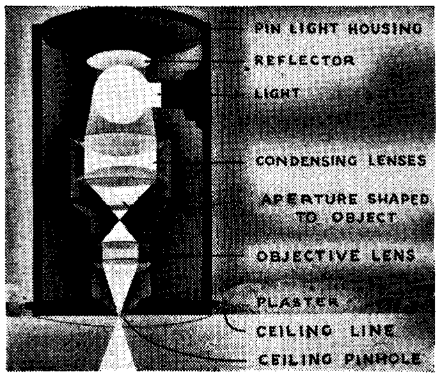
Far left: A tube of lumeline light on the dressing table of the master bath; general illumination comes from panels of glass built into the ceiling. Left: General lighting in the master bedroom comes from a bowl of glass, while over the beds cylinders of glass and metal take care of the reading-in-bed problem











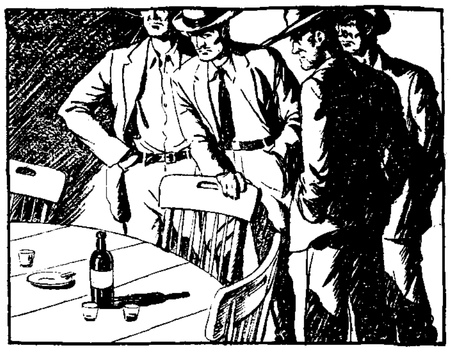
Above: A new kind of wall fixture; small panels of opal glass (which diffuses light) are built above every third or fourth step, to do away with stumbling on dark stairs. General light comes from a disk of opal glass set flush in the ceiling above the stair well. Right: Cylinders of glass fastened together with chromium bands make an upstairs hall light

Above: A red gooseneck swivel floor lamp goes in the children's room for study, in addition to a desk lamp which you don't see and general illumination from a disk of glass in the ceiling. Left: The magic workings of the pin light revealed

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLF KLEP

Another adventure of the sagacious Constable Barradine, wherein a girl surprises him —but does not deceive him

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN



Welcome Intrusion

By Laurie York Erskine

FOUR years ago Rintoul Lake was a fur trading post in the wilderness two hundred miles north of steel. Today you can reach it by rail, on a through Pullman from Winnipeg; but the biweekly plane of the Guardian Airways will give you a bird's-eye view.

As the plane circles down for its landing you can see the square park beside the railroad station and the freight yard that spreads around the smelter; you can see the town hall, library, hospital and jail, neatly placed about the square, and you can wonder at the multitude of white frame houses that spread away up the slope. The long brick building across the tracks from the smelter is the headquarters of the Guardian Mines, where Harvey Lenster, director of operations for the Company, guides the destinies of Rintoul Lake by keeping the gold fields working and the smoke of the smelter pouring.

The group of larger houses scattered over the grasslands on the heights composes the "residential district," and that flash of color speeding toward the town is Barbara Craig in her red roadster with yellow wheels, which is the smartest of Rintoul Lake's eleven cars. That huddle of shacks and shanties, on the other hand, which defaces the swampland under the stone bluff which edges the heights is the notorious district known as Under the Cliff, and the tiny spot of scarlet creeping toward it from the square is the red tunic of Constable Barradine of the Mounted, ever alert for the suppression of barroom brawls.

IN McCLAFLIN'S beer parlor under the Cliff, Tom Haden sat and drank honest beer over a game of seven-card stud. He was called Big Tom. His wide, deep-chested body spread largely across the back of the tavern chair and his iron-hard forearms bulged below the roll of his shirtsleeves. The golden bristle of beard which covered his jaw and the mass of yellow hair that swept thickly away from his forehead combined with the manifest strength and vitality of the man to give him the appearance of some tawny, sunclothed hero of ancient legend. But the sunny smile was lacking. He played his hand grimly, with a hard glint in his eye and a tight grin that made his companions uneasy.

It was seven months since Tom had sat in at McClaflin's poker game, and he wasn't the same. In the old days he had been hearty in his humors and boisterously good-natured in his animosities; but that was before he met Barbara Craig, whose crisp, auburn beauty possessed an appeal that had wrought havoc with lesser men than Tom. He met her at the Christmas dance and for seven months he had traveled the twenty-six miles between Rintoul and the Guardian Mines once every fortnight to see her. For seven months he had kept away from McClaflin's, until now he came back like a panther walking into a nursery, with the grin of a vengeful husky dog and blue eyes that predicted disaster.

Ray Kelcey, who had been with Tom through college and engineering school, who had come up from Michigan with him to the gold fields and knew him better than any man at Rintoul, stood across the table and eyed him with concern.

"Before you settle down for an all-night session," he suggested carefully, "you ought to go down and see Lenster. He's been looking for you since noon."

Big Tom looked up and laughed at him. "Lenster doesn't want to see me," he said.

"Okay. You're the guy he'll fire if you don't turn up. You're in town on the Company's time."

"Listen," said Haden. "Lenster doesn't want to see me at all. You go down and tell him that. And tell him something else." He dropped his cards and winked like a playful tiger. "You tell Lenster that he can take over the Bank of Montreal and blow up the mint for all I care, but he can't make me lay off Spillane. Get that?"

"We'll walk down to the office," suggested Kelcey. "We can talk it over on the way."

"Cards?" demanded the dealer. "Six bits apiece."

"Bump it," said Haden. "Gimme a Jack." He scanned his cards, not looking up as Kelcey left the room.

Casper Spillane came into McClaflin's with three companions and noisily took a table near the poker players. Spillane was a free-lance prospector, ten years out of McGill. He hadn't been long in Rintoul and hadn't stayed long anywhere else. Compact and stoutly built, he was strikingly handsome, with black brows, black hair and a black mustache over too-nicely-shaped red lips.

The three men with him were Angus Dormer, a woodsman, who accompanied Spillane in the bush; John Grieve, of no known occupation, and a swarthy stranger who appeared by the shape of his face and the gleam in his close-set eyes to be remotely related to the wolverine. They were all big men and they talked with a nervous, noisy joviality over their beer. Tom Haden glanced at them and his eyes widened slightly, as though in mild astonishment. Turning quickly back to the table, he scanned the cards around the board.

"I'm out," he said quietly. Throwing down his hand he shoved back his chair, turning it slightly toward Spillane, and sat, relaxed and expansive, grinning insolently over at the four men.

"Bump it five," said the man at his left nervously: he, too, had noticed the hidden, pocketed hands of Grieve and Dormer.

"LOOK at them girls down under the Cliff," boomed Grieve. "They chase 'em out of town. They send 'em outside. Why?"

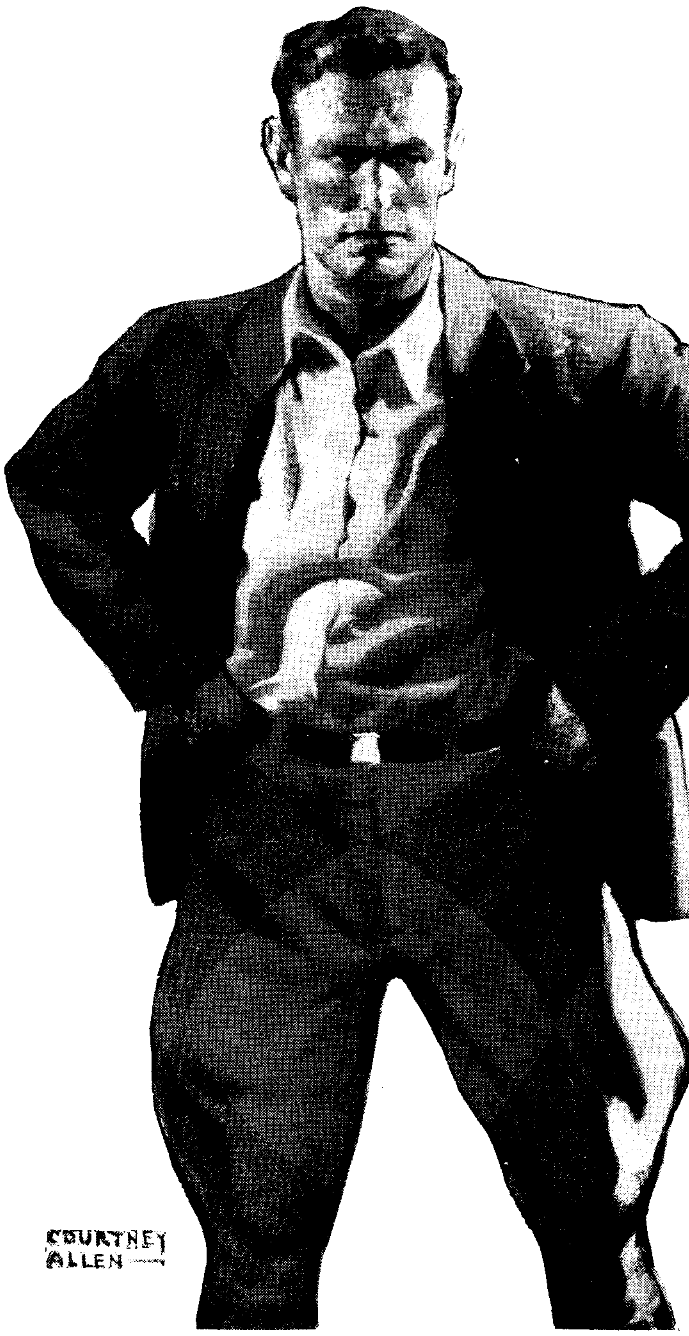
"See you," said McClaflin, weakly surrendering a queen-high flush for a pot that he wouldn't have closed on a pair. The players were pocketing their chips.

"They're honest, that's why!" barked the swarthy one. "Take them dames on the heights. You don't find Barradine protectin' the town against them! But the parked cars out by the golf club—oh, my!"

Dormer shoved back his chair, his eyes on Haden.

"That red car," he rumbled, "with the yeller wheels!"

There was a split second of silence while over Big Tom's face swept a wave



of unholy joy. He rose, and every chair in the room scraped back in concert with his own. As the split second fled he reached Spillane's table and the poker players spilled into the open like scattering quail.

Haden was on Spillane without a word, grabbing his coat front in an iron grasp. Spillane, who had expected words, squealed in fright; Dormer and the swarthy man plunged at Haden's back as his fist pounded Spillane's face like a pile driver. Brass knuckles smashed at him from behind, but he shifted, taking the blow on the thick muscles at the base of his neck. Then the fight began.

GRIEVE plowed in, fists abnormally large and harder than flesh and bone, battering at Haden's face. Dormer was using knuckles of honest brass and the swarthy man lurked for a blow with a shot-filled blackjack; but it didn't work. Nothing seemed to work. Haden moved as fast as a berserk grizzly and utilized strange gestures. Dormer reeled back from the heel of a hand that jabbed back the point of his jaw, and Grieve appeared to spin through the air, an arm and shoulder intricately locked with Haden's own.

Then Constable Barradine entered.

"'Ere, 'ere!" cried Barradine sternly. "Wot's all this?"

Haden ignored him.

"Give over!" Barradine hurled himself upon Dormer and yanked him out of the fray. Dormer instantly made for the door.

"Not yet!" snapped Barradine, snatching him back. "Stay there!" He flung the dazed bruiser violently into a chair and leaped back into the turmoil. "Give over, I said!" he grunted.

"Scram!" gasped Haden.

Barradine waded in, tearing at the arm which coiled about the swarthy slugger's chest. Haden freed it and whipped a blow to Barradine's jaw. Barradine reeled back.

"Knock abaht, would yer?" he gasped. "Take that!"

But Haden's fist blocked his and struck again. Barradine sat down heavily. At that moment a red roadster with yellow wheels pounced to a stop outside and a girl in russet-brown riding togs, moss-green sweater and auburn hair flung herself into the room. As Barradine lunged upward and Haden plunged in to attack him, she dashed between them. Haden splashed out an oath and shoved her sideways. It was a mistake. The crack of her open palm against his cheek delighted the onlookers who crowded the doorway.

"If you want another one, say so!" Her voice rang richly with strong feeling, her hazel eyes flashed in concert with the deep-toned radiance of her hair. Haden drew back like a mastiff attacked by a cat.

"Barbara!" he cried. "What are you doing here?"

"Saving you from the brig!" she cried. Then suddenly her slim hands were clutching at his sleeve. "Tom! . . . I came down to find you! I knew there was trouble! . . . You didn't . . ." She drew away, eying him severely. "Don't tell me you started this, Tom Haden!"

"Don't worry about that, Miss," said Barradine grimly. "You can 'ear 'im tell that to the judge." He swept the room with a sharp, disdainful gaze that flitted from the inert form of Spillane to Grieve, who groveled on the floor, groping for lost armament. Barradine stooped to snatch some hardware from Grieve's grasp and Grieve collapsed at his touch, whereupon Barradine calmly searched him and then calmly searched Spillane. He arose grimly to his feet.

"You come along with me." He fixed an eye on Tom Haden. "And you, and you." His bleak gaze arrested Dormer and the swarthy one. "I'll 'ave the doctor take care of these others!"

TOM HADEN sat in his cell with the contentment of a giant refreshed. If there were clouds on his horizon he failed to display any appreciable regard for them, and when Constable Barradine appeared against the barred door of his cell, he greeted him with cheerful cordiality.

"How's the pride of the Mounted?" he inquired.

Barradine gazed upon him moodily. "Dormer and Lazeer claim you assaulted them without warnin' or provocation. Narsty thing, that."

"Who's Lazeer?"

"The dark blighter with the cutthroat mug."

Haden grinned his appreciation. "Tough meat, that guy," he said. "Hard to hit and even harder to sink."

"What 'ave you got to say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" said Constable Barradine.

"My very words. I was just looking for a fight at the time and it seemed like a swell opportunity to get one. You can quote me as saying it was a good scrap."

From a coat pocket Barradine took an elbow joint of one-inch pipe that had been filled with lead.

"Seen this?" he asked.

"I seem to remember it vaguely."

"You wasn't meant to. Grieve 'ad it in 'is fist when 'e hit you this arfternoon. And per'aps you remember vaguely that Dormer was using knuckle dusters?"

Grinning, Haden touched the bandage taped across his forehead. "Vaguely," he admitted.

"And Lazeer is a thug from Cobalt," murmured Barradine. "A very thorough beating up is what you're supposed to 'ave 'ad."

"Come, come, we mustn't look at these things too seriously."

"And Spillane was the cove that engineered it. Wot?"

"Spillane? Well, well, so Spillane was in it, too!"

Barradine snorted. "Yes, Spillane was in it! And wot I want to know is, will you lay a complaint against 'im that'll let me hold 'im?"

Haden's eyes narrowed and his grin became tight.

"The answer," he said, "is 'no'. When Spillane gets his, I'm delivering it in person."

Barradine stared at him blankly. "That final?" he asked.

"That's final. Now if you'll unlock this canary cage, I'll do my singing outside."

Constable Barradine smiled slowly. "Not till I've brought in Spillane," he said. "One of you lads is enough to 'ave loose at one time."

IT WAS dark when Constable Barradine came to the Craig residence on the heights and found Barbara on the screened porch behind the square, clapboard house in conversation with Ray Kelcey. Greetings were somewhat constrained.

"We were talking about Tom Haden," said Kelcey coldly. "You can't keep him in jail."

"Just what I come to talk over," said Barradine cheerfully. "Dropped in on my way to McClaflin's to see if I could find Spillane."

"But Spillane's in the hospital!" cried Barbara.

Constable Barradine stared calmly upon the girl's warm, vivacious beauty. In powder-blue sweater and trim tweed skirt she looked like something you wanted to pick up and fondle.

"'e's out," he said hastily. "And Grieve, too. They treated 'em and let 'em go. Very 'elpful."

Her eyes widened. "Then you can't let Tom out till you get him!" she cried.

"That's the ticket!" grinned Barradine. "That's what I want to know. You told 'im you knew there was trouble. Wot is it? Wot is there between 'em?"

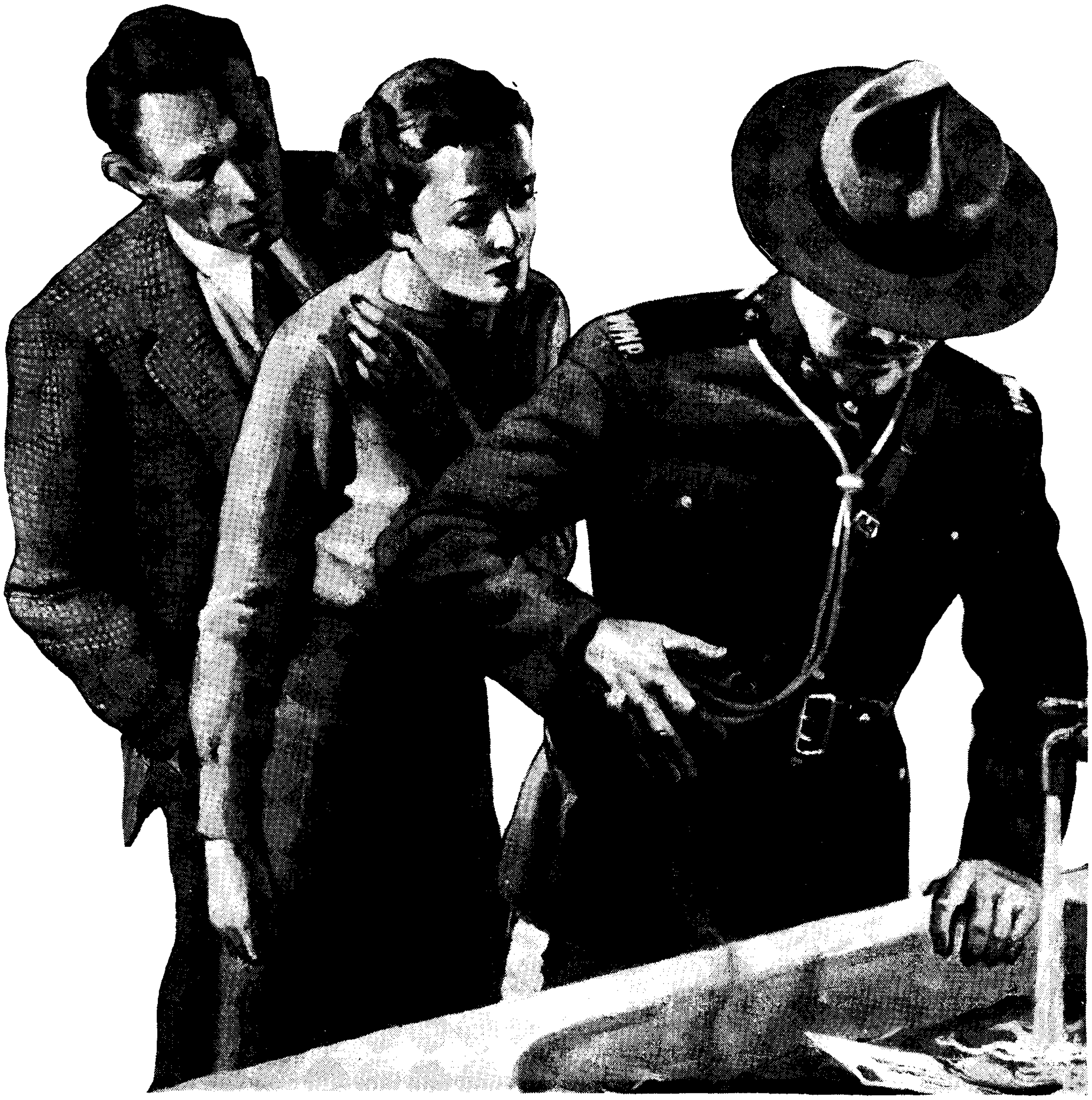
She settled back in the big porch chair, her eyes brightly upon his. "It's me," she said.

"Careful," warned Kelcey.

"Careful, my eye!" said the remarkable girl. "It's high time somebody showed Tom Haden that he can't be the army, navy and marine corps all in a heap, and Constable Barradine looks like the man who can do it."

"On what grounds?" demanded Barradine cautiously.

(Continued on page 77)



"Lor lumme! I've dropped it!" For a moment he stared stupidly into the sink where the envelope rolled over in the water

Local Boy

By Price Day

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The rise and fall of Honey Larsen, who was in love—and drove a milk wagon

NOW that the training season is over and the teams back on the circuit, I might venture one prediction for the coming campaign. What I say is that if those boys finish even in the first division this year I'll eat my hat, raw. They're all right, in their way, but they need somebody like Honey Larsen, and Honey's not coming back.

His holdout is no gag. He's said he has a new job and won't show up, and he won't, and nothing anybody could offer him would change his mind. I almost choked when I discovered what the new job was, and when the country in general finds out that Honey is dead serious, and why, there'll be a roll of laughter loud enough to wake the Japanese, sleeping on floors over there across the Pacific.

It'll be funny to everybody, except that it won't be funny to him, because nothing ever was.

On my way back from covering the big race at Santa Anita I stopped off at Plains Center, the town out in West Texas where Honey was born and bred and still lives, just to check up on him. I've had a peculiar interest in the big guy ever since he came lolloping up from Tulsa last year, because I could never quite figure him out. He was a strange, inscrutable guy, once in a while looking as wise as a Buddha, though most of the time about as wise as a whitewashed fence. Anyway, when the rumor about his holdout came along, and everybody was saying that Honey had a swelled head, turning down twelve thousand for his second season in the majors, I had a wild hunch there was more afoot than that.

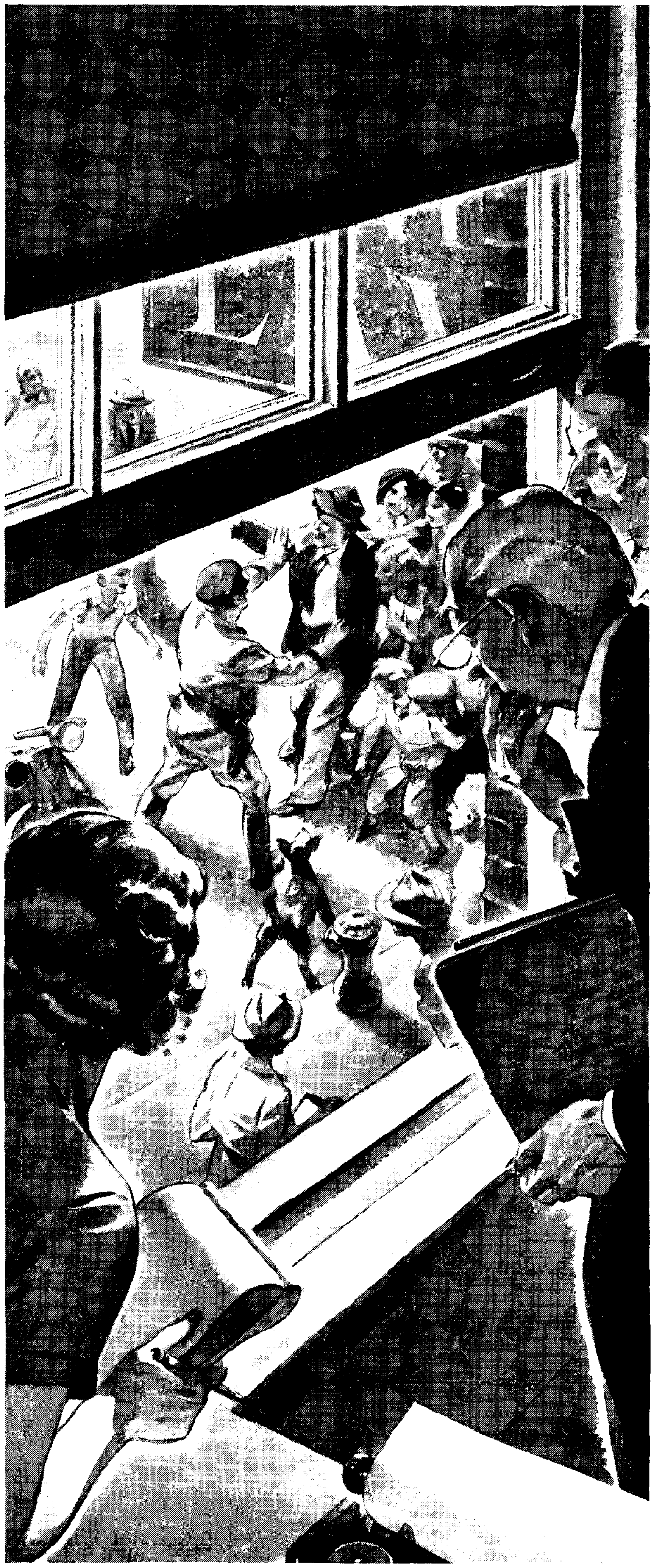
I AM writing about it now because it seems that some of the folks in Plains Center subscribe to the big-town papers, and they tell Honey what's in them, and in the very nature of things the stuff about him is composed largely of cracks.

"Them papers talk like I was foolin'," he told me solemnly. "Say, bo, you write a piece about me and tell 'em, hear? You write it, bo."

So here it is. Part of it I knew, and part of it I got from Honey and his wife, and part from Joe Griggs, who was secretary of the Tulsa club for a while, and part from Honey's wife's brother, who is night clerk at the hotel where I stayed, and seems to have a notion of what's what, and all the brains in the family. I've picked up other scraps here and there, and have taken all the stuff and hooked it together chronologically, and here, as I say, is the true story of Honey Larsen.

It appears that Honey was sort of the town Huckleberry Finn when he was a young one, though no one ever accused him of having Huck's sense of humor. His father, until he died when Honey was six or seven years old, was the local bum, and a real bum, too, and people were just unable to forget it.

By the time Honey was about fifteen—when he was in fifth grade, that is, for he went to school only when he could be caught—he had begun to stretch out into something prodigiously tall, with big raw hands and square bony shoulders and a neck that was already beginning to look like part of a smooth-worn saddle. I imagine that he looked then pretty much as he did when he came up, with about fifty pounds less meat on him.



The procession didn't get very far before the police stopped it

It was at that stage that he fell in love. The girl he fell in love with was the young daughter of one of the town's most respected and, what's more to the point, respectable citizens—the president of the bank. She would come to school in starched dresses and ribbons, and Honey would follow her around, gawking at her; she all the time with her nose up in the air as though he smelled bad.

He even took to brushing his hair every morning, and he studied his arithmetic hard, so that he could be promoted into sixth grade when the girl, whose name was Alma Clayton, went up.

It worked, but Honey made the mistake of thinking that once he was in sixth grade he was invulnerable for another year. And so one day the principal graduated him right in the middle of a geography class, on the theory, I suppose, that anybody that big could get along without education, or perhaps because the principal thought he was retarding the other young ones in their pursuit of the invaluable fact that the capital of Maine was Augusta, on the Kennebec.

HONEY then took to driving a milk wagon and, after a bit, to playing ball on the town team, a semipro outfit.

Maybe you remember Hank Neil. Yes, that screwball who came up to the majors a few years ago, age thirty-five, and stayed only two months. A devil if there ever was one, and I don't use the word jocularly. Hank was also a native of Plains Center—the only native, at this point, who had ever gone anywhere in a baseball way. After Landis very properly kicked him out of organized baseball, Neil went back home and proceeded to mount the throne of town scandal that had been left vacant at the death of Honey's papa. He was a thousand times worse, though.

He used to hang around the ball park and offer advice and make himself generally objectionable, and one result was that the games didn't draw quite as much as they might have. He was a terror, that guy, and loud about it.

Things rolled along that way. Every once in a while Honey would whack the dust out of his cap and slog around and let little Alma Clayton tell him he was nothing but an ole hobo.

It was like that for four years.

"Didn't anything happen during all that time?" I asked Honey.

He thought for a while, and said, "I bought a pair of ball shoes."

And then along came the summer when Tulsa had had a couple of outfielders kicked by mules or run over by buggies or something, and they were beating the weeds in a desperate effort to scare up some wild thing to fill in while they captured a pennant they were coveting at the time. Joe Griggs, then with Tulsa, showed up in Plains Center one day, and it seems that on that particular day the Plains Center club was a bit short on competent hired hands itself, so Honey Larsen played the outfield practically

(Continued on page 66)

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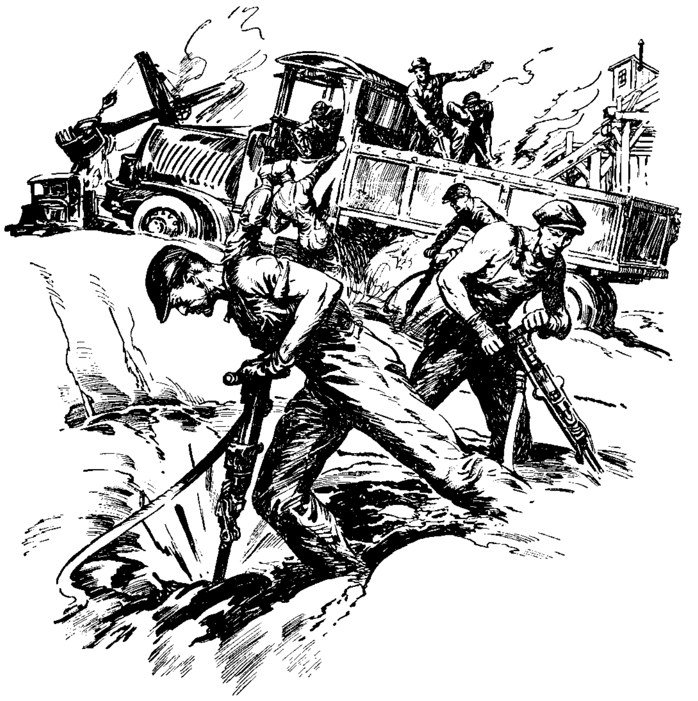
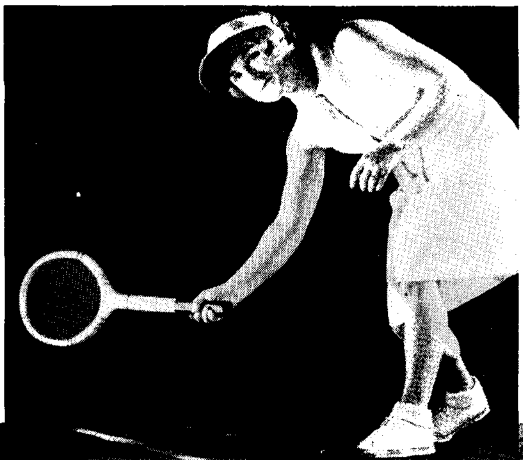


"THIS BATTERING RAM," says O. D. Gladwell, driller, "is tough on the digestion. I depend on Camels to set me right."



LIGHTNING SPEED has carried *petite* Mrs. Ethel Arnold (*left*) to the peak of tennis fame. Physical stamina depends greatly on digestion. "I smoke Camels with and after meals," says Mrs. Arnold. "I enjoy my food more and digest it better. Camels have a grand flavor!"

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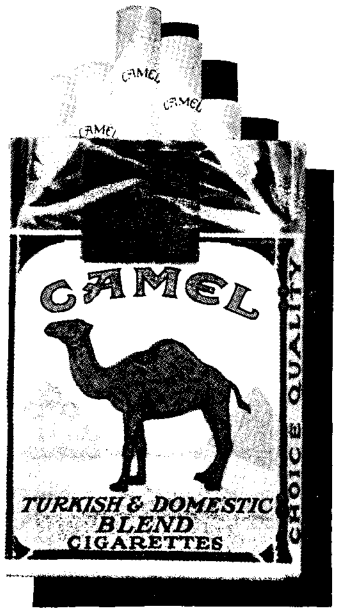

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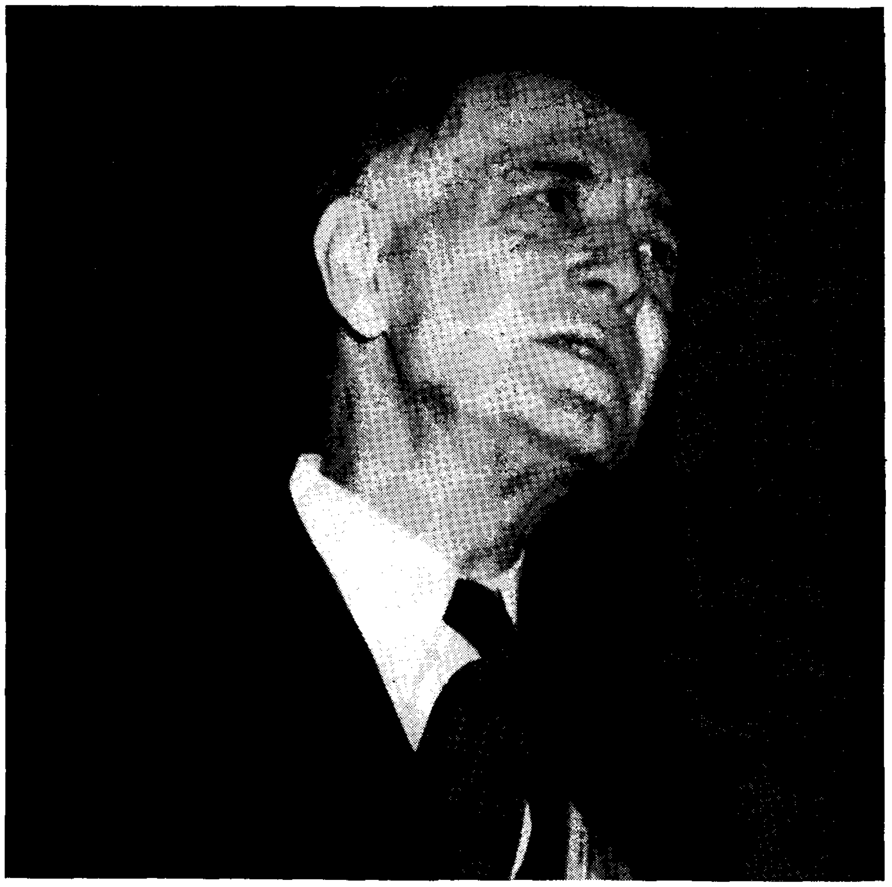
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Daniel of the Gold Fields

By George Creel

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Key Pittman, senior senator from Nevada and chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, turns a cold eye on the League of Nations, but disagrees with the isolationist convictions of Senators Borah and Johnson



WIDE WORLD

A MOST impressive figure is Key Pittman, Nevada's senior senator, as he sits in a large pontifical chair and presides over the sessions of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. An important post, dealing so authoritatively with our international policies that it might almost be said that he holds in his hands the power of peace or war.

Long, lean and poker-faced after the best diplomatic traditions, one might well imagine that he had learned his trade in strange capitals, his days devoted to matching wits with Old World statesmen, and his nights given over to painstaking study of Machiavelli and Metternich, with now and then a dash of Oppenheim. Instead of that—and here's the gay, typically American note—Key Pittman's life has been spent so far from the Atlantic seaboard that he reached middle age before discovering that Europe was not spelled with a Y.

A "career man" indeed, but not the sort meant by the Harvard group in the State Department, for his has been a career that carried him into the wild and woolly places, far from afternoon teas, where the law was not, and men rose or fell according to the stuff that was in them. Of all the ninety-six gentlemen in the Senate, the Nevada miner stands out as the one loose foot, the one adventurer and soldier of fortune.

Born in Mississippi, his eighteenth year found him hunting elk in the Cascade range. A gamble in town lots left him without railroad fare, and the sartorial splendor of James Hamilton Lewis, known at the time as "Duke" Lewis, convinced the wanderer that the law must be a good thing. By dint of working all day in an office, and sitting up all night with learned counselors who figured that sleep was a waste of time, his twentieth year saw him admitted to practice. That was in 1892.

Things were going very well with the young attorney, but in 1897 news came down from the Northwest Territory that the creek beds of the Klondike sweated gold, and Key Pittman's long legs were among the first to brave the terrors of Chilkoot Pass.

Unfortunately, some of the refinements of civilization crept into the Klondike, and before long the simple prospectors were being robbed of everything except their whiskers by a shrewd, secret partnership between officials and the "sure thing" crowd. As the miners stood in a long line in front of the commissioner's office, waiting to file their locations, "insiders" slipped through the back door and grabbed every promising claim. Somehow the word got around that Slim Pittman had been a lawyer, and while he was still searching for protests, the gangling Mississippian found himself with three hundred furious, milling clients.

Not enough of a lawyer to be conversant with mandamuses and injunctions, the young counselor fixed a contemplative eye on the back door, and announced that it seemed to be the seat of trouble. "Nail it up," he suggested, "and watch it with an armed guard. And it might help if we showed the commissioner a tree and a piece of rope." It did help. Immediately and immeasurably.

Before Key Pittman could cash in on his fame as a Daniel, news came of the gold discoveries around Nome, and off he went with the bunch, convinced that the new nuggets were bigger and more plentiful than those of the Klondike. Due to a large influx of "sissies" from the Eastern states, civilization soon lifted its ugly head, and a "consent" form of government was organized, with luckless Slim Pittman dragged away from his mining to be the first district attorney.

The Gold Diggers' Friend

It was an interference with nature, and nature never forgives. A judge came to Nome, and before he had warmed his seat to body temperature, this eminent jurist entered into a neat conspiracy to loot every claim in the region. No modern racketeer ever had a better idea. Fake claimants sprang up on every side to pick flaws in titles, and immediately on the filing of a suit, the upright judge appointed one of his gang to take over and operate the mines pending the outcome of the legislation. Straightway day and night shifts were put to work gutting the properties.

Once again District Attorney Pittman had more clients at one time than any other lawyer in the history of jurisprudence, but unlike the Yukon experience, it was a legal battle. Back of the court and its writs stood troops to seize or shoot down any miner rendered peevish and unreasonable by the seizure of his claim, and the only possible appeal was to far-off Seattle or San Francisco. With all the cards stacked against him, he went down to defeat after defeat in Nome, but finally in California he found an honest and courageous court, and all Alaska had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the rascals kicked loose from their spinal columns.

Key Pittman was in San Francisco, winding up the last of the grimy business, when the wires flashed word of the gold strikes in Tonopah. Instructing friends in Nome to close out his holdings, he shot across the Sierras into Nevada, carried by the restless feet of the true prospector. There he found many companions of the dog-sled years, nor did their friendship cool even when he deserted mining for the law. On the contrary, they insisted on running him for the Senate in 1910, gayly disregarding the fact that "Ol' Key" was a Democrat and Nevada overwhelmingly Republican. At that he was barely nosed out, and when the victor died in 1912 the Daniel of the gold fields was elected to fill out the unexpired term and has been nonchalantly re-elected ever since.

For the benefit of those who may sneer that this is not the proper training for the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, let it be recalled that this is the United States of America. Training in anything is neither our purpose nor our wish, the idea being that nature should be allowed to take its course. When a man enters the Senate he is put on a committee and as the other members die or are defeated he climbs to the top and, if his party is victorious, he eventually becomes the chairman. It is the road traveled by all of our great senatorial experts on finance, international policies, transportation, social problems and what have you. Just what sort of experts they turn out to be is entirely dependent on the committee assignment.

Take the case of Senator William Edgar Borah and Senator Hiram Johnson, the two other outstanding American authorities on foreign affairs. The Borah first turned his disapproving eye on the light of day in Illinois, but fled to the fastnesses of Idaho before the flush of youth had paled, and has since remained immured except for sessions of Congress. The Johnson was born and bred in California, and it was not until the Bull Moose campaign of 1912 that he learned of a world beyond the Sierras. Both hinterland products even as Senator Pittman, and equally undefiled by European contact, yet the Idaho man was chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs during the Administrations of Coolidge and Hoover. Much to their pain, it must be admitted.

A strong, aggressive trio, just the same, sinking teeth gum-deep into every conviction, and at one another's throats most of the time. The Nevada statesman, while turning a cold and fishy eye on the League of Nations, nevertheless concedes that there are other countries in the world besides the United States. As a consequence he holds that it is downright unintelligent not to take other world powers into consideration when shaping our international policies. Borah and Johnson are isolationists.

Just Before the Battle

It looked for a while as if the two schools of thought might stage a Battle of the Century, for the Pittman neutrality bill threw down the gage. Armed force, according to the man from Nevada, is now, has been and always will be the one and only way to make good on a claim to freedom of the seas. Either we can fight for our international commerce as we did in 1812 and again in 1917, or we can confine our ships to coastal trade and begin the computation of losses against the day of armistice when international law can be invoked for the adjustment of damage claims. We can proclaim that the flag follows trade, or we can lay down the rule that we will not shed American blood to protect profits. That, in its essence, is the Pittman position.

Unhappily, the President called off the fight just as Battling Borah and One-Round Johnson were crawling through the ropes, cocky and as finely trained as when they knocked out the League of Nations and landed a succession of haymakers on the World Court. The Klondike Kid, it may also be mentioned, was in the pink and confident of victory. The sudden suspension left the three up in the air, and likewise the country, for that matter.

The Invisible President

Continued from page 15

He pointed to the newspaper propped up against the coffeepot.

"I begin to see the hand of Fu Manchu everywhere. Although I wore glasses and my clerical dress, I nearly came to grief on the corner right outside here this morning. A heavy truck, ignoring signals, drove at me hell-for-leather! Only the skill of my driver saved me. The man said his brakes had failed. . . . The truck belonged to the Lotus Corporation."

"But Smith—"

"We must expect it. Consider what's at stake!"

Hepburn looked up sharply.

"The map of the world is going to be altered, Hepburn, unless we can check what is going on in this country. Have you given due thought to the fact that almost overnight Paul Salvaletti has become a national figure?"

"Yes; I can't fit him into the picture."

"Lola Dumas is with Salvaletti. She is frequently in the news with him."

"Is that so strange? She has always been associated with the League of Good Americans."

"The League of Good Americans is merely another name for Dr. Fu Manchu," rapped Nayland Smith, standing up and beginning to pace the floor. "It is a point of very great interest: it implies that Dr. Fu Manchu is backing Salvaletti: in other words, that Salvaletti is not an opportunist who has sprung into the breach—"

"Good heavens!" Hepburn laid down his fork; "the breach was *prepared* for him?"

"Exactly."

"Is it possible?"

"THE pattern begins to become apparent. We have been looking too closely at one small piece of it. Look at the papers. . . ."

In his restless promenade he stirred the loose sheets with his foot.

"The grave problems facing the Old World are allotted but little space. The nervous collapse (as such it is accepted) of Orwin Prescott, merely appears as a brief bulletin from Weaver's Farm. The several murders which have decorated the doctor's visit to the United States are falling into the background. Even our Chinatown raid is granted scanty honors. No, Harvey Bragg, the Martyr, continues to dominate the news—his name now coupled with that of Paul Salvaletti. And—a significant fact, as I have said—Lola Dumas is creeping in."

There was a short silence interrupted only by the buzzing of the telephone, the subdued voice of Fey answering in an adjoining room. Smith, staring out of the window, saw that all trace of fog had disappeared; that icily clear visibility which sometimes characterizes New York City in the winter months was prevailing.

"Are you looking at the Stratton Building, Smith?" Hepburn asked.

"Yes," snapped Smith. "Why?"

"You remember what I told you about the strange man who lives up there at the top—as reported by Robbie Adair?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps—I admit it may be because it is associated with Mrs. Adair—I am very curious about this man. I put inquiries in late last night and I have a report this morning. There's rather a queer thing about the Stratton Building."

"What is it?"

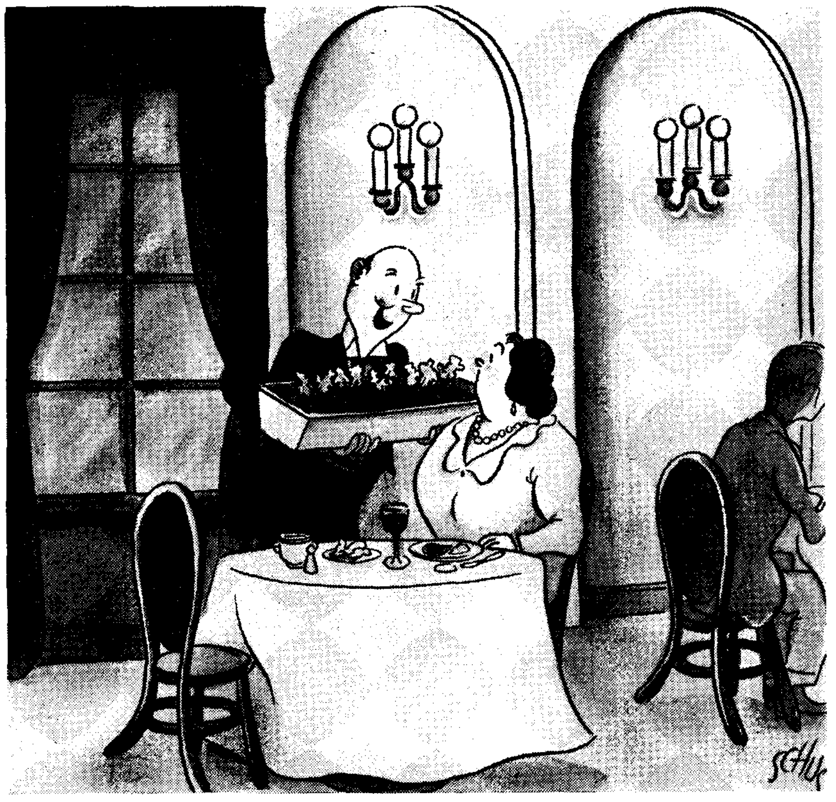
Nayland Smith turned and looked at *Hepburn.*

"This: the whole of the building is occupied by offices of concerns in which the late Harvey Bragg was interested. The New York headquarters of the League of Good Americans is there; the head office of the Lotus Transport Corporation; even the South Coast Trade Line has an office in the building. It's odd, to say the least. Therefore I arranged early this morning to inspect the lightning conductors—by courtesy of the Midtown Electric Corporation. I may discover nothing, but at least it will give me access to a number of the rooms in the building."

"You interest me keenly," said Nayland Smith, returning to the window and staring up at the Stratton Building. "The League of Good Americans, eh? You must realize, Hepburn, that the great plot doesn't end with the control of the United States. It embraces Australia, the Philippines, and ultimately Canada!"

"In heaven's name where does all the money come from?"

"From the Si-Fan, the oldest and most powerful secret society in the world. If the truth about the League of Good Americans reached the public, I shudder to think what the reaction would be! But to return to personal matters— What are your plans in regard to Mrs. Adair?"



"Fresh radishes? Pull!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

"I have none." Mark Hepburn spoke slowly, his voice sounding even more monotonous than usual.

"I assume that you are leaving it to Mrs. Adair to communicate with you?"

"I must."

Nayland Smith stared hard for a moment, and then:

"She may be a trump card, Hepburn," he said, "but frankly, I don't know how to play her."

"Saw my funny man last night, Goofy," said Robbie Adair, laying down his porridge spoon, and staring up wide-eyed at Nurse Goff. "Funny man who makes heads."

"I believe he's just a dream of yours, child," Nurse Goff declared. "*I* have never seen him."

"He's not," said Robbie earnestly; "he's weal. I see him—I see him lots of times. And last night I woked up. It was awful late. And I went and looked out of the window an' he was up there—where he lives. An' he had the head in his hands, an' he picked it up and he *frowed* it—" Robbie illustrated the action—"frowed it wight down on to the wound part of the woof. Then he went in."

"I never heard such a silly tale in my life," Nurse Goff declared. "God bless the child—he's dreaming!"

"Not dweaming," Robbie declared stoutly. "Please can I have some jam? Is Mum coming today?"

"I don't know, dear; I hope so."

"Are we going to the garden?"

"If it's fine, Robbie."

"Will Uncle Mark be there?" he inquired.

"I don't think so, dear."

"Why not? I like Uncle Mark—all 'cept his whiskers. I like Yellow Uncle too, but he never comes."

Nurse Goff suppressed a shudder. The man whom the boy had christened "Yellow Uncle" terrified her. How Mrs. Adair, beautiful and delicately nurtured, ever could have begun this association with the dreadful Chinaman was something which Mary Goff simply could not understand. The affection of Robbie for this sinister being was to her mind even a greater problem.

"He give me an auto on my birfday," Robbie added. "Yellow Uncle did."

When, an hour later, his "auto" packed behind in the big car, driven by Joe, the cheerful Negro chauffeur of whom he was fond, lonely little Robbie, accompanied by Nurse Goff, set out for his Long Island playground, a "protection" party in a Z car was following.

Far in the rear, keeping the Z car in sight, a government car in charge of Lieutenant Johnson brought up the rear of the queer procession.

MARK HEPBURN, in blue overalls, and wearing a peaked cap, crept out from a window onto a dizzy parapet. Two men similarly attired followed him. One was an operative of Midtown Electric, the firm which had installed the lightning conductors; the other was a Federal agent. They were on the forty-seventh floor of the Stratton Building. The leaded dome swept up above them.

"This way," said Hepburn, and headed along the parapet.

He constantly looked down into a deep gutter which formed their path, until at a point commanding an oblique view of the gully which was Park Avenue, he pulled up sharply.

Storm clouds were gathering and sweeping over the city. To look upward was to derive an impression that the towering building swayed like a ship. Mark Hepburn was looking downward. He suppressed an exclamation of satisfaction.

Fragments of clay littered the gutter; on some of the larger pieces might be seen the imprint of a modeler's work. The madman of the Stratton Building was no myth, but an actuality!

Hepburn glanced up for a moment. The effect of the racing clouds above the tower of the building was to make him dizzy. He felt himself lurching and closed his eyes quickly; but he had seen what he wanted to see.

Above the slope of the leaded dome was an iron gallery upon which two windows opened. . . .

"Steady-oh! Captain," said the government man, seeing him sway.

Hepburn, the moment of nausea past, stared again at the fragments at his feet.

"All right," he replied; "I was never a mountaineer."

HE KNELT down and examined the pieces of hard clay with keen curiosity. They surely formed part of a modeled head, possibly of more than one modeled head; but no one of them was big enough to give any indication of the character of the finished work. Over his shoulder:

"Gather all these pieces together," he directed, "and bring them away."

The man from the electric firm watched the two agents in respectful silence.

"Ha! what's this?" Hepburn exclaimed.

He had come upon a wired frame to which portions of crumbling clay still adhered. But what had provoked his words when he had picked the thing up had been the presence upon the wooden frame, fixed by two drawing pins, of what resembled a tiny colored miniature of a human face, framed around with white paper.

He detached this curious object from the wood and examined it more closely. Raising the mount he stared for a long time at that which lay beneath.

It was a Daniel Webster stamp, gummed upside down upon a piece of cardboard, then framed by the paper in which a pear-shaped opening had been cut. The effect, when the frame was dropped over the stamp, was singular to a degree.

It produced a hideous Chinese face!

Mark Hepburn took out his notecase, and carefully placed this queer discovery in it. As he returned the case to his pocket, a memory came, of hypnotic green eyes staring into his own—a memory of the unforgettable features of Dr. Fu Manchu as he had seen them through the broken window on the night of the Chinatown raid. . . .

Yes, the fact was unmistakable: inverted and framed in this way, the Daniel Webster stamp presented a caricature, but a recognizable caricature, of Dr. Fu Manchu!

A problem for Nayland Smith's consideration: no more false moves must be made. But here was a building occupied, so far as he knew, entirely by persons associated directly or indirectly with the activities of the League of Good Americans. At the top, it seemed, a madman resided: a madman who modeled clay heads, and who apparently had possessed and thrown away this queer miniature. Definitely there was a link here which must be tested, but tested cautiously.

(Continued on page 28)

"Our Records show Plymouth Saves us Money!"

"WE'VE PROVED THAT PLYMOUTH GIVES EXTRA VALUE"

BUYER TOM CANTY (left) and new 1936 Plymouth. "It *is* hard to believe this big car is one of the lowest in price!"

CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH TOM CANTY, MEAT BUYER, SAN FRANCISCO

"WE CRUISE the cattle country," says Buyer Tom Canty—of Baumgarten Brothers, one of San Francisco's big wholesale meat houses. "When we can, we drive on paved highways.

"But lots of times we get into the mountains, or across country on wild trails...sometimes we have to go where there aren't even trails.

"Our Plymouth cars have the ruggedness to stand it...the power to do it...the driving ease and comfort that help a man handle this job.

"Operating costs are very important to us, so we keep accurate records. We know it costs less for gasoline, oil and general upkeep to operate Plymouths for our buyers and salesmen.

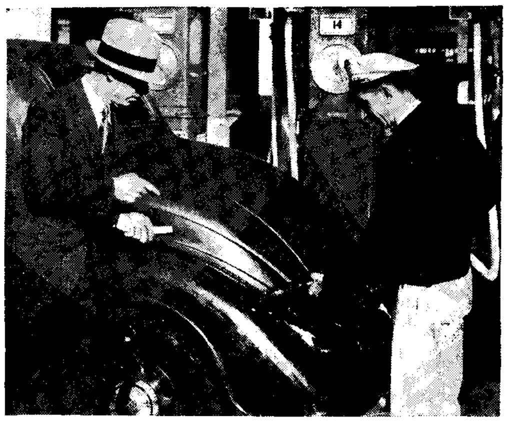
"Safety counts a lot with us, just as it does with any one today. And those real Hydraulic brakes and Safety-Steel bodies have a lot to do with our preference for Plymouth.

"This is our tenth Plymouth...and every one of them has given us great service. We have five in operation today...and I guess that tells what we think about the best-engineered low-priced car!"

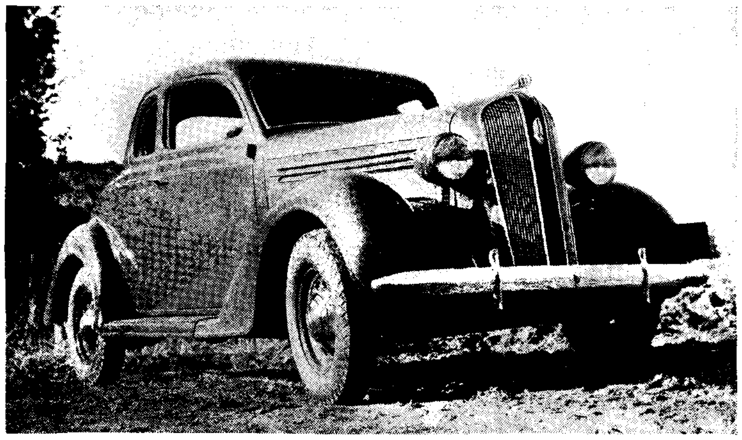
That's right, Mr. Canty...it certainly does. It tells what *any one* can find out about this beautiful 1936 Plymouth...that is, if he'll get out on the road and drive it.

Before you buy any car, do this...tell your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer *you* want to give this big, new Plymouth a tryout.

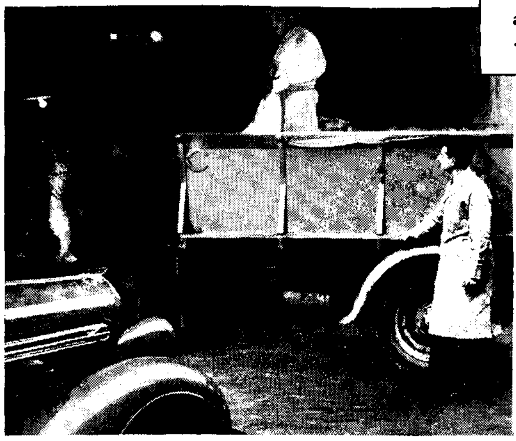
PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.



"WE KEEP ACCURATE RECORDS on our cars, and they show that Plymouth saves money for us ...on gasoline, oil, repairs and upkeep in general."



"MOUNTAIN ROADS...maybe no roads...as our men often drive across country. Plymouth can do it...and 100% Hydraulic brakes give safety."



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PAY $25 A MONTH—INCLUDING EVERYTHING

You pay for credit accommodation only ½ of 1% per month on your original unpaid balance. To arrive at your original unpaid balance: 1. Add cost of insurance to cost of car.* 2. Deduct down payment—cash or trade-in.

Result is *Original Unpaid Balance.*

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

$510 AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

The Invisible President

Continued from page 26

Thus far, he had every reason to believe that his investigation had been carried out without arousing suspicion. He had penetrated to a number of offices on many floors, craning out of windows in his quest of the supposed flaw in the lightning conductors. He had observed nothing abnormal anywhere, and had been civilly treated by a Mr. Schmidt in an office on the street floor, to whom, with his two companions, he had first applied. It remained to be seen if any obstruction would be offered to his penetrating to the mysterious apartment which crowned the dome.

Five minutes later he climbed through the window into a room used apparently as a store by the firm leasing this suite of offices on the forty-seventh. Mr. Schmidt, representing the owners of the building, waited there as Hepburn's companions in turn climbed in through the low window.

"Everything seems to be in order up to this floor," said Hepburn. "How do we get to the top of the dome? The fault must be there."

Mr. Schmidt stared hard for a moment.

"There's no way up," he replied curtly. "The elevators don't go beyond this floor. There's a staircase to the flagstaff, but the door's been boarded up. Orders of the Fire Department, I guess. There's nothing up there. It's just ornamental."

"Then how do I carry out the inspection? It will cost plenty to rig ladders. Cheaper to break through to the staircase, wouldn't it be?"

"That doesn't rest with me," Mr. Schmidt replied hastily; "I shall have to ask you to give me time to consult directors on the point."

Mark Hepburn surreptitiously nudged the representative of Midtown Electric—and:

"When can you let us know, Mr. Schmidt?" the electrician inquired. "We have to make a report."

"I'll call you in the morning," Mr. Schmidt replied.

Mark Hepburn experienced an inward glow of satisfaction. Apart from the testimony of Robbie Adair, he himself had seen lighted windows above the dome of the Stratton Building—and today they had found conclusive evidence to show that the rooms were occupied!

LOLA DUMAS, concealed behind a partly drawn curtain, looked down upon the crowded terraces. Palm trees were silhouetted against an evening sky; there was a distant prospect of steel-blue sea. The crowds below were so dense that she thought of a pot of caviar.

They were cheering and shouting, and through all the excited uproar like an oboe motif in an orchestral score rose the name of Salvaletti.

Salvaletti!

This was merely the beginning of a triumphal progress which inevitably should lead to the White House. Lola Dumas clutched the curtain nervously; her delicate fingers, upon which she wore too many jewels, quivered with the tension of the moment. And they were still shouting and calling for Salvaletti when at the faint sound of an opening door Lola turned sharply.

Paul Salvaletti had entered the room.

Adulation, long awaited success, had transformed the man into a god. His pale face was lighted up, inspired; he stood upright, commanding, triumphant. She looked tonight not upon the secretary of the late Harvey Bragg, but upon Caesar.

"Paul!" she took a step forward. "This is triumph. Nothing can stop you."

"Salvaletti for the South!" a cry rose above the uproar below.

A wild outburst of cheering followed.

"I suppose *I'll* die with my boots on!"

G. SHERMAN

Then came a series of concerted calls:

"Salvaletti! Salvaletti!"

The man, plucked out of complete obscurity to be thrust upon a cloudy pinnacle, smiled.

"Lola," he said, "this was worth waiting for!"

She moved towards him, her graceful bare arms extended; and with a low cry of almost savage delight he clasped her. The world was at his feet—fame, riches, beauty. In silence he held her while, more and more insistent, the demand rose from the terraces:

"Salvaletti! Salvaletti! America for every man. Every man for America!"

The phone bell rang.

"Answer, Lola," Salvaletti directed; "I shall speak to no one tonight but to you."

Lola Dumas glanced at him sharply. He spoke with an arrogance the very existence of which hitherto he had successfully concealed. She crossed the room and took up the telephone.

A moment she listened; her attitude grew tense. She placed the receiver on the table and turned.

"The President," she said.

"What!" he whispered.

For a second he hesitated, then crossing with his characteristic catlike tread he took up the phone.

"Paul Salvaletti here."

"I am watching you closely," came the imperious, guttural voice. "At this stage, you must not make one mistake. Listen now to my orders. Go out upon the balcony of the room in which you stand. Do not speak, but acknowledge the people. Then bring Lola Dumas out onto the balcony, that all may see her. Move in this matter."

The line was disconnected.

For three, five, ten seconds, as he hung up, Salvaletti's sensitive nostrils remained distended. He had heard the crack of the whip, had resented it.

"What?" Lola asked.

"An order," Salvaletti replied, smiling composedly, "which I must obey."

He crossed, drew the curtains widely apart, and stepped out onto the balcony. A roar of excited voices acclaimed him, and for a while he stood there, a pale, impressive figure in the moonlight. He bowed, raised his hand and, turning, beckoned to Lola Dumas.

"You are to join me," he said. "Please come."

He drew her onto the balcony beside him; and the woman associated for so long with Harvey Bragg, founder of the League of Good Americans, potential savior of his country, received an almost hysterical ovation. . . .

Back in the room, the curtains drawn, Lola Dumas sank down on a cushioned settee, beckoning to Salvaletti with her eyes and with her lips. He stood beside her looking down.

"Paul," she said, "did the President give those orders?"

"He did."

"You see, Paul," she said very softly, "he has chosen for you. Are you content?"

MARK HEPBURN awoke; sat up. He found himself to be clammy with nervous perspiration, and the dream which had occasioned it was still vivid in his mind. It was this:

He had found himself in an apparently interminable tunnel (which he could trace to Nayland Smith's account of the attempt to explore the East River "water gate"). For a period which seemed to span many hours he walked along this tunnel. His only light was a fragment of thick, wax candle resembling an altar candle. There were twists and turns in the tunnel, and always in his dream he had hoped to see daylight beyond. Always he had been disappointed.

Some great expediency drove him on. At all costs he must reach the end of this subterranean passage. A stake greater than his life was at hazard. And now, gaping blackly, crossways appeared in the tunnel; it became a labyrinth. But every passage revealed by the flickering light of the candle resembled another. In desperation he plunged into one which opened on his right. It proved to be interminable. An opening offered on the left. He entered it. Another endless tunnel stretched before him.

Blind panic seized him. He began to run along tunnel after tunnel, turning right, turning left, crying out madly. His exertions reduced the fraction of candle almost to the disappearing point. He ran on. In some way it came to him that the life of Nayland Smith was at stake. He must gain the upper air or disaster would come, not to Nayland Smith alone but to all humanity. The candle, now a tenuous disk, became crushed between his trembling fingers. . . .

It was at this moment that he awoke.

The apartment was very still. Save for the immutable voice of the city which never sleeps, there was no sound.

Hepburn groped for his slippers. There were no cigarettes in the room. He decided to go into the sitting-room for a smoke and a drink. That ghastly dream of endless tunnels had shaken him.

THE night was crystal clear; a nearly full moon poured its cold light into the rooms. Without turning on any of the lights—for he was anxious to avoid wakening Nayland Smith, a hair-trigger sleeper—he found his way to the sitting-room. There were cigarettes on the table by the telephone. He found one; but he had no means of lighting it.

As he paused, looking around, he saw through an open door the moon-bathed room beyond. It was the room which he had fitted up as a temporary laboratory; from its window he could just see the roof of the hotel where Moya Adair lived. He remembered that he had left matches there. He went in, crossed and stared out of the window.

His original intention was forgotten. He stood there, tense, watching. . . .

From a window of an outjutting wing of the Regal-Athenian, one floor below and not twenty yards away, Dr. Fu Manchu was looking up at him!

Some primitive instinct warned him to reject the chimera—for that the man in person could be present he was not prepared to believe. This was a continuation, a part, of his uncanny dream. He was not awake. Brilliant green eyes gleamed in the moonlight like polished jade. He watched fascinatedly.

His impulse—to arouse Smith, to have the building surrounded—left him. Those wonderful eyes demanded all his attention. . . .

He found himself busy in the laboratory—of course he was still dreaming—preparing a strange prescription. It was contrary to all tradition; a thing outside his experience. But he prepared it with meticulous care—for it was indispensable to the life of Nayland Smith. . . .

At last it was ready. Now, he must charge a hypodermic syringe with it. . . . An intravenous injection. It was vital that he should not awake Smith—

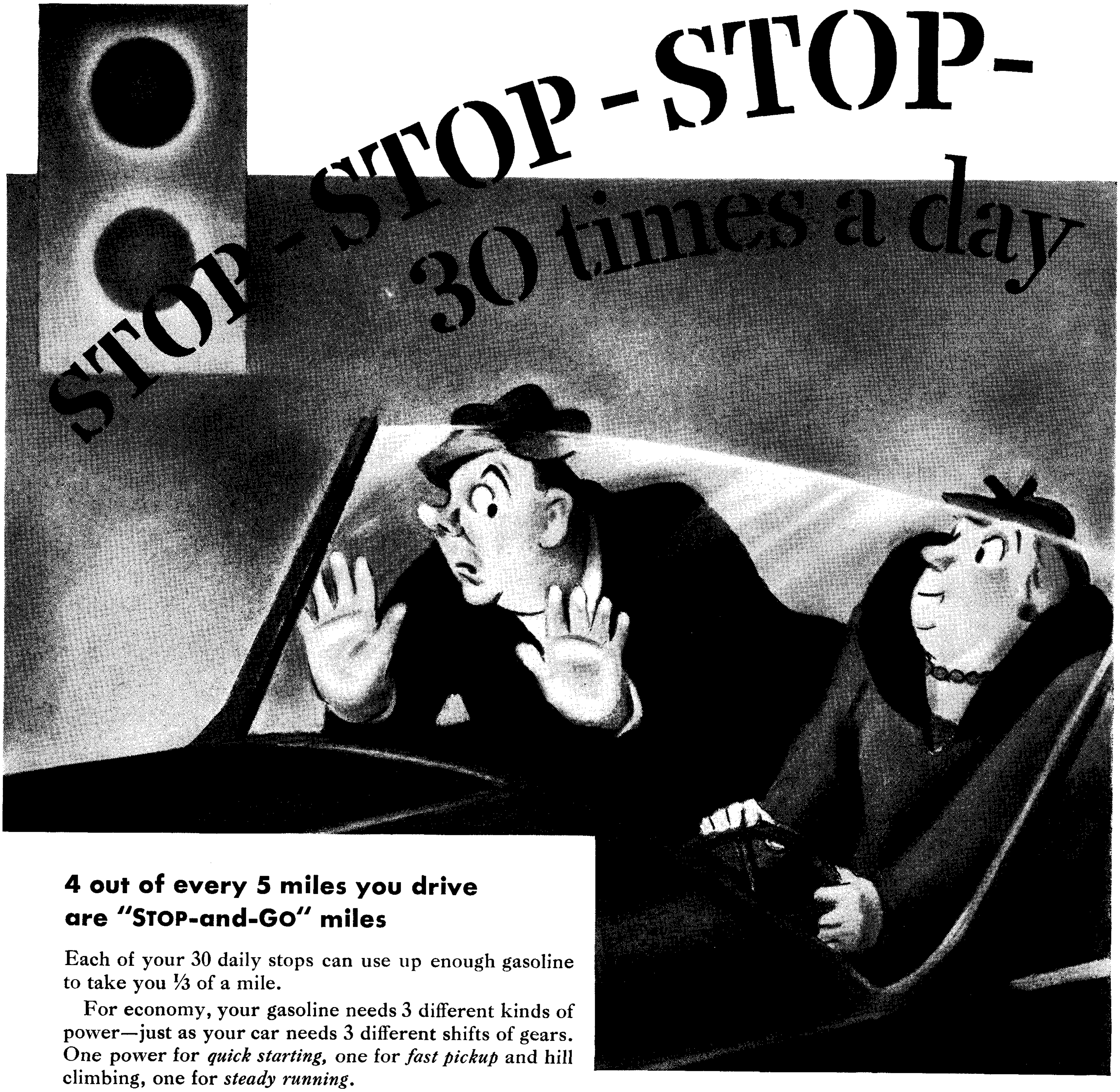
Syringe in hand, he crept along the corridor to the second door. He listened. There was no sound.

Very quietly, he opened the door and went in.

Nayland Smith lay motionless in bed, his lean brown hands outside the coverlet. The conditions were ideal, it seemed to Mark Hepburn in his dream. Stealthily he stole across the room. He could not hope to complete the injection without arousing Smith, but at least he could give him some of the charge.

Lightly he raised the sleeve of his pajama jacket. Smith did not stir. He pressed the needle point firmly home. . . .

(To be continued next week)



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Super-Shell combines these 3 different kinds of power in one fuel—the *first* truly balanced gasoline.

saves on today's "STOP-and-GO" driving

SUPER SHELL

Under Pressure

Continued from page 13

could get out? Something struck her in the face, enveloping her head.

For a moment she thought she would suffocate, then realized it had been merely a plunge through heavy curtains. The next thing she knew she was drawing the sharp sweet air of the night into her lungs as her escort half lifted, half hurled her into the tonneau of a waiting car.

The chauffeur started so suddenly her head was thrown against the back of the seat. She let it lie there, her eyes closed, pretending she was stunned. Which was the clever thing to do—scream, jump or continue to play dead? She tried to calm herself—she must calm herself or she couldn't think. What did he intend? Where was he taking her? Then he did something which steadied her nerves at once; he tried to light a cigarette. At the flash of the match she looked up into Adán Arnaldo's pensive face.

A GREAT many thoughts struck Joyce all at once, making her dizzy. She had escaped the scene of pandemonium to fall into what? The hands of its proprietor. How could he leave at such a moment unless it were for some special purpose? But immediately the expression she had glimpsed on his face reassured her. She had lost her wrap but from the moment of stooping to pick up her handbag her fingers had clamped on it like a vise and now she decided to assume Arnaldo was merely escorting her home.

"Please find me a taxi," said Joyce, "then you can go back."

"Back where?"

"To—to your place. To El Tenebroso."

"To help the scrubwoman?" asked Arnaldo. He took a last puff at his cigarette and threw it away. "There wasn't anything unusual about our closing tonight. I've seen eight people shot and killed in the last two years."

"Oh," gasped Joyce.

"That's why I was wondering," he stated.

"About what?" she asked.

"You—a girl like you! I don't get it yet. Coming into a dump like that between two buzzards." As they swung into the brilliantly lighted Paseo he turned on her and she saw that his eyes were glaring. "What did they want?"

Even without the startling change in his manner she would have been on her guard.

"How should I know?" she replied, almost without a pause. "I never saw either of them before today."

He caught her chin delicately between thumb and forefinger but she had a feeling he could crush her jaw if he tried. "You're not lying?"

"I came to Mexico only yesterday," said Joyce. "It's the truth. I wanted to see what was going on so I got Margarida Fonseca to take me."

"How did you come to go to her? Has she had herself listed as a guide?"

"No," said Joyce. "She's my lawyer."

"You with a lawyer! What for?"

"That's a question I can't answer except to say it's a personal matter."

HE RELEASED her and sat back, his forehead creased with a frown. "You've got me guessing," he declared. "When I saw you with those two buzzards I had a feeling you'd need help pretty soon and need it bad, but you don't seem to think so and I'm beginning to change my mind. Every man living has to be fooled by a woman every so often and perhaps this is my night. Perhaps I'm a bonehead, blind in both eyes, and you're a bad egg."

"I'm not," said Joyce simply. "I'm exactly what you thought. Please take me home."

"Where?" She told him. He hesitated for a moment, then called out the address to the driver. The car slowed, swung around the next circle and started back in the opposite direction. "What's your name?"

"Joyce Sewell."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"How much money have you got?"

"What is this—an inquisition?"

"It will take us ten minutes to get to your hotel," said Arnaldo. "If that isn't long enough for you to answer my questions I'll give you ten hours somewhere else."

"Do you mean how much I have with me, here in Mexico?"

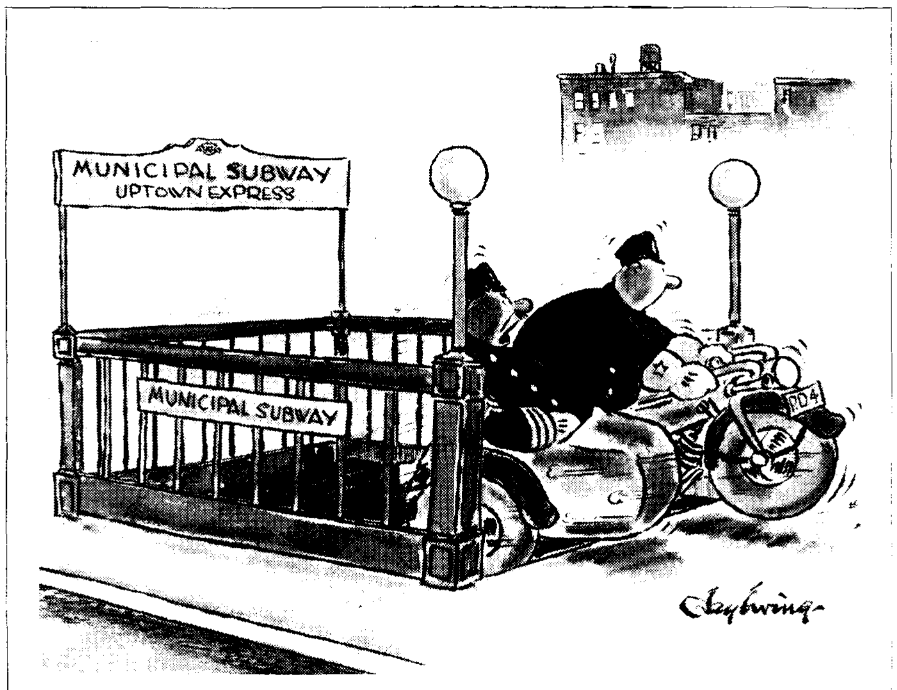
"No. How much are you worth? How much can you raise?"

Joyce hesitated for a long time but finally decided to tell the truth. "Ten thousand dollars, but it's in a bank."

"Is that all?"

"Not quite ten thousand. I've spent a little."

Still frowning, he shook his head from side to side. "Not enough by forty thousand," he murmured more to himself than to her. "All right. I'll believe you. Since you say you're what I thought you were I'll take you straight to your hotel on one condition."



"You an' yer bloomin' short-cuts!"

JAY IRVING

"What is it?"

"That you never come into my place again."

"Don't worry!" said Joyce fervently. "I wouldn't anyway. I've never been so frightened before, and it wasn't the row that did it."

"No?" said Arnaldo curiously. "If that rumpus didn't scare you, what did?"

"A face. It was horrible. I'll never forget it."

"What face?"

"That man in uniform—the one who started the trouble."

"Dorado," said Arnaldo slowly, "Pepe Dorado. So that's it. What do you want to know about General Dorado?"

"Only—only that I'll never see him again."

"You won't; nobody will for a long while," said Arnaldo grimly.

"Why?" asked Joyce. "Did something happen to him?"

"Not yet, but I promise you it's going to. I give him until daylight. I won't see him out of town in person but I have a couple of partners nobody knows about who will. When they tell him to beat it he'll go and stay gone."

As the car drew up in the light from the hotel entrance she laid her hand on his arm and looked straight into his eyes. "Why have you been so good to me? Why?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "A lot of us Mexicans play at hating the United States, but not me. They were good to me up there, a lot better than I've been to you. We're different. It's like two worlds. There's one way to live in your country and another to live in mine, but let me give you a tip. It takes a strong head to stand mixed drinks."

"What do you mean?"

"Think it out for yourself. You don't know danger when you see it. You start out with the boner of coming to Mexico. You tie in with a couple of *gringo* haters who wouldn't leave a lamb his bleat. You butt into El Tenebroso and when you're out riding with a buzz saw you think you're playing with a paper pinwheel. To top the list you decide to mix it with what—with whom? Pepe Dorado! No; there's only one way to make everything fit—you're a fool and I'm another."

"Perhaps I am," said Joyce soberly, "but I hope not." She pushed down the rug, stepped to the curb and gave him her hand. "I'll never forget you or what you've done; please don't forget me."

"I won't!" he assured her. "You notice I haven't looked at you much. That's because I know a buzz saw when I see it. Get along in before you freeze."

IT WAS almost noon before she woke, and dressing hurriedly, she went straight to Margarida's office. Walking in without knocking, she stopped short and laughed. Margarida, wide-eyed, was staring as if she saw a ghost. Suddenly she became voluble.

"I haven't been to bed," she exploded, "I haven't slept, wondering what had happened to you. I called the hotel but nobody answered until eight o'clock. Then they said you were asleep and couldn't be disturbed. Naturally I thought they were lying to protect you, hiding the fact you hadn't come in at all."

"No; that's right," said Joyce. "I left word not to wake me. But what became of you last night? What happened to you?"

"Nothing. Nothing ever does."

"It was fun, wasn't it?"

"Fun?" scowled Margarida.

"Oh, well, you know what I mean—exciting like things you read about."

"You ought to be superintendent of a morgue," said Margarida with a shrug. "How did you escape?"

"I sat still until the master of ceremonies came for me."

"Who? Arnaldo?"

"Yes. He drove me home."

"Straight home?"

"No. We went for quite a ride while he asked me a lot of questions."

"What about?"

"Principally about you and General Onelia. He wanted to know what you had been trying to get out of him."

"You didn't tell him, did you?"

"No, but I found out for myself."

"Found out what?"

"About General Dorado. He's leaving town today." She glanced at the clock. "No; he's already left."

MARGARIDA gave her an odd look, a mixture of fear of the supernatural crossed with unwilling admiration. "You're sure?"

"Positive. Arnaldo promised he'd have him run out by daylight and since that's so I can't see why I shouldn't start at once myself."

"Don't be absurd," said Margarida. "Onelia will certainly insist on checking up on whether Dorado has really gone. Besides, you heard Pancho Buenaventura say it would take three days to place his men."

"Yes," said Joyce, "and I heard General Onelia order him to get them off at once." She frowned thoughtfully. "That was yesterday, so it means I'll have to wait until day after tomorrow."

"Stop it!" shouted Margarida.

"Stop what?" demanded Joyce, astonished.

"Have you never heard of a clock or a calendar? Think of all the jewelers in the world and the printers. What would they do for a living if a twig like you succeeds in abolishing time?" She threw up her hands, then let them fall. "Anybody else would be lucky to get off in a month, but I'll bet you'll start as you say—day after tomorrow."

She was right; she would have won her wager by two hours. At ten o'clock at night of the third day Joyce and her baggage were transferred by taxi to the railway station and then, as a further precaution, by another hired conveyance to Margarida's apartment. It was in an old five-story building at a poor address and the interior was exactly what might be expected—massive, disorderly, without taste but comfortable. There a strange meeting took place—strange because scarcely a word was spoken yet so much was thought. Joyce's silence was natural, for she was tingling with anticipation since her hour was at hand—the hour of her dreams. Her exaltation gave her a transfigured look as if she had borrowed at least a spark from the flame of the Maid of Orleans, and, beholding it, both Margarida and Onelia regarded her with awe tinged with scorn.

Onelia glanced at his watch and spoke in a tender voice which seemed to drip with regret at parting.

"It is time, my child. I shall stay here. Go down by yourself and slip into my car. The chauffeur already has your bags and I've given him the necessary instructions. Don't worry if he drives fast; it's only to make sure nobody can follow."

Joyce hesitated whether to kiss Margarida, chilled by the peculiar look in her eyes. Too impatient to puzzle it out for what it was—a look of eternal farewell—she compromised by touching cheeks in the Latin manner, one cheek

(Continued on page 32)

"But *our* Business is *different*"

CANDY. An Atlanta candy company promotes sales by telephone preceding Christmas, Mother's Day, etc. Results have been very satisfactory, with costs averaging less than 2%. Recently, 41 Long Distance calls, costing $32.70, brought orders totaling $1664.74.

WOOD TANKS last from six to forty years. But a Philadelphia wood tank manufacturer, covering New England from key towns by telephone, quickly increased his active customer list from 80 to 265. One trip produced 9 direct orders and 50 subsequent orders. A $3000 sale resulted from two Long Distance calls costing less than a dollar.

CHEMICALS. The sales manager of a Los Angeles chemical firm, during a two-hour stop-over between trains in Tucson, Arizona, invested $9.50 in telephone calls to other Arizona cities, and secured $686.85 worth of business.

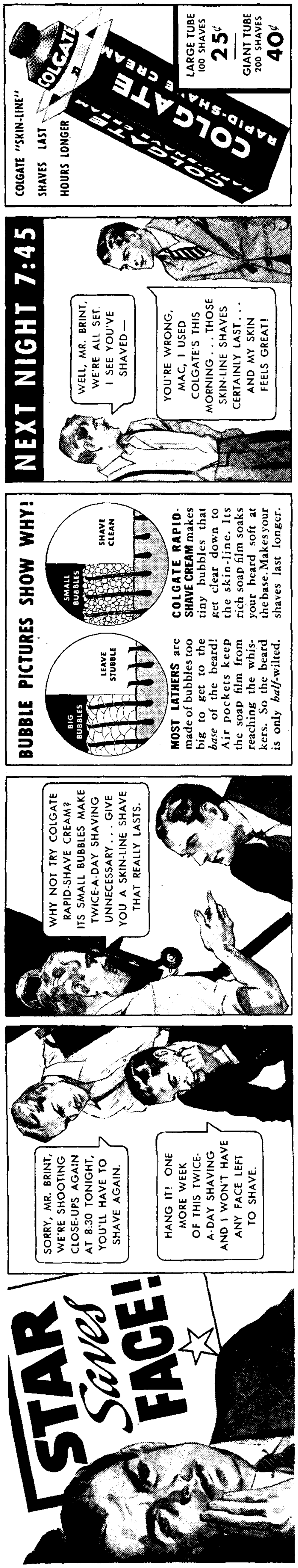
LENSES. After other methods had failed, a Dayton lens company telephoned ten delinquent accounts within a radius of 400 miles, collected $2500 from seven of them. The net cost was less than 2%.

AIRPLANES. An airplane sales service at Roosevelt Field, Long Island, sold $11,000 worth of new and used airplanes by means of Long Distance telephone calls, at a cost of $30.

CORN. A Cleveland grain company writes: "Long Distance telephone service is a vital feature of our business. Recently a rush call to Chicago sold 150,000 bushels of corn in less than three minutes. The telephone cost was only $1.45."

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies
Bell System

You may have thoroughly sound reasons for believing that your business is different. But hundreds of "different" businesses have found that Long Distance telephone service fills a fundamental need. . . . It takes busy men North, East, South, West, at will. It cuts through crowded lobbies, gets attention, gets results. It finds prospects and follows them up. It makes appointments and makes sales. . . . Put Long Distance to work this week and watch results!


STAR Saves FACE!
SORRY, MR. BRINT, WE'RE SHOOTING CLOSE-UPS AGAIN AT 8:30 TONIGHT. YOU'LL HAVE TO SHAVE AGAIN.
HANG IT! ONE MORE WEEK OF THIS TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING AND I WON'T HAVE ANY FACE LEFT TO SHAVE.
WHY NOT TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM? ITS SMALL BUBBLES MAKE TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING UNNECESSARY . . . GIVE YOU A SKIN-LINE SHAVE THAT REALLY LASTS.
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.
NEXT NIGHT 7:45
WELL, MR. BRINT, WE'RE ALL SET. I SEE YOU'VE SHAVED—
YOU'RE WRONG, MAC, I USED COLGATE'S THIS MORNING . . . THOSE SKIN-LINE SHAVES CERTAINLY LAST . . . AND MY SKIN FEELS GREAT!
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

Under Pressure

Continued from page 30

and then the other. That done, she hurried down two flights of stairs to the street and within five minutes was being driven at vertiginous speed along the Paseo de la Reforma, through the umbrageous Bosque de Chapultepec, around Dolores Cemetery and into a blind lane. There, blotted out against a clump of bushes, stood a dilapidated touring car with its tattered curtains in place. Sergeant Pancho Buenaventura, in uniform, stepped out to help with the luggage and motioned to her to get into the tonneau, but she knew better. Resigning that space to her bags, she climbed into the front seat beside him. A moment later they were off and presently swung left into the Toluca road.

She drew a long, quivering breath. Tomorrow she would see the cradle of her childhood, re-enter the closed garden her heart had never left.

BACK in Elsinboro Mrs. Sewell was pacing distractedly up and down her living-room awaiting the arrival of Helm Blackadder. Why had he shouted at her over the telephone? Why had he said such things? It was she who had grounds for anger; she who had a right to feel hurt. Was it her fault he had been away—gone to New York without saying a word? Her soft brown eyes watered and then blazed. Everything she had done had been right; she had sacrificed herself to the limit, but she had done what was right. Abruptly Blackadder appeared before her, not having bothered to ring or knock. She hurled herself into his arms.

"Helm! Oh, Helm!" she sobbed.

It was one of the cleverest moves of her entire career. Perforce he held her, patting her back, and the harder she clung to him the less could he find it in his heart to pour out the scathing words which a moment ago had been trembling on the tip of his tongue. He had entered with thunder on his brow and lightning in his eye, but now his rage was gone, melted in the warmth of that unpremeditated embrace. However, there is such a thing as clinging too long and in due course his frown started back, slowly at first, then faster. But Irma was no fool; sensing his inner recoil she lifted her head and pushed him away resolutely.

"No, no," she murmured, "we mustn't. Oh, I'm so miserable!"

"You have every reason to be," said Blackadder. "Irma, how on earth could you stir up such a mess for yourself? Why didn't you find out where I was and call me up? Why couldn't you wait till I came back?"

She threw herself into a chair and covered her eyes. "Please don't, Helm. Please listen to me first. That child—that poor child! When she didn't come back after the week end I telephoned Frances Holder and found she hadn't been there at all! Then I tried to telephone you; I did, Helm. Your house told me you were away, that you weren't expected to return for days, but I could get your address from the office in the morning. I was distracted. I couldn't wait until morning because I thought delay might be fatal. I'm a woman of action, Helm. I notified the police; then I thought of the radio."

"I'll say you did!" groaned Blackadder. "Hasn't it occurred to you Joyce isn't lost at all? That nobody kidnapped her? That nothing has happened to her except what she intended to have happen?"

Abruptly Mrs. Sewell came to life; she straightened and darted her head forward. "No, it hasn't. Do you remember what she said to us? Do you? Well, I do; the words are burned into my brain. This is what she said: 'You want to be rid of me—both of you. All right. I promise. If it isn't that way it will be another.' That's what she said—her very words—and since nothing has been heard of her in spite of all the steps I've taken, do you know what I think? I think she's done away with herself."

"Bunk," said Blackadder. "That girl? Never. How much money do you think she had?"

"Hardly any. I used to put five dollars on her desk every Monday. I did it like that because if I gave her a check sometimes she'd tear it up and if I handed her the money she'd give me a terrible look—a look as if she were being whipped."

Blackadder frowned. He went to the telephone and called up the stationmaster. "Jim, this is Helm Blackadder. Did Joyce Sewell leave Elsinboro on a train?" Promptly came the answer: "No, Helm, she didn't. Naturally as soon as I seen about the reward I wasn't satisfied with only checking up around here; I telephoned every crew from Buffalo to New York. You can take it from me she didn't get away on no train."

"Thanks, Jim," said Blackadder. He hung up and faced around toward Irma. "So there's a reward now, is there? How much?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Holy pickerel!" Again he turned to the phone, called his office, asked a question and listened to the answer.

"We've checked up on every taxi in town, Chief, and on every hired car. The answer on that is no. As for Mike Kirkpatrick, he went on a bender a few days ago but he hasn't been away at all except to go to the Cornell game with his usual crowd."

BLACKADDER hung up and started pacing the floor, head down and thumping his right fist into his left palm. Occasionally Irma murmured a tentative phrase but all the attention she got was an increase in his scowl.

Suddenly he halted. His brow cleared as if by magic and he made a leap for the telephone.

"Airport!" he shouted. "Get me the airport!" A moment later he was talking again. "Airport? I don't know you and you don't know me, but this is Helm Blackadder. Get it? Helm Blackadder. Have you reported to the police what day, what hour and where you took your last woman passenger?"

"No. Why should we?"

"You know why. You see the papers, don't you?"

"Sure, we read 'em—me and the pilot both—and that's why."

"I see," said Blackadder softly. "Now listen, you. I'm Miss Joyce Sewell's guardian. Quit worrying about that reward; if it's ever paid to anybody, which it won't be, I'll guarantee you'll get your share. You and your buddy don't want to be put behind bars for compounding a felony, do you?"

"Aw, say now, Mister, we ain't done nothing."

"You're right you haven't and you'll find there are cases where you can get in as bad for doing nothing as for pulling the trigger. They call it abetting, meaning to incite, to encourage. Take it from me, Bud, you might as well come across and have me for a friend as meet me with a warrant ten minutes from now."

"What do you want to know?"

"When did she leave?"

"A week ago today at four o'clock."

"Where to?"

"We carried her to Newark."

"How much did she pay for her ticket?"

"How do I know? She didn't buy no tickets from us."

"Who did?"

"Nobody. She had her tickets with her."

"Did anybody meet her at Newark?"

"No."

"Have you any idea where she went from there?"

"Sure. She was a through passenger and would just have time to catch the plane south."

"Through? Through to where? Miami?"

"No. Balbuena."

"Where's that?"

"It's the airport for Mexico City, Mister, and much good may it do you to know it."

"DON'T hang up!" ordered Blackadder. "I've got something nice to say. Reward or no reward, I'll spot you and the pilot a hundred apiece for what you've told me on condition you keep right on keeping your mouths shut."

He turned to Irma. "Did you get it? Joyce is in Mexico City. She's been there for about four days."

"Mexico City!" gasped Irma. "Why, how can she be? You can't travel to Mexico City on five dollars. I know because—"

"That's what's got me stumped," interrupted Blackadder.

He proceeded to call up the heads of the three banks in town, leaving Mr. Bradley, known to have been Cutler Sewell's good friend, to the last. The first two made no bones about answering since their information happened to be negative; they had paid out no money as a loan or otherwise to Joyce Sewell. But when it came to the president of the City National, the reply was decidedly evasive.

"Let me get this straight, Helm," said Mr. Bradley's aggravatingly calm voice. "Have you taken out papers as Miss Joyce Sewell's guardian?"

"No," said Blackadder, controlling his temper with difficulty, "but her stepmother is sitting here beside me. Do you want me to put her on the phone—have her tell you you can say it to me and say it all?"

"No; I'll take your word for it. Now just what is it you want to know, Helm? Make it clear."

"Did you or anybody else in your organization lend or give any funds to Joyce Sewell?"

"Repeat that, please," said Mr. Bradley, patiently; "I want to take it down, so say it slow." Stifling his anger, Blackadder repeated the question word for word. "The answer is no, Helm," declared Mr. Bradley after a pause, "and if you feel like bringing down your family Bible I'll be glad to take my oath on it."

Blackadder turned from the telephone with a scowl. "Bradley knows where Joyce got the money," he announced. "He's no liar so he didn't give or lend it to her, but he knows where she got it and he won't tell."

The maid knocked and came in. "Excuse me, please."

"What is it, Ellen?" asked Mrs. Sewell.

"It's the reporters, Ma'am. I told them you couldn't be disturbed but they're all over the porch and a lot of people are stopping to look at them."

(To be continued next week)

And every one a beauty

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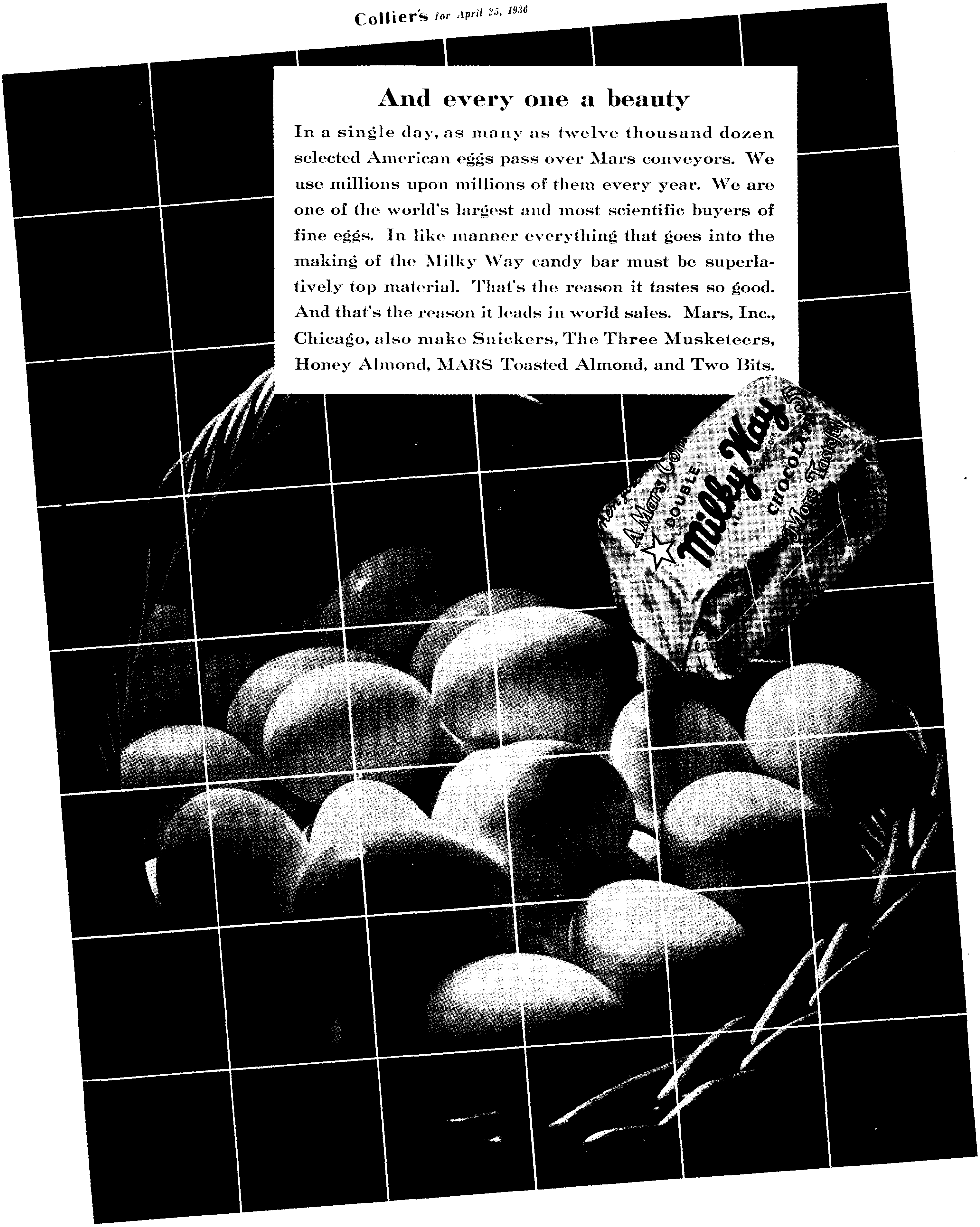

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The Mobiloil Chart

Make and Model	1936	1935	1934	1933	19
AUBURN (6 Cylinder) . . .	AF	AF	AF	—	—
AUBURN (8 Cylinder) . . .	AF	BB	BB	BB	B
BUICK	A	A	AF	AF	B
CADILLAC (8 Cylinder) . .	AF	BB	BB	BB	B
CADILLAC (12 & 16 Cylinder)	BB	BB	BB	BB	B
CHEVROLET	A	A	A	A	
CHRYSLER	AF	AF	AF	AF	A
DE SOTO	AF	AF	AF	AF	A
DODGE	AF	AF	AF	AF	A
FORD	AF	AF	AF	AF	A
GRAHAM (6 Cylinder) . . .	AF	AF	—	—	—
GRAHAM (All Other Models) .	—	BB	BB	BB	B
HUDSON	A	A	AF	AF	A
HUPMOBILE	AF	AF	AF	AF	B
LAFAYETTE (Series 3610) .	A	A	—	—	—
LAFAYETTE . . . . . . (All Other Models)	—	AF	AF	—	—

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MOBILOIL CHART

SUMMER OIL FOR YOUR CAR!

Recommendations, 1936-32

Make and Model	1936	1935	1934	1933	1932
LA SALLE	AF	AF	AF	BB	BB
LINCOLN	AF	BB	BB	BB	BB
LINCOLN ZEPHYR	AF	—	—	—	—
NASH (Models 10-90, 11-90, 12-90, Amb. 8, 4-90 Series Twin Ignition 6 & 8, 9-90)	—	—	BB	BB	BB
NASH (Series 400)	A	A	—	—	—
NASH (All Other Models)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
OLDSMOBILE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PACKARD	A	A	AF	AF	AF
PIERCE-ARROW	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PLYMOUTH	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PONTIAC	A	A	AF	AF	AF
REO	A	A	A	A	AF
STUDEBAKER	A	A	AF	AF	AF
TERRAPLANE & ESSEX	A	A	AF	AF	AF
WILLYS	AF	AF	AF	AF	—

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Choice of Champs

By O. B. Keeler

EDWIN LEVICK

Bobby Jones made himself the first official world champion of golf with the famous Grand Slam of 1930

KEYSTONE

Lawson Little, British and U. S. Champion for 1934 and 1935, has an unbroken string of 31 match-play victories

There are two opposing armies of golfers in every locker-room. One side claims that Bobby Jones has never been equaled as the wonder of the links. "But look at Lawson Little!" says the other side. Read the facts, have a look at the records of the rival kings of the game, and decide for yourself

AMONG the rather numerous sports arguments which give me a pain in the neck these days, I would accord the rating of Cervical Myalgia Number One to the argument that Lawson Little is a greater golfer than Bobby Jones ever was, simply because Little, winning the British and United States Amateur Championships in 1934 and 1935, has defeated thirty-one adversaries in a row at match play, and is carrying over the string unfinished to the coming season. In which, incidentally, it is quite within the realm of possibility that Little may gain the Little Slam a third year, in 1936, and extend his string of consecutive match play victories to forty-seven.

And I would still maintain that Lawson Little had not showed himself a greater competitive golfer than Bobby Jones, or as great a golfer—unless and until he has knocked off the professionals a few times at their own game, which is the Open Championship, a competition of seventy-two holes at medal play in which you are pitted against a field of 150 and not against one foe at a time.

I admit I'm a bit prejudiced, in regard to the golfers in question, and also as to what constitutes the highest and severest type of golfing competition. Naturally, I'm pro-Jones. I traveled with him 120,000 miles and Boswelled him in twenty-seven major championships; and I'm the only person in the world who saw him win all thirteen of his national titles, culminating in what is known as the Grand Slam in 1930, when he won the British Amateur and Open and then the United States Open and Amateur, and became the first absolutely official golfing champion of the world.

That's been done exactly once. And I do not expect it ever to be done again, in our time—though the Old Maestro, Muster Tammas Armour (whose precept and example have been of notable help to Little in his recent great development) not long ago came out with a warning that you will be unwise to stick up anything like 100-to-1 against Lawson's chances of duplicating the Jones feat.

The odds offered by Lloyds of London were fifty-to-one against Jones doing the Grand Slam in 1930, and I recall that we had a few takers in the old home town, Atlanta. I was not one of them. I never bet a nickel on the Jones boy in all the years we went to the wars together. Nor did he bet on himself, yet he was, as the saying goes, the greatest money-player I ever saw.

Now, I'm not insisting that Lawson Little must perforce achieve the Grand Slam to take rank with Bobby Jones, or to rank ahead of him. That's a brutal sort of argument, based on the miraculous performance of a single season; and it is axiomatic in golf that you can't rate a competitor on one tournament or on one season. But when you start rating Little and Jones, you may just as well remember that the latter over a span of *eight consecutive years* was National Champion of the United States, either Open or Amateur—or both.

And in that same eight-year stretch, Jones won the British Open three times and the British Amateur once—thirteen major championships in eight years.

Lawson Little has a magnificent start in this general direction, winning the United States Amateur two years in succession, with the British Amateur thrown in as a sort of splendid *lagniappe*. But I should say that Little has a number of years to go, with or without the Grand Slam, before the rating really begins.

Let's Look at the Victims

Coming down to cases in the matter of amateur or match play, championships —the real bone of contention most tenaciously worried by the Little debaters —it is perfectly true that Jones in his palmiest days never reeled off a string of thirty-one consecutive match play victories in the Blue Ribbon events of amateur golf. His longest string in this country was thirteen, in the United States tournaments of 1924-1925-1926, and in the latter year he was beaten in the sixth round of the British Amateur, which may be taken as a break in the run which otherwise would have extended to twenty-one—still not close to the amazing record on which Lawson Little still is at work.

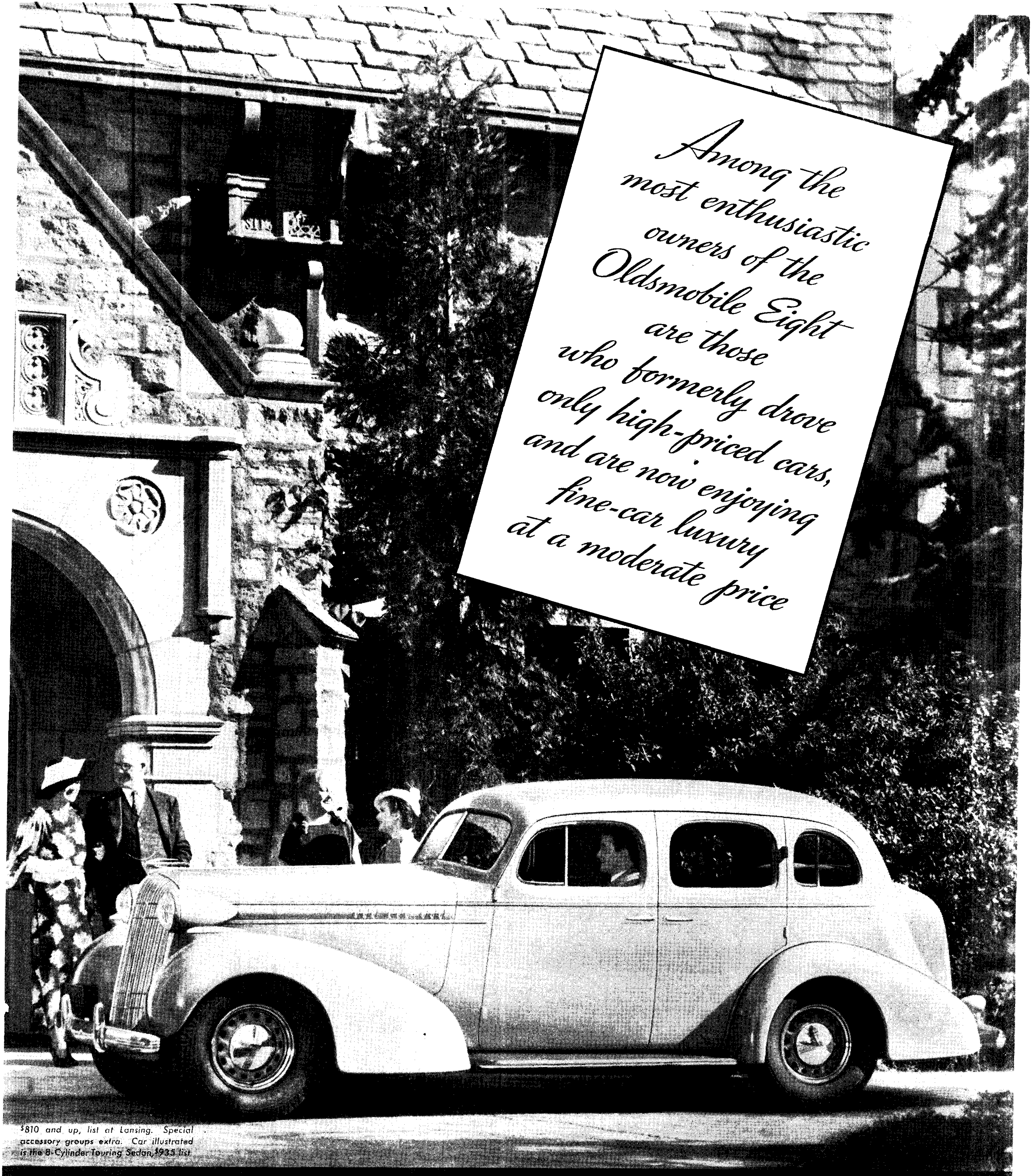
There's no argument there—Jones never had the amateurs of the world by the slack of the pants as Lawson Little holds them today. But the situation has changed since the Jones boy retired from the field, especially in this country.

You see, we have gone British in our Amateur Championship to a degree that admits to the match-play competition about two hundred contestants, where prior to 1934 the qualified field was limited to thirty-two (in 1925 it was only sixteen) and these players, qualifying at 36 holes of medal play *at the scene of the tournament*, naturally were of a much tougher fiber than the majority of the contestants composing the larger fields.

When pointing with pride to the mere number of victims in successive rounds of match play, it is just as well to take a bit of time out to consider the class of those victims.

Now, in the British events, there is no qualifying test at all; any proper amateur golfer with a suitable handicap is eligible to enter; and the field ranges between two and three hundred; in the last British Amateur I attended, there

(*Continued on page 62*)



Among the most enthusiastic owners of the Oldsmobile Eight are those who formerly drove only high-priced cars, and are now enjoying fine-car luxury at a moderate price

$810 and up, list at Lansing. Special accessory groups extra. Car illustrated is the 8-Cylinder Touring Sedan, $935 list

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"The car that has Everything"

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They'll need
24,000 gallons
of gasoline

A sizeable order like that is worth a little shopping around

If this couple drives only as much as the national average, they'll need 608 gallons of gasoline a year. And in 40 years of married life that will be over 24,000 gallons!

On the same basis, you, too, will buy 608 gallons of gasoline this year. That's a large order.

To help you make a sound selection, here are a few honest facts about Fire-Chief gasoline:

Developed as emergency duty gasoline... Texaco Fire-Chief meets the Government's rigid specifications* for emergency service vehicles. *Yet it sells everywhere at regular gasoline prices.*

Surveys indicate that more tourists now use Fire-Chief than any other brand of gasoline. This nation-wide demand has carried Fire-Chief into all 48 States . . . made it available everywhere.

Four first-prize winners for the last five years in the annual bus line contests for efficiency in operation and maintenance have been regular Fire-Chief users.

These are some of the facts about Fire-Chief. On them you can base a judgment as to how you will spend your gasoline money.

You will find the gasoline that these facts support...Texaco Fire-Chief...at more than 40,000 service stations from coast to coast. Drive in and fill up your car with Fire-Chief at the first place that displays the Texaco sign...and know you've made a wise selection.

---

*Federal Specification VV-M-571 for Emergency Motor Fuel.

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF

A Proposal

By Alec Rackowe

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

WHEN he came in he threw the collar, wrapped in thin brown paper, on the brass-knobbed bedstead. He turned on the radio in its small, black-lacquered cabinet and as the music followed tardily upon the hum of the set, he sat down in the ancient, leather-upholstered armchair.

The radio swelled, and under the weight of his short, stocky body the corner of the cushion beside his left thigh burst. Cotton stuffing, once white, now gray, pushed through. Powdery dust puffed from the gap.

He said, "Nuts," in a flat voice. He got up and went to the dresser beside the bed and, opening a drawer, took out a broad needle. He fumbled in the drawer, then turned and, taking up the round-packaged collar, unfastened the white string that bound it and threaded the string through the elongated eye of the huge needle.

He did not, however, commence to sew up the gap. He stood looking at the chair, his brow puckered. Then suddenly he put the needle and string on the dresser. Taking off his clothes, down to undershirt and shoes and socks, he poured water from the ewer into the white china basin and washed himself thoroughly. The gap in the scuffed brown leather of the chair yawned achingly behind his back, in the very middle of the room.

HIS face, under the shock of yellow hair, shone soapily as he walked westward on Sixteenth Street. Children played noisily under refulgent electric lamps. Youths of his own age lounged against store windows or on steps before the eroding brownstone tenements.

He rang a bell in the vestibule of one of the houses and then stood on the sidewalk. He took a cigarette from a package, lighted it and smoked deliberately, without nervousness or apparent enjoyment.

She came out of the vestibule, down the steps, incongruous in her surroundings, yet obviously belonging to them. Bright shiny pumps, slim legs in silk stockings; a velveteen coat over the long-skirted, flowered dress; impertinent hat topping short, curly hair above the reddened lips; the whitened, rouged cheeks. "Look, I wasn't sure I'd made a date with you for tonight, Fred. I almost made another."

"I told you I'd come around," he said and walked beside her, stiffly, towards Sixth Avenue. "We'll eat at Soo Yung's. All right?"

"Sure." Her hand went under his arm.

Soo Yung's booths were none too well populated. They both ate steadily, with purpose, drenching their chow mein with pseudo soybean sauce.

He finished his rice cakes stolidly, drank his coffee, lighted his cigarette and pushed the package across the table for her to use when she was ready. His blue eyes rested on her face. "You remember what I told you at Long Beach, Marge?"

"What?" Her large front teeth showed as she widened her lips. "That was so long ago, Fred. Last summer. I don't quite remember."

He hardly seemed to hear her. The smoke of the cigarette veiled his face. "Maybe you thought I was just talking. I wasn't. I told you I wanted a place of my own. I guess every man does. I'm sick and tired of that room I live in. My chair always busting and having to be sewed up. I told you when I was sure of my job, with some money saved, I was going to get married."

She stared at him, her face chilling.

His square shoulders were more sharply defined against the wood of the booth wall. "Things are better. We've been working steady at the plant. I got a raise last month and I've got the money I figured I'd need."

She lighted her cigarette, blew smoke and said vaguely, almost suspiciously, "Yeah?"

He nodded. "We could get a couple of rooms uptown. They've all got kitchenettes—the new apartments have. We'll only have a bedroom and living-room to furnish. Not much stuff. But I'll get a good chair. A comfortable one. New. I could buy that first maybe. Wouldn't do no harm to use it for a while. I get my vacation in August, same as last year, but with pay this time. We could get married then."

She took her cigarette, red-stained, from her mouth. "You mean—you and me?"

"What did you think?"

"Why, I—" She stared at him; swallowed. "Why, Fred, I didn't know. You never said—I mean—"

"All right." He jabbed the cigarette butt into the coffee saucer. "How was I to think of anything the way things have been for so long? What was the use of talking? They're different now. A man can have a home, a decent chair to sit in. A clean place. Yes, and enough to go to the movies a couple of times a week; and carfare in summer for a swim on Sundays."

His mouth stiffened; his whole face. He sat across from her, his head bent, while she stared at him. He said abruptly, "What about it?"

"Marrying you?"

"Yes. Along about August."

"Why—I guess—I guess so."

He nodded, reached for the cigarettes across the table; lighted one. "I'll show you the sort of stuff I've been thinking of. There's some armchairs would give a man's back a swell rest after a day's work."

The sallow Chinese came with the check. Downstairs the air was damp, yet fragrant with the ineradicable, undisguisable smell of spring, and the sidewalks dark with moisture. He said, "Let's walk up Sixth. I'll show you."

Marge said, linking her arm in his, "I never knew you thought serious about me, Fred. Fanny always kidded me about you. Coming around regular and making no breaks at all. And now we're engaged. Ain't we?"

"Sure. We're getting married in August."

She giggled. "You been thinking of it all the time?"

"Some."

"I never did know how to take you. Never making passes at me or nothing. I didn't ever think—"

HE STOPPED before one of the furniture store windows. "That's what I mean." He pointed. "That armchair there. See how down to the floor it comes? See how the back cuts in? If I got one like that now it would hardly be worn much by August. And there'd be the rest of the things brand-new."

Marge said, "It's pretty." She took his arm and drew him along. "I can't hardly realize it, Fred. Engaged." She drew a quick breath. "They've got two features at Proctor's on Twenty-third. And there's some swell stores up that way."

He went with her, past the shops whose windows were almost indelibly printed on his mind. Marge chattered, but he hardly listened. He said, "Guess you can't help getting scared when you've got no money and no job. But you begin to think how swell it is to have a place of your own, and save something instead of blowing it all the way my old man did when I was a kid."

When she halted he came out of his thoughts. Her "Look, ain't that a swell one?" brought him to. The jeweler's window winked in bright light. Dull platinum and gold banded the glittering facets of diamonds. He said, "Yes. Diamonds are pretty, all right."

Her arm was heavy in his. "I wouldn't expect one as expensive as that big one. Three hundred. I wouldn't want you to spend that much, Fred. You couldn't go that much, could you? I mean, even paying something each week?"

His square-jawed face showed no change of expression. "Three hundred is more than we'll need for the furniture and dishes and things."

"Sure," Marge said vaguely, her eyes on the display of jewels. Her painted lips were moistly avid. "It wouldn't have to cost that much. I can almost feel it on my hand now. Won't Fanny be jealous!" Her body wriggled. "I guess we better get along to the movies, Fred. We can look at some other rings another time. I won't tell no one yet. Not even Fanny. There's a swell place near the Academy on Fourteenth. They've got diamonds all sizes and prices."

He looked somberly at the blazing window. The tug of her arm in his set him in motion. The lights of the movie marquee jumped ahead of them.

THE vestibule was quiet.

"I guess you better not come up," Marge whispered. "Not this late, anyhow. I'm not going to tell them anything. Not until we get the ring. I don't want them fussing around, asking you questions." Her body pressed against his. "It's all right for you to kiss me, now we're engaged, ain't it, Fred? Much as you want, I guess."

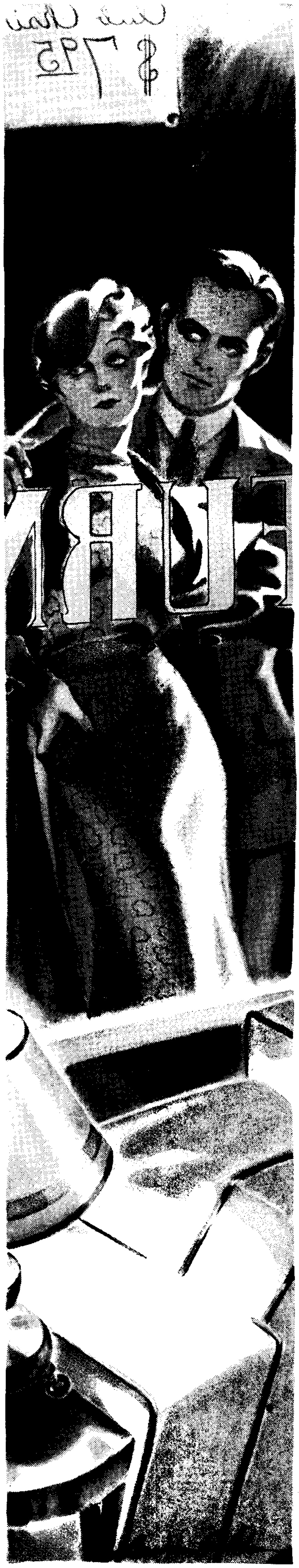
He did not answer. Against her wet mouth his own was harsh. She said, against the spasmodic roughing of his broad hands, "You hurt, Fred." She giggled.

His arms dropped. He said, "I've got to go."

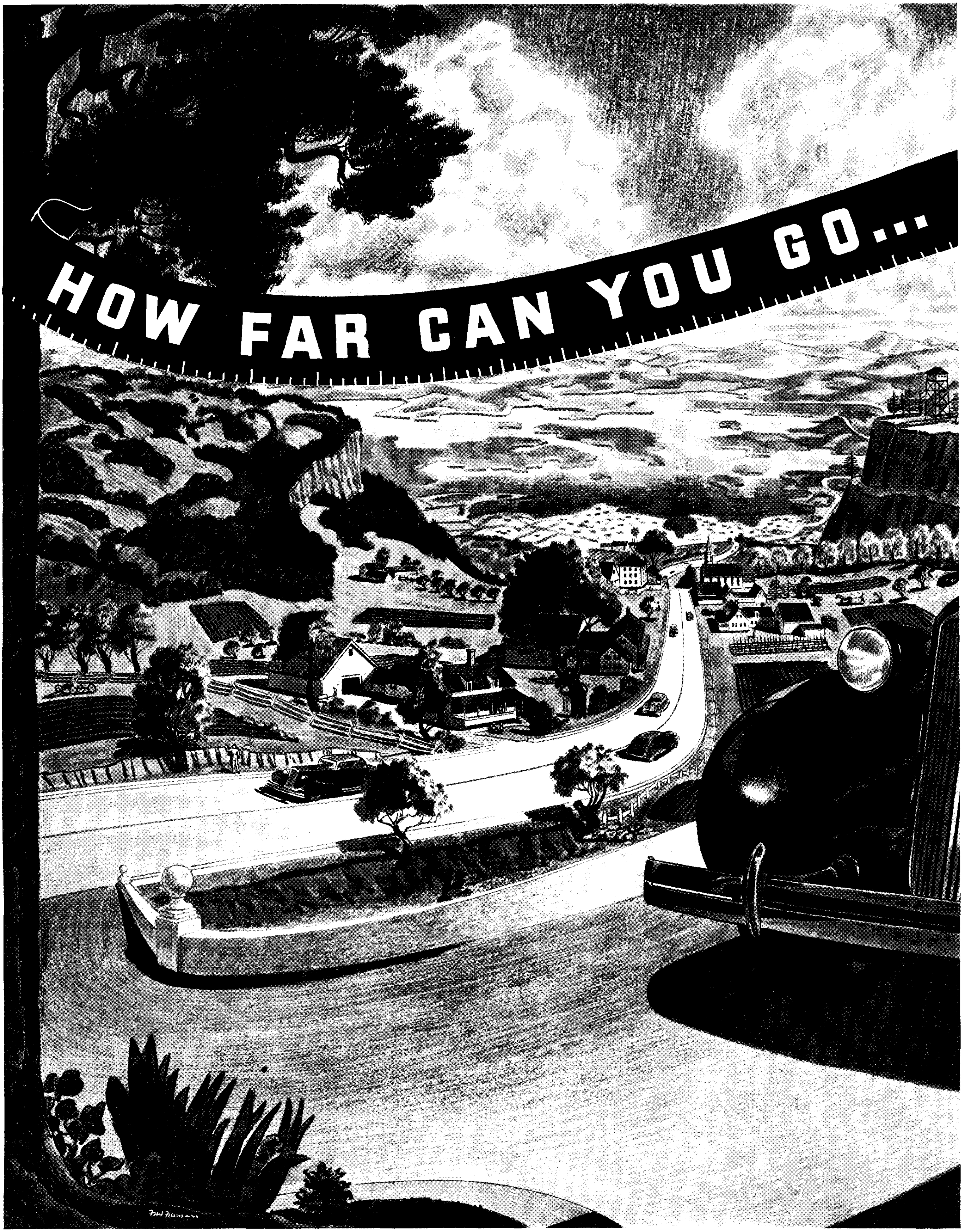
She followed him to the door. "All right, Fred. When will we go looking for the ring? Tomorrow night?"

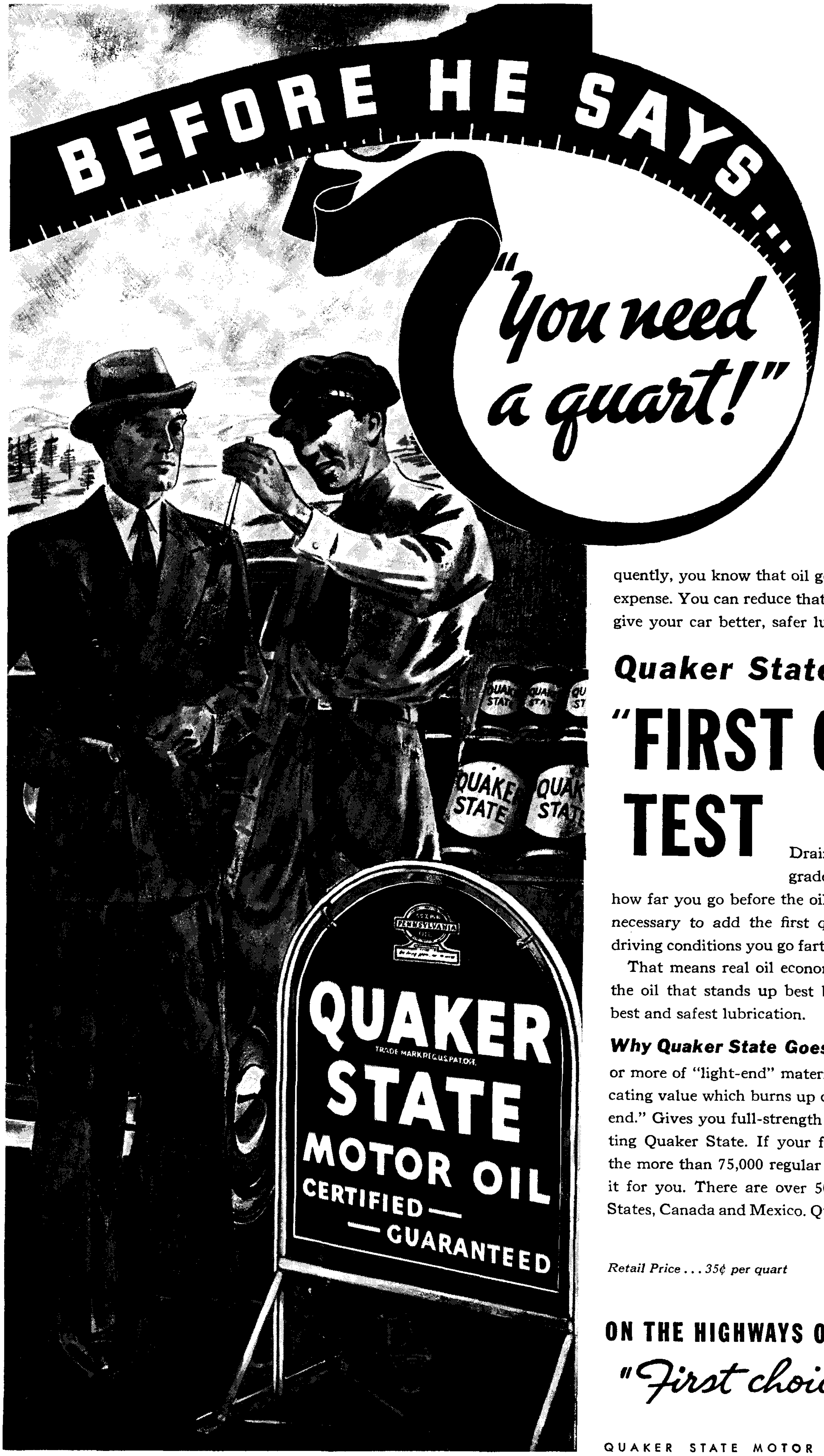
"I'll let you know," he said, and left.

He walked steadily to Sixth. Passing the windows of the furniture stores he frowned slightly and kept on along the deserted, dark street. Up in his room he turned on the light and went automatically to the radio. He took off the new collar and inspected it narrowly before putting it away. In shirtsleeves and stockinged feet he heard the radio begin to produce music, tinnily. He stood looking at the worn leather of the armchair; the gaping edges of the break. He crossed to the dresser and took up the needle and string. Then he got down on his knees beside the chair and began to sew up the break with even, adequate stitches.



He stopped before one of the windows. "That's what I mean," he said


HOW FAR CAN YOU GO...



Here's a simple way to measure oil value. A "yardstick" that has been developed out of the experience of thousands of motorists. For there really is a great difference in oils, and here's a way you can compare them.

If you have been adding oil too frequently, you know that oil gets to be a problem, and quite an item of expense. You can reduce that expense and worry and at the same time give your car better, safer lubrication. Here's how *you* can prove it!

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That means real oil economy; but still more important, remember the oil that stands up best between refills is giving your motor the best and safest lubrication.

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She Acts by the Clock

Continued from page 17

"Go right back and take that hair down," said Papa.

So back went the braids down to her waist, accompanied by tears, red eyes and incipient hysterics. When it was all over, Papa gave her a quarter.

"A quarter for a broken heart," says Miss Oliver, still ready to cry over the incident. "But that was the way with Father. He meant it well and was very devoted to me. He had ambitions for me to be a singer and helped me a great deal. All New England fathers were like that in my day."

The parental protection lapsed forever when she went out on the road with an opera company headed by Frank Kinzing. Miss Oliver was a contralto and they played The Wizard of Oz and El Capitan. Her memories of that tour are not of the best but they include one kindly incident when the manager of a hotel in Wabash, Indiana, gave them a Christmas dinner in the barroom. The climax of the tour was in Chicago, however, where the matter of hotel room rent rose to embarrass the company and Miss Oliver was finally removed from embarrassment by being lowered by bed sheets from her second-story window to the top of a cab and thence away into the night.

A Three-Year Run

After that was a succession of things, including a season of stock in Lynn, where you got your part on Thursday and opened Monday with the props all missing.

"If you had a line which said, 'I'll beat your brains out with this broom,' you looked around and the broom certainly wouldn't be there. Also we fixed up our own costumes and if I ever got one that fitted me, I've forgotten it. Not that you could blame anybody for that. After all, costumes have to be made on the assumption that people are human beings."

It was only a question of time until she would try New York. When she finally came down, she lived at Mrs. Martin's famous boardinghouse on West 45th Street until she owed $80. She used to sit in the anteroom of the Al Woods or Bill Brady offices until it began to look as if somebody might pay attention to her. Then she would go out in a panic.

"I'll come back tomorrow," she said and never went back. When the matter of rent became urgent, she finally got a call from Chamberlain Brown to see Mrs. Henry B. Harris, who was casting a play. On her way over to the Harris office, she tripped on the curb and bumped her knee. When she arrived, Mrs. Harris was in some doubt.

"Do you always carry a cane?" she asked kindly enough.

Miss Oliver explained that she had fallen down en route.

"Not a habit, I trust," said Mrs. Harris and gave her the job. The pay was $75 a week but the actors had to buy their own clothes.

"That left about two cents a week," says Miss Oliver, sadly reminiscent. It was a play with Arnold Daly and she got along well enough with Mr. Daly until she happened to mention that she had been offered a part in the musical comedy, Oh, Boy. Mr. Daly was instantly in a state.

"Musical comedy!" he cried in a voice which revealed that musical comedies and charades in barns were equally distasteful to him. "Oh, dear!"

But she took the part, anyway, and Oh, Boy played for three years, with the Oliver salary mounting to $125 a week.

Oh, Boy was followed by a line of failures which threatened to continue until age or audience had done away with Edna May Oliver. She played in Her Salary Man with Ruth Shepley. She played in something entitled Let's Get Married and in a Victor Herbert operetta, Rose of China. Terrible turkeys, all.

Things were so bad that it required argument on the part of Chamberlain Brown to get her a small part in Icebound, the Owen Davis play. The part had only seven sides (a side is a page of an actor's script), but after several years of cheaper and cheaper boardinghouses, seven sides were seven sides. The play was a hit and she was well liked. It was followed by Cradle Snatchers, another success, and then by Show Boat, the big smash. In between she had done Ma Pettengill for George Tyler but it had died on the road before reaching New York.

During the run of Icebound, she appeared in a movie version of the same play being made by William De Mille in Long Island City. It meant dragging her weary form over the Queensboro Bridge at daybreak after playing the night before but it also got her more movie work. She went out to Hollywood between shows and played with Clara Bow in Saturday Night Kid and with Wheeler and Woolsey in Half Shot at Sunrise. The latter job temporarily cured her of the movies. They were on location at a ranch in the desert and the director kept them at it from morning to midnight. Her feet nearly killed her. She used ice packs to keep her make-up on. At the end of the job, she issued an ultimatum to her agent:

"Either get me back East or cut my throat."

But she found during the run of Show Boat that all was not beer and skittles in the theater, either. The laryngitis which had always bothered her now became acute and she lost her voice and had to leave the show. From Mr. Ziegfeld came telegrams of several miles' duration saying that the show could not get along without her and that furthermore she would be hanged from the chandelier of the New Amsterdam Theater if she dared leave the cast at a time like this. This was followed by a legal gentleman bearing papers. Voice or no voice, she had to play. She did not play.

George Found Out

But it made her look more kindly upon the cinema. When talkies came in, she was set. Behind her were the days when she had rehearsed twelve weeks without pay in the chorus of Ben Hur. Gone were the days when she had rehearsed six weeks in a play and then had been discharged. Ahead of her were days when she rose at four in the morning to be on time for make-up and the trip to location, but she could always count on a steady home life.

"And home life is what a lady of fifty-one craves more than anything in the world," says the lady of fifty-one with conviction.

Her life is run by the clock. She gets up at 6:45 in the morning, throws open the windows, throws off her clothes and does a series of calisthenics. They are calisthenics of such stupendous character that if there was any other mortal awake in Brentwood Heights at that hour he would be amazed. The thing she dreads most in the world is sinus trouble, which has tortured her for years. She keeps free of it in California so long as she refrains from crying and being

(Continued on page 47)

You like our Home-Style Soups

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You know how much you enjoy the lusty, husky goodness of Heinz Scotch Broth! How you always pass your plate for more of that luscious Heinz Corn Chowder—and devour tin after tin of rich Heinz Cream of Mushroom Soup!

Now there's another Heinz treat in store for you. Oven-Baked Beans—in the best Boston tradition!

New Englanders prefer to serve them in individual bean pots heated in a slow oven until the savory juices bubble merrily. So served, Heinz Boston-Style Beans take one back to childhood days . . . to memorable Saturday nights . . . to the steaming kettle on the old wood range piping an accompaniment to the aromatic gurgling of beans baking in an earthen pot!

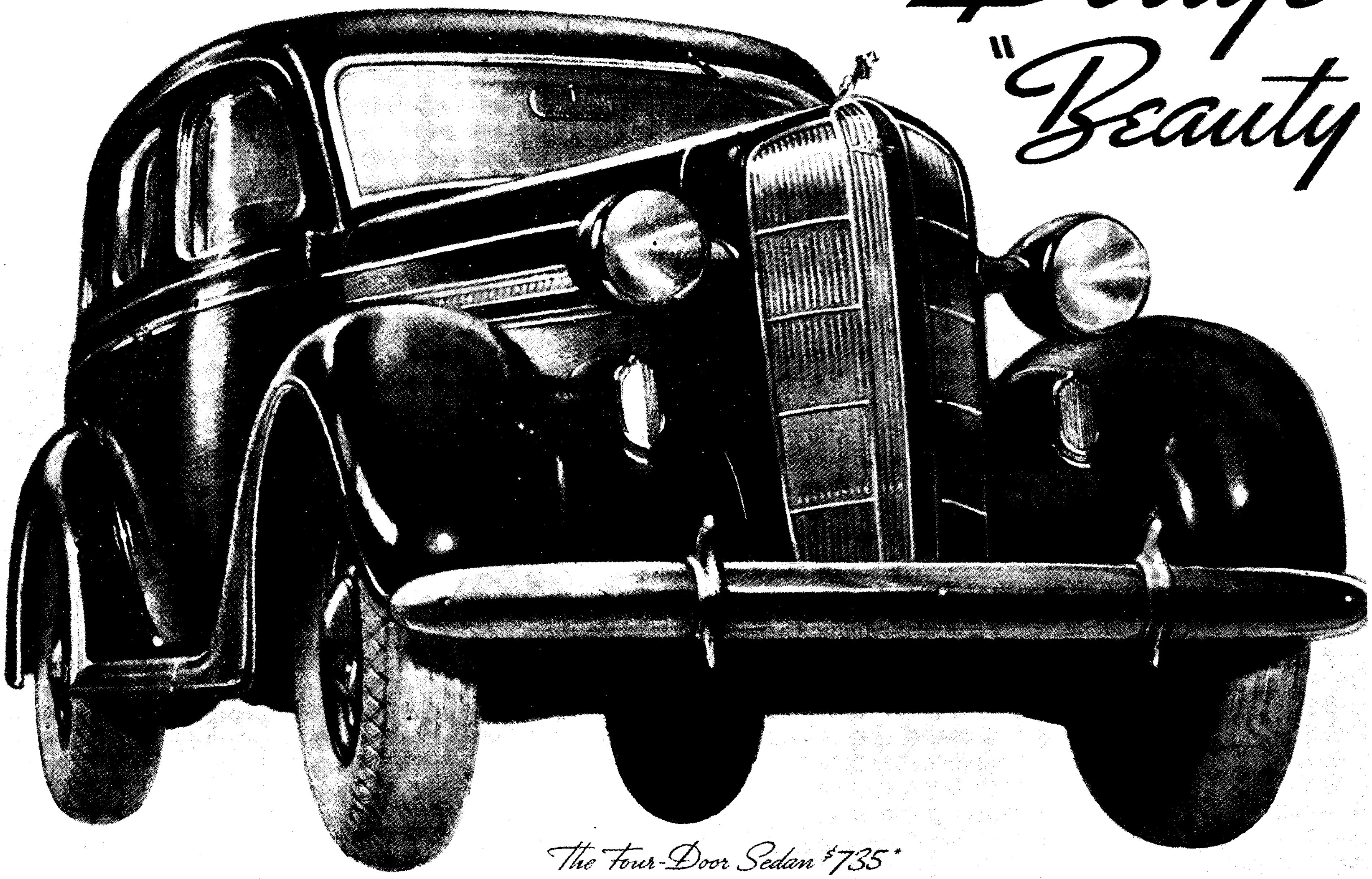
Heinz Boston-Style Beans are made the New England way. They are baked in a hot, dry oven. They have a rich molasses sauce and plenty of pork. Each bean comes forth a golden beauty; plump and tender; mealy, delicious!

Enjoy a New England Saturday night supper this week-end. Invite your friends. Serve plenty of Boston brown bread and butter—plus Heinz Oven-Baked Boston-Style Beans. It will "make" your reputation as a cook—and as a connoisseur of good foods!

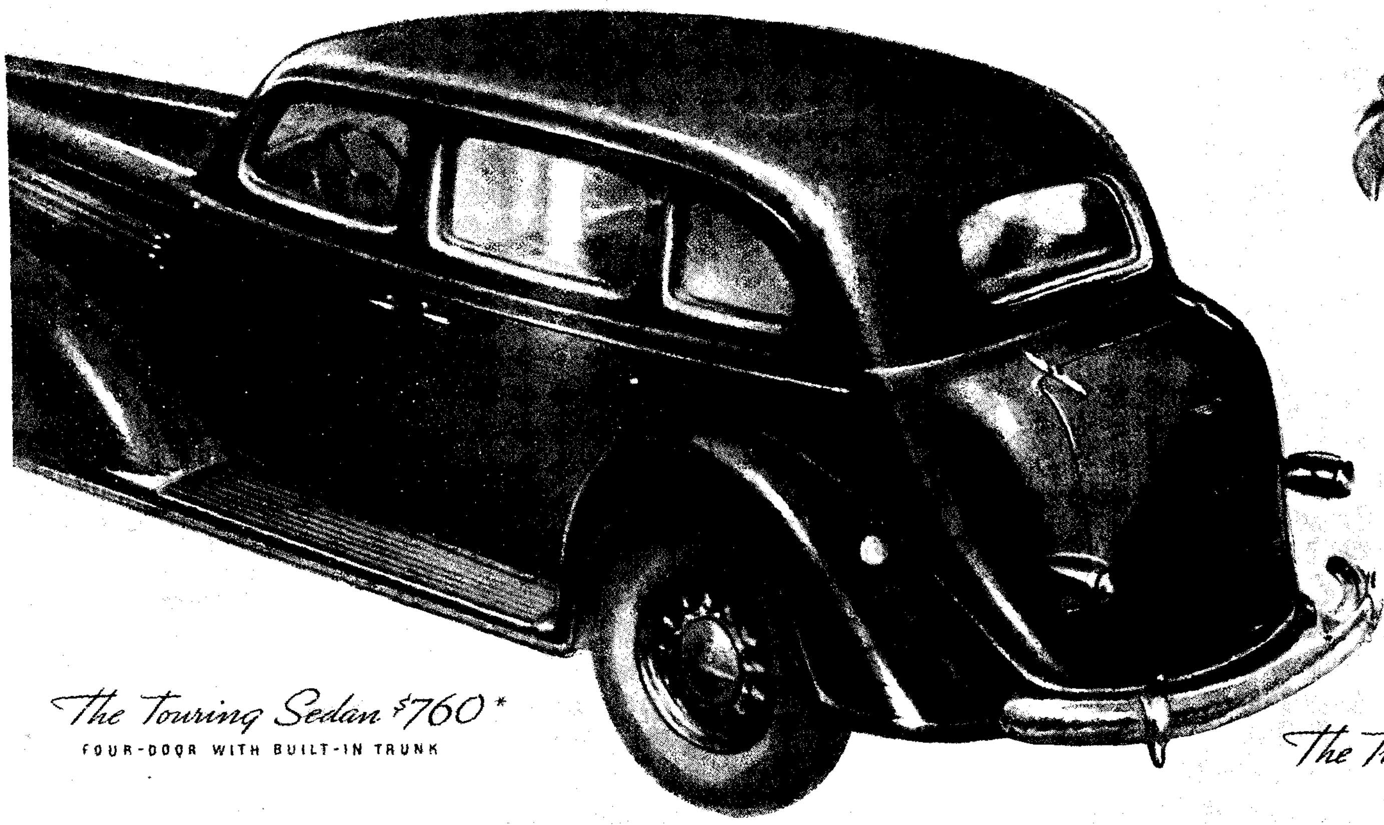
In addition to Boston-Style you can get Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in tomato sauce with pork; Vegetarian style—with tomato sauce, but without pork; and Red Kidney Beans in a savory sauce. (57)

HEINZ
Oven-Baked
BEANS
Boston Style

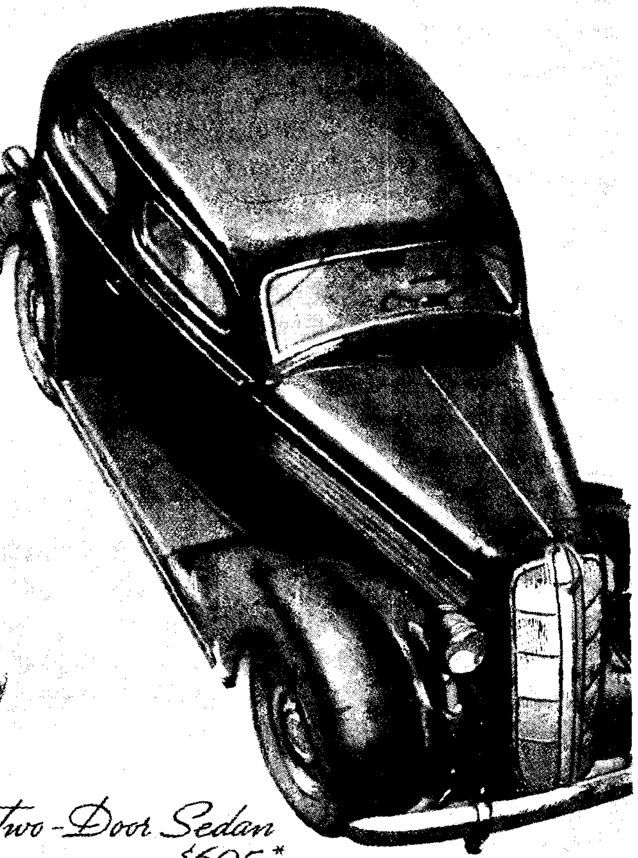
Dodge "Beauty"



*The Four-Door Sedan $735**



*The Touring Sedan $760**
FOUR-DOOR WITH BUILT-IN TRUNK



*The Two-Door Sedan $695**

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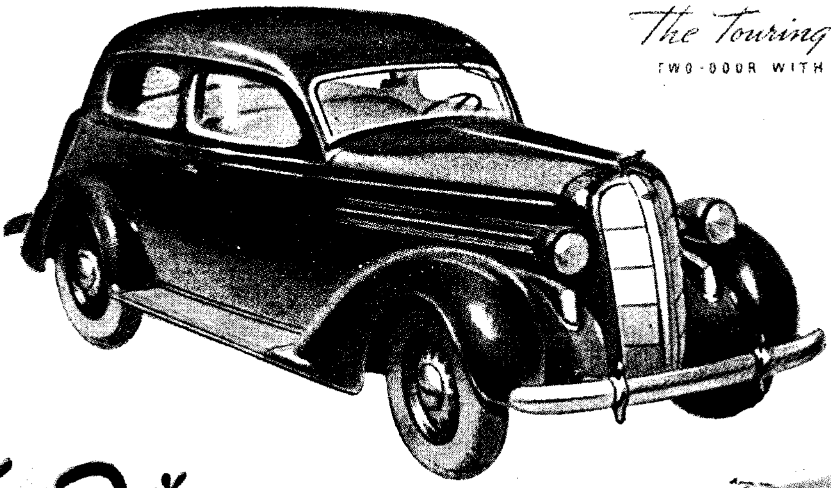
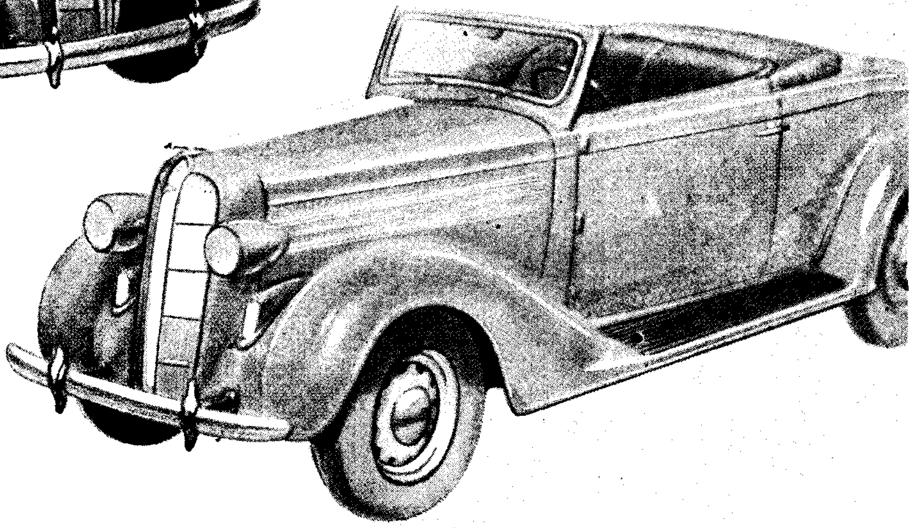
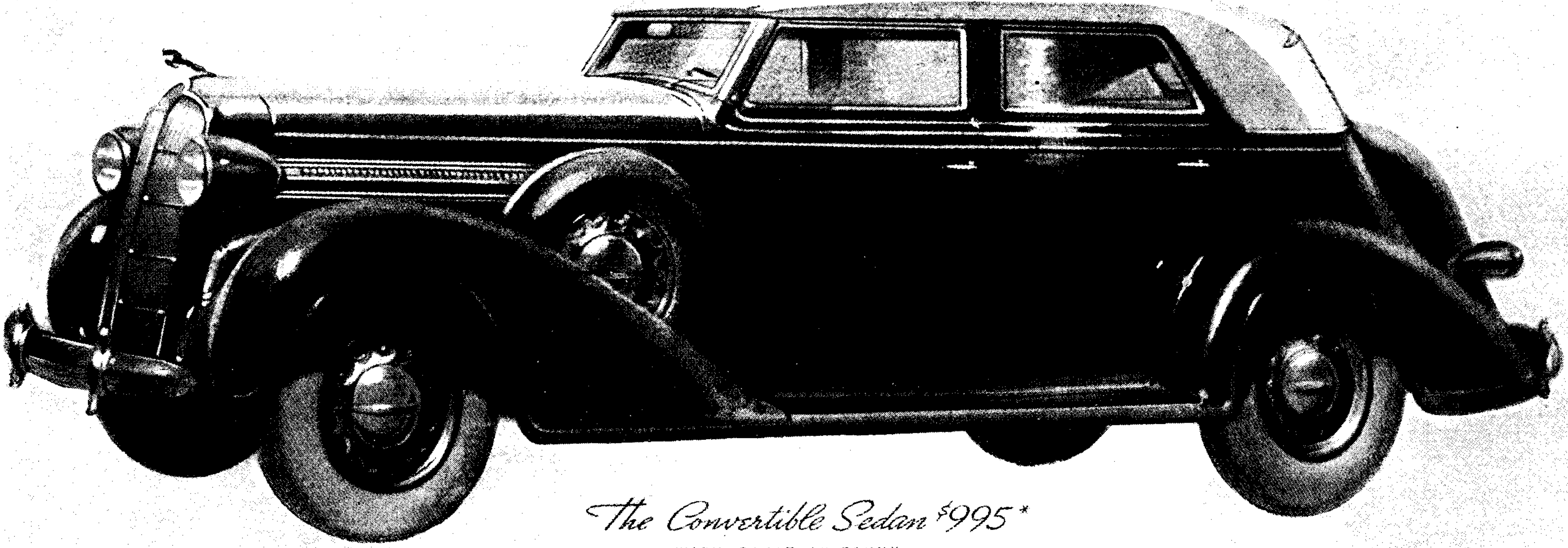


The Touring Sedan $720*

TWO-DOOR WITH BUILT-IN TRUNK

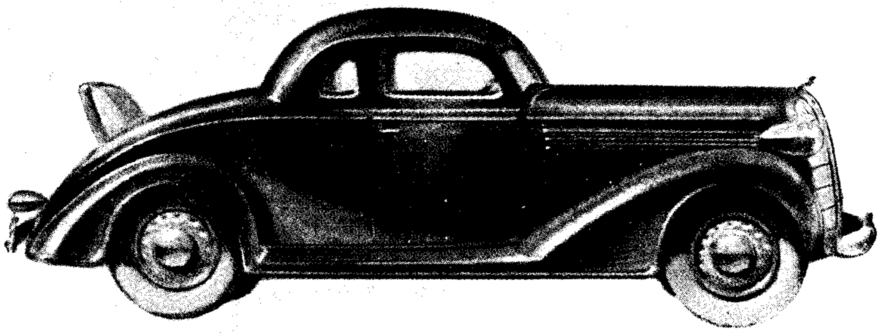


The Convertible Coupe $795*



The Convertible Sedan $995*

WITH BUILT-IN TRUNK



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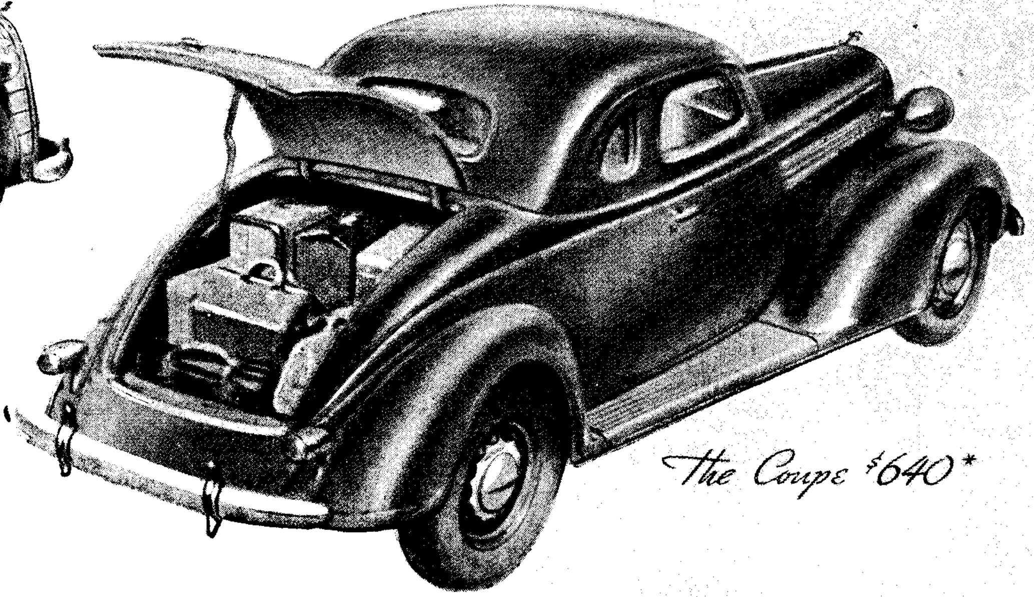

The Coupe $640*

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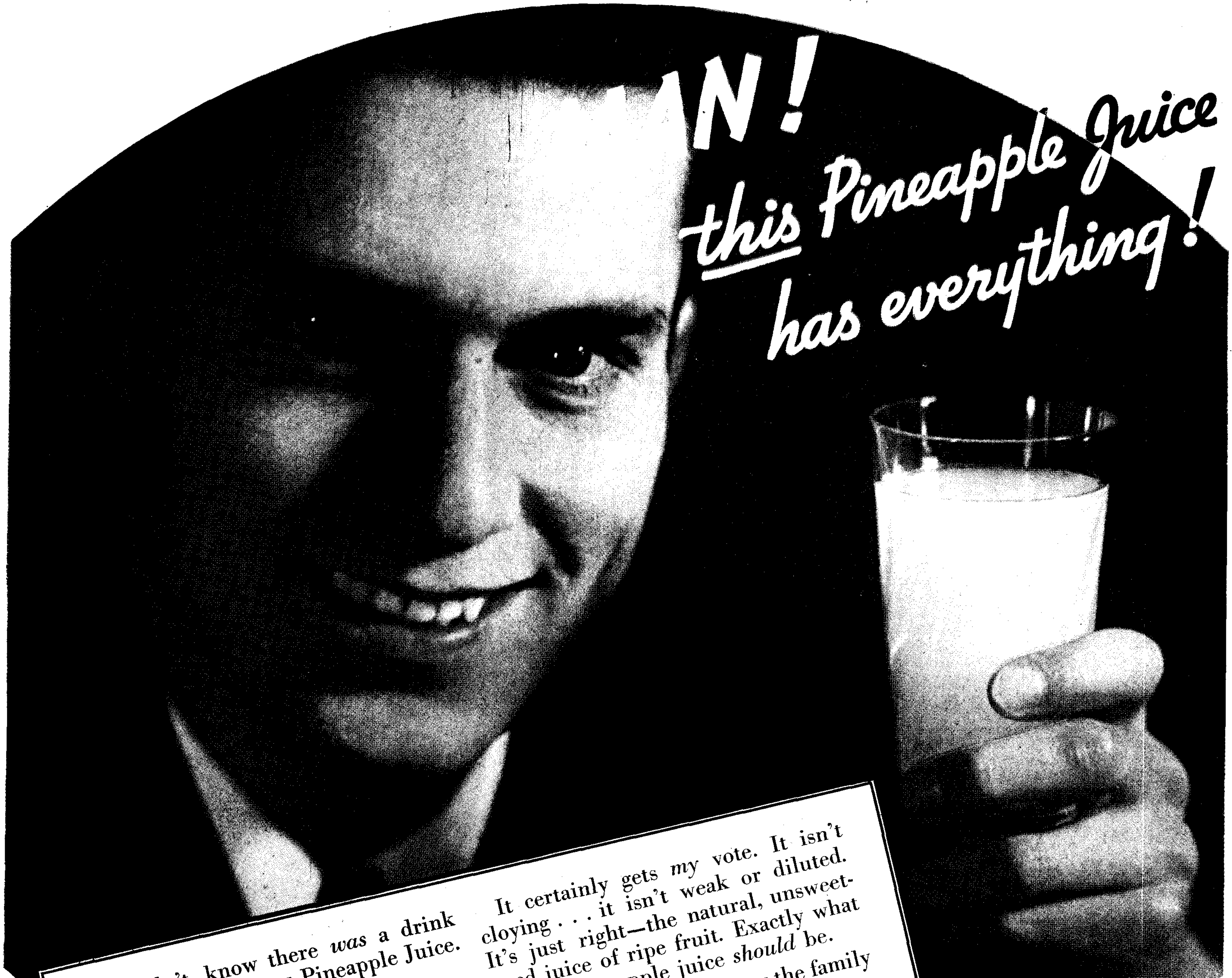


N! this Pineapple Juice has everything!

I didn't know there *was* a drink like this Del Monte Pineapple Juice. What *flavor!*

Just happened to run onto it in a restaurant the other day.

"What kind of pineapple juice is *this?*" I asked the waiter.

"Del Monte, sir," he said. "How do you like it?"

How did I like it? . . . well, I stopped at the grocer's and took a dozen cans of it *home* that night.

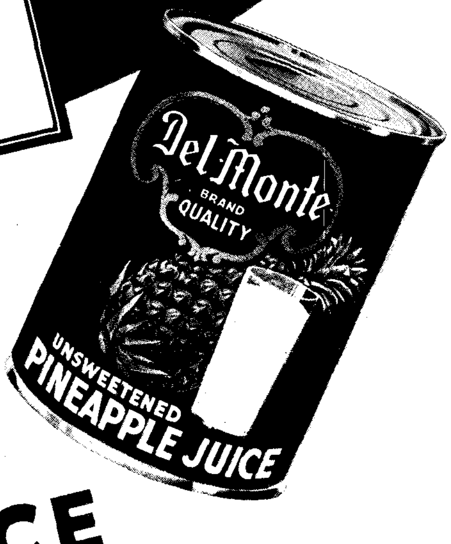
It certainly gets *my* vote. It isn't cloying . . . it isn't weak or diluted. It's just right—the natural, unsweetened juice of ripe fruit. Exactly what I think pineapple juice *should* be.

And you ought to see how the family likes it, too!

* * * * *

Why not introduce *your* family to DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice? See if you don't get a new idea how pineapple juice *should* taste.

And a lot of pleasure, too—when you find how little it costs!



It's Del Monte

PINEAPPLE JUICE

PURE—NATURAL—UNSWEETENED

She Acts by the Clock

Continued from page 42

tired. Hence her contract at the studios calls for work from 9 to 6, and not a second later. She is in her dressing-room at 7:15 every morning when she is working and on the set promptly at 9. She has her dinner every night at 6:30 and if the guests haven't arrived it's their own fault. She weighs 135, should weigh 140, and once weighed 185.

During the making of Romeo and Juliet, she once worked till 6:30 because George, her Negro chauffeur, didn't inform her of the time.

"She gave me hell," says George simply.

Her Two Ambitions

She makes no attempt to hide her age or that she once contracted a marriage which lasted only two months and left her eventually more amused than despondent. If she insists upon a strict regimen for herself, it's because she wouldn't be able to act at all without it. Frequently she has worked for eighteen hours at a stretch on location and once in coming back from Catalina Island the certainty of going down with the ship in a storm was so apparent that she got herself prepared for the end and was rather let down emotionally when they reached shore safely. She used to be threatened with insanity from sitting around on the set in make-up for hours while the cameramen and electricians tinkered with the lights, but she has conquered that by a bit of knitting and a great deal of reading. The point being that if they want to pay for actresses sitting the actresses will sit.

Because she is one of the most successful character actresses, she has her pick of parts and could be busy every week of the year, but she doesn't much care for work when it's steady. She recalls the days when she had to resort to a bit of millinery to keep herself alive between shows. Whenever she thinks of that she presses one of the buttons in the house and turns on the phonograph.

"Buttons all over the house," her maid said. "You get dusting and the first thing you know, there's horns blaring at you."

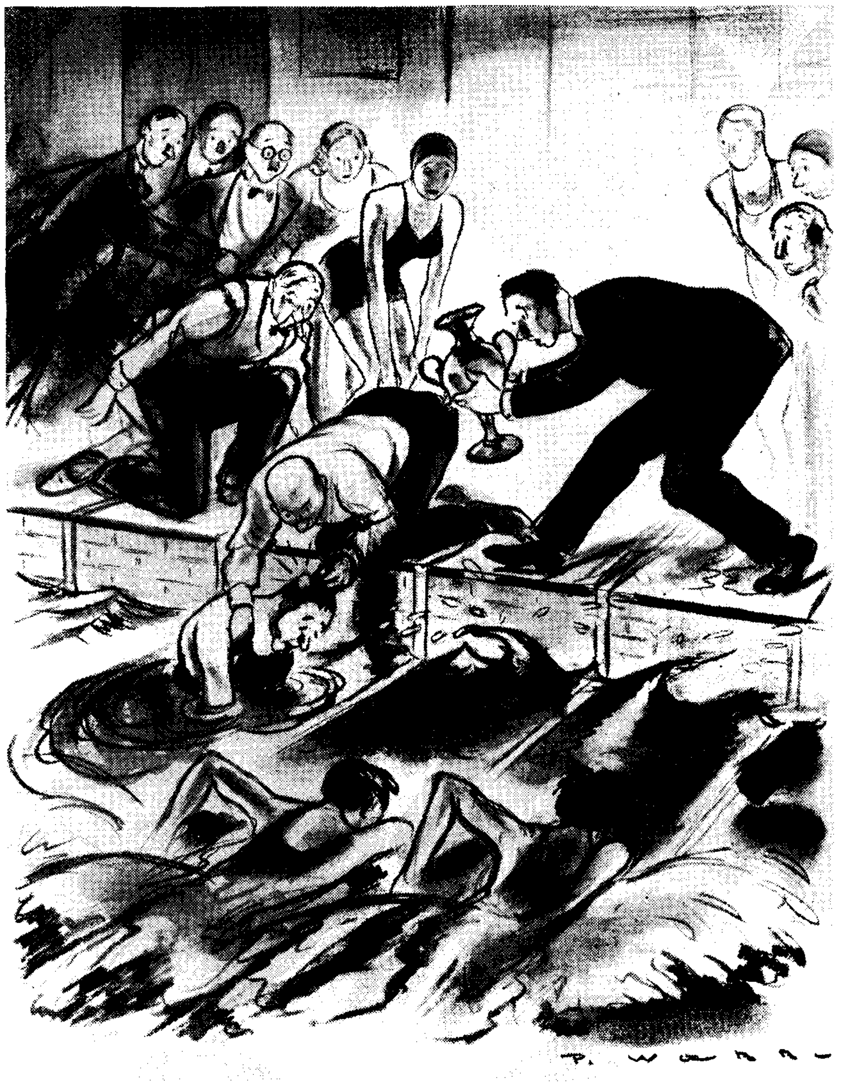
For protection she has a big police dog, which looks approximately as vicious as Caspar Milquetoast and will suffer severely from shock if anybody comes in to annoy the mistress. George, the chauffeur, has a theory about the dog.

"What do you expect," he says, "lying around the place all day listening to those symphony records?"

Miss Oliver has two ambitions. One, never to be a star again (she had her chance once in some dandies known as Fanny Foley Herself, Ladies of the Jury and Penguin Pool Murder) and, two, to conduct the Philadelphia Symphony. The first she is pretty sure of.

When last seen she was resting from her labors in Romeo and Juliet. A picture like that takes a lot out of a player.

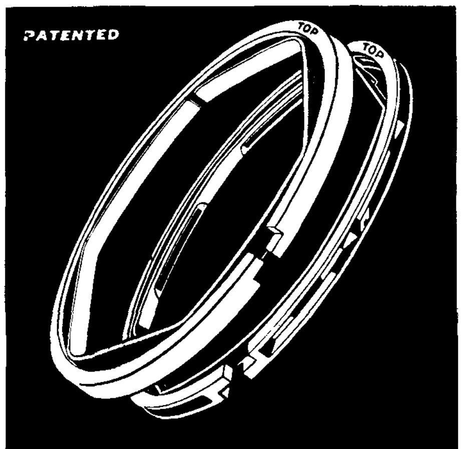
"The emotion of it!" she cries. "No, my eye; *not* the emotion of it, but this everlasting pup tent I'm wearing. My shoulders are beginning to *bre-a-ak* and I'll be a haggard old crone when it's ov-ah. Will you just feel the hat alone . . . A pretty little marble statuette to be wearing about, do you say?"



"You present him with the cup, Harry. I can't wait until he comes to"

PAUL WEBB

HERE'S 16 YEARS SUCCESS GIVING WORN MOTORS NEW CAR PEP, POWER, ECONOMY



RAMCO—The pioneer expander-type spring piston ring. The ONE spring ring construction used and proved for 16 years in millions of cars. The largest selling spring ring in the world.

Millions of cars in millions of miles of actual service have PROVED, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the revolutionary Ramco Overhaul is as effective as a costly rebore job or motor exchange YET! COSTS 50% LESS

YOU SURE WERE WISE TO GET RAMCO RINGS INSTALLED. EVERYBODY KNOWS THEY'RE DEPENDABLE
YES, MY REPAIRMAN RECOMMENDED RAMCO. AND THE OLD BUS SEEMS LIKE NEW AGAIN. NO MORE OIL PUMPING EITHER

YES, millions of motorists today have found that a Ramco Overhaul stops oil pumping—ends piston slap—and restores new car pep and power. Is as effective as a costly rebore job or motor exchange—but at a fraction of the cost. This is why:

The Ramco Overhaul is based on a totally different principle, and produces the most amazing results. Wheezy, asthmatic cars gain more life and pep, and purr along with new car smoothness and power. Blow-by is completely eliminated. Oil pumping stops instantly. For example, E. V. Blackman writes: "I have a 1931 Tudor Ford. In June I had a Ramco Overhaul and started a long trip. I got 2643 miles on one quart of oil when the car formerly used a quart every 40 to 60 miles."

And this is all you have to do to make the same startling change in your car—no matter how far it has been driven. Simply have *patented* Ramco Spring Piston Rings, and Ramco Piston Skirt Expanders installed. These rings *expand* to fit the cylinder walls, even though badly worn and "out of round." The motor is sealed tightly—as tightly as when new—*even at highest speeds*. Thus oil pumping ends. Piston slaps vanish. Compression increases. Full pep and power are restored.

Proved in Millions of Cars

Ramco is the *only* spring piston ring construction with a PROVED RECORD for 16 years in millions of cars. Today Ramco is by long odds the largest selling spring piston ring in the world.

So get a Ramco Overhaul—AND GET 20,000 TO 50,000 MORE MILES OF POWERFUL, ECONOMICAL AND CAREFREE SERVICE FROM YOUR CAR. But, above all things, don't have untried spring piston rings put in your car. Insist upon Ramco—the only spring ring construction road tested and proved for 16 years. Write today, for our FREE booklet, which gives complete story of the Ramco Overhaul that has been so successful with millions of motorists. We will also give you the name of the Ramco Repairman near you. Just mail coupon.

RAMSEY ACCESSORIES MFG. CORP.
3734 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Pioneers, and By Far the Largest Manufacturers of Spring-Type Piston Rings in the World

FREE BOOK GIVES AMAZING MONEY-SAVING STORY

RAMSEY ACCESSORIES MFG. CORP.
3734 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
Send me your FREE booklet which shows how a Ramco Overhaul is as effective as a rebore job or motor exchange—at a fraction of the cost.

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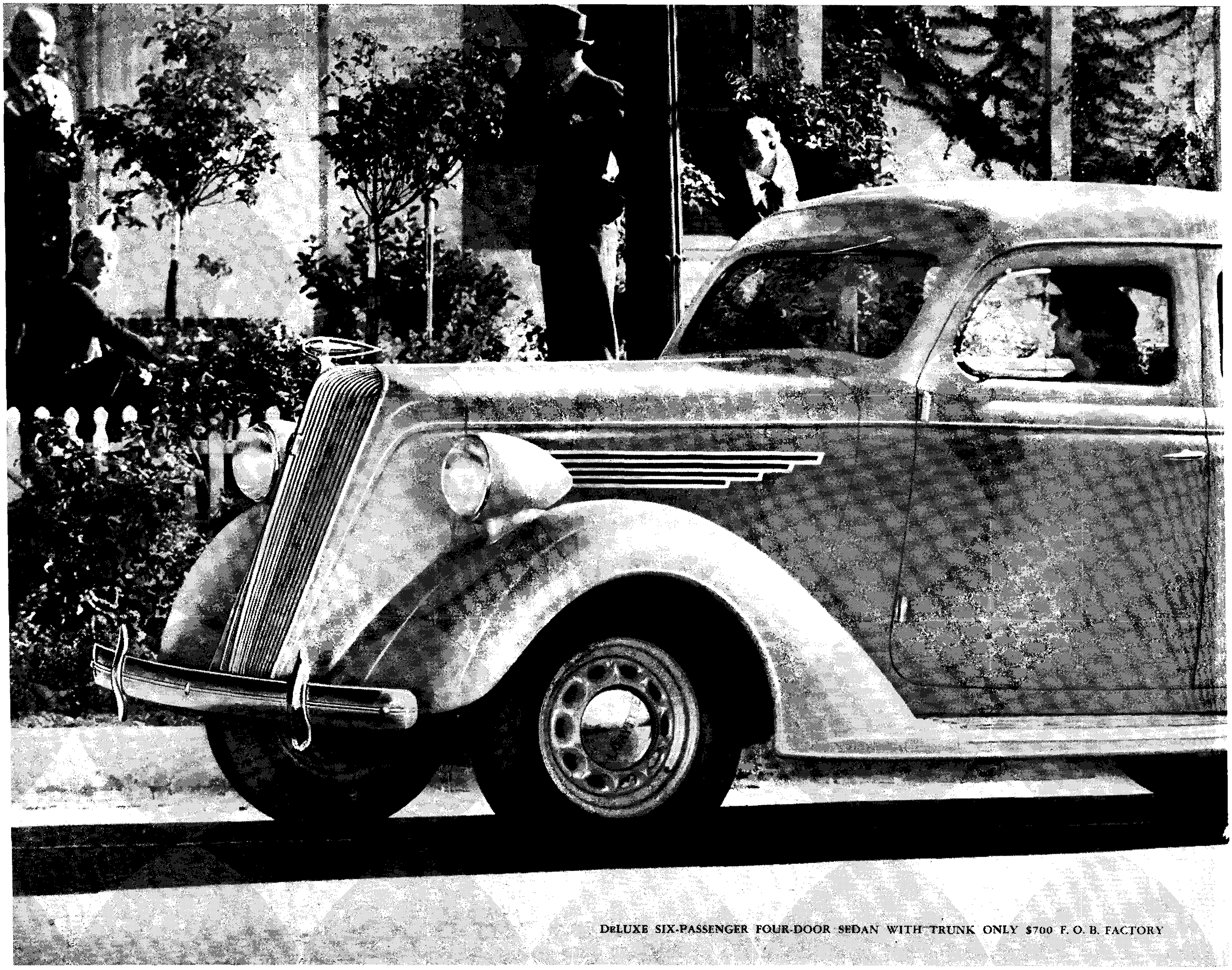
Address ....
City .... State ....

RAMCO MOTOR OVERHAUL
CORRECTS PISTON ROCK THE MAJOR CAUSE OF MOTOR DEPRECIATION
RAMCO PISTON RINGS RAMCO PISTON SKIRT EXPANDERS
PATENTED IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA. OTHER PATENTS PENDING

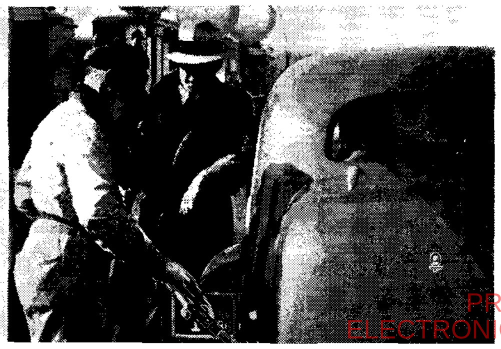
"Going to town"

... and no wonder!



DeLUXE SIX-PASSENGER FOUR-DOOR SEDAN WITH TRUNK ONLY $700 F. O. B. FACTORY

GAS-SAVING AUTOMATIC CRUISING GEAR brought to lowest-price field by LaFayette. Reduces engine revolutions ⅓ at high speeds. Saves up to 25% on gasoline, up to 50% on oil! Gives entirely new kind of ride. Available at slight extra cost. →



OVERSIZED HYDRAULIC BRAKES—double-acting—big enough to stop a truck! They're actually as large as those on one of America's leading 1½ ton trucks! On a passenger car they will naturally last years longer without the expense of relining! →

LOOK! A 6-FOOT DOUBLE BED . . . right inside your LaFayette sedan! Easily arranged in less than ten minutes! A marvelous convenience for camping or fishing trips. No mattress required. Saves time. Cuts down travel costs. →

"Going to town"... because the X-Ray System has already shown thousands that LaFayette has all of the vital engineering features that manufacturers leave out of their LOW-priced cars but point to with pride in their HIGHER-priced cars. That it has wider seats, more headroom than in cars costing two and three times as much!

LaFayette's going to town ... and for just one big reason!

Americans know automobiles! And when Nash developed the X-Ray System so that car-wise Americans could see, with their own eyes, that LaFayette is the ONLY car in the lowest-price field that's engineered, powered, and lubricated exactly like the highest-priced cars—sales began to double and triple in cities and towns all over the country!

If you want to buy your next car on facts—see the X-Ray System yourself at the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom. It's an education in itself to see the surprising differences INSIDE cars of the same price . . . the vital engineering features that other manufacturers leave out of their low-priced cars but point to with pride in their higher-priced cars.

It's actually fun. And anyone, regardless of what he knows about mechanics, can see instantly why a car with high-priced engineering features still runs "sweet" years after cheaper cars have failed.

The X-Ray System will show you, in addition, that LaFayette is roomier, safer than cars costing two and three times as much. That it has wider seats, more headroom and legroom than in all but one or two of the most expensive cars! That it has the world's first complete, seamless one-piece all-steel body with steel top, steel sides, steel floor! That it has the largest, double-acting hydraulic brakes in relation to car weight ever put on any car at any price!

It's true that Nash has had to disregard present profits to build all of this amazing EXTRA value into the LaFayette, but it was the only sure, quick way to win customers and dealers away from small cars already established in the lowest-price field! The result is that you, the buyer, are the real winner! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

SPECIAL NASH-LAFAYETTE TOURING FEATURES! Cut travel costs . . . give more miles per dollar . . . increase vacation pleasure!

- Sleeping Car—instantly converted into a six-foot bed with seat cushions.
- Large Luggage Compartment in every model.
- Automatic Cruising Gear—gives 4 to 5 more miles per gallon on cross-country driving.

Ask for a touring demonstration.

Out to Win America On Value Alone

LAFAYETTE

A PRODUCT OF THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY

WIDER SEATS, MORE HEADROOM than in high-priced cars! More legroom, too. And the world's first complete, seamless one-piece all-steel body with steel top, steel sides, steel floor and girder steel frame! Greater comfort, safety! →

$595 and up. Nash "400", Standard and DeLuxe models, $665 and up. Big, luxurious, Nash Ambassadors—125-inch wheelbase sedans with built-in trunks—$835 to $995. All prices f. o. b. factory and subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra.

CONVENIENT, LOW MONTHLY PAYMENTS THROUGH NEW 6% C. I. T. BUDGET PLAN

Gentleman Rider

Continued from page 9

looms suddenly gigantic, hard as iron, between the white slant of the wings; when you know the horse cannot make it. The horse knows it, too, in some obscure animal fashion, so that the long ascending rhythm of his approach changes to a frenzied, terror-stricken rush. Nothing you will be able to do will overcome the inevitable mistake, no skill or courage or judgment, and you will go down with the splintering sound of timber ringing in your ears, rolling away from the falling horse, trying to keep relaxed and able to roll free, striving to see, as you turn over and over, the horse turning in the air above you, seeking desperately to avoid the thousand pounds of kicking bone and muscle in the fraction of time when you sense rather than see the horse like a great, threshing shadow between you and the sun.

Duncan had waited, leaning forward, his hard, tanned face, with its broken nose and dark, somber eyes, veiled like a hawk's under their heavy lids, bent toward the girl, unable to answer.

"I've heard so much about you," she had said.

The trite phrase did not arouse in Duncan the usual feeling of sardonic amusement. He felt eager to know what she had heard about him, and in a confused way, it seemed to him that it might be something fine and fresh, because she had heard it, something not at all like the things he customarily thought of himself. It was as though she might have heard something about him as he had been, say fifteen years ago, when he had first met Rhoda, before any of the things that had happened were even dreamed of.

He had found himself wishing vaguely that the time between could be wiped away, and he could be again as he had been when everything that he loved was still clean and new and wonderful, when just standing and watching horses playing and running in the sweet-grassed meadow brought a kind of enchantment. And he remembered suddenly Duster as a two-year-old galloping along the crest of the pasture with a motion so rhythmical and graceful and splendid that it was almost like a bird flying. Four years later he had killed Duster at the treacherous third jump in the Maryland Cup hunt meeting. He had gotten up, dazed and shaken, and walked off the course without a backward glance. Afterward, he heard, people criticized him, but he knew that he dared not look at the dark satiny body and pitiful twisted neck. He had not even realized that his arm was broken until someone caught hold of it and the pain cut up through the shock into his mind.

THE memory vanished and he heard his voice saying to the girl, "I don't know your name. What is your name?"

"Britta," she had answered, "Britta Welsh."

"I've never seen you around here before."

"I'm visiting Ricky Vincent's sister," she had said. "Ricky and I are . . . that is, we're not . . ." She stopped, pressing her full lips together, a shadow of anger and distress darkening her pale eyes, and added, a little too brightly, "Do you know *all* the girls in this club?"

"Most of them," he had replied. "I've been riding here, spring and fall, for more years than you're old."

"Oh, no," she protested. "I'm nineteen."

At that, the strange exhilaration had gone out of him. He felt tired and old and badly in need of a drink. He never allowed himself more than two on the night before a race and he had taken both, but he said:

"That shock calls for a quick one."

She had laughed again.

"Don't be silly. I'm grown up. You needn't look so annoyed."

They had gone into the bar together. Joe, the steward, looked surprised when Duncan entered.

"Bourbon," Duncan had said, and glanced inquiringly at the girl.

"Tom Collins," Britta said.

When the drinks were ready, she held up her glass.

"Good hunting tomorrow."

Duncan drained the small glass. Britta sipped her drink, smiling at him over the thin edge. The glass and her hair and the string of crystal beads about her throat flickered with pale fires from the lights overhead. The music came faintly from the lounge where the dancing was going on. Duncan felt himself recapturing that first awareness, the whisky hastening the sensation. It was not sharp and bewildering now, but a deep, glowing excitement unfolding within him, as it had so often on those mornings long ago when he had awakened early and lay in perfect stillness, breathing deeply the clean new air blowing in the open window, listening to the daybreak sounds from stables and kennels, and watching Rhoda still sleeping in her bed across from him.

The memory of her asleep returned with an agonizing clarity, her dark hair like liquid ebony on the white pillow, the dark twin fans of her lashes spread upon her cheeks, the feeling she gave to him even while she slept, of sharing herself with him, so that in some curious way he seemed to be part of whatever was happening behind the drawn curtains of her closed eyelids. He did not think that, directly; it was an emotion too subtle for his thought; it existed in the beat of his heart and the steady flow of the blood through his quiet body. If he had been able to realize it, consciously, everything might have been different. But he could only lie there, watching her, with the feeling rising and expanding and filling every part of him, until he could no longer remain still. Then he would get up and dress silently, go out into the dazzle of the morning, mount and ride in a wild exultation across the glowing countryside. . . .

"One more, Joe," he had said, recklessly.

He had drunk that and two others, rapidly, while the girl was finishing her gin and soda. All the tautness was leaving him, the barriers dissolving, releasing the suppressed accumulation of memories. It was like it had been before . . . before . . . before . . .

" . . . Afterward," he heard his voice saying, and saw his hand descending in a long gesture to the bar, his fist smacking on the ruddy mahogany, and the glasses bounce. Britta's face became suddenly clear-cut and in focus again; it was soft and eager.

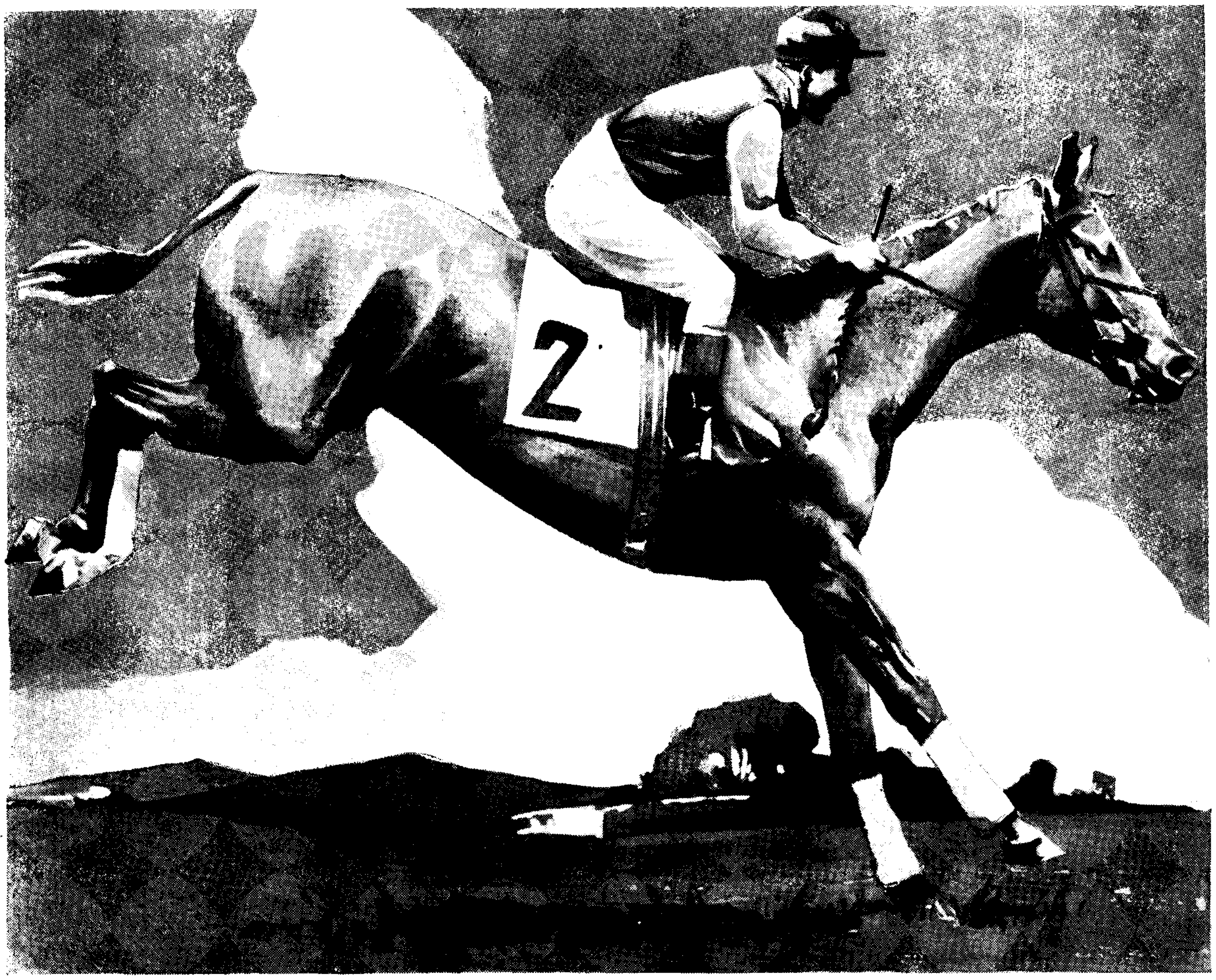
HE HAD realized at once that he had told her the whole story and he stood looking down at her, the tumultuous recollections gradually fading. . . . The brick Virginia mansion with its four white columns reaching upward beyond the second story. The stables and kennels at the rear. The paddock. The wide clipped lawns. His father, red-faced from wind and whisky. Two memories of his father. The first, standing glass in hand, before the great fireplace, boots and clothes spattered with drying mud, his husky voice recounting the day's hunting: "Damme, if the four of us didn't try to pop over the same panel together. We'd ah made it, too, if it hadn't been foh that damn' cow of Basset's. She jus' squatted on the top rail and we all got an eye full of mud. God bless me, it must ah been a sight." He emptied the glass with one gulp and roared with laughter.

The second memory had no mirth in it. Duncan tried to force it from his mind before the images became too clear. Horse and man down under the pale November sky, neither moving. . . . Then he was alone in a bewildering world of debts, mortgages, expensive habits and no money. Nor had he any training in the getting of money. He understood only horses and dogs, foxes, hunts, shows, good food and drink. He rubbed his broken nose—it had been broken at the age of ten when his horse had flung him headlong into the wings of a jump—and faced the future with a grim mouth and calculating glance.

He became a gentleman rider and risked his neck three or four times a day, often twice a week, from March to November at Camden, Warrington, Chesterbrook and Rose Tree, at Roslyn and Rye, Westbury, Red Bank, Far Hills and Middleburg, riding for wealthy ladies and gentlemen who spent vast sums for the pleasure of seeing their colors finish first. He followed the sun north over timber and south over brush; he broke his collarbones, arms and ribs, and before the bones were fully healed was riding again. Between November and March he trained horses, a few of his own, to be sold if they turned out well, but mostly for those same ladies and gentlemen. During that time he hunted, for pleasure and to keep his mind, eyes and muscles in that perfect coördination necessary for 'chase riding. . . .

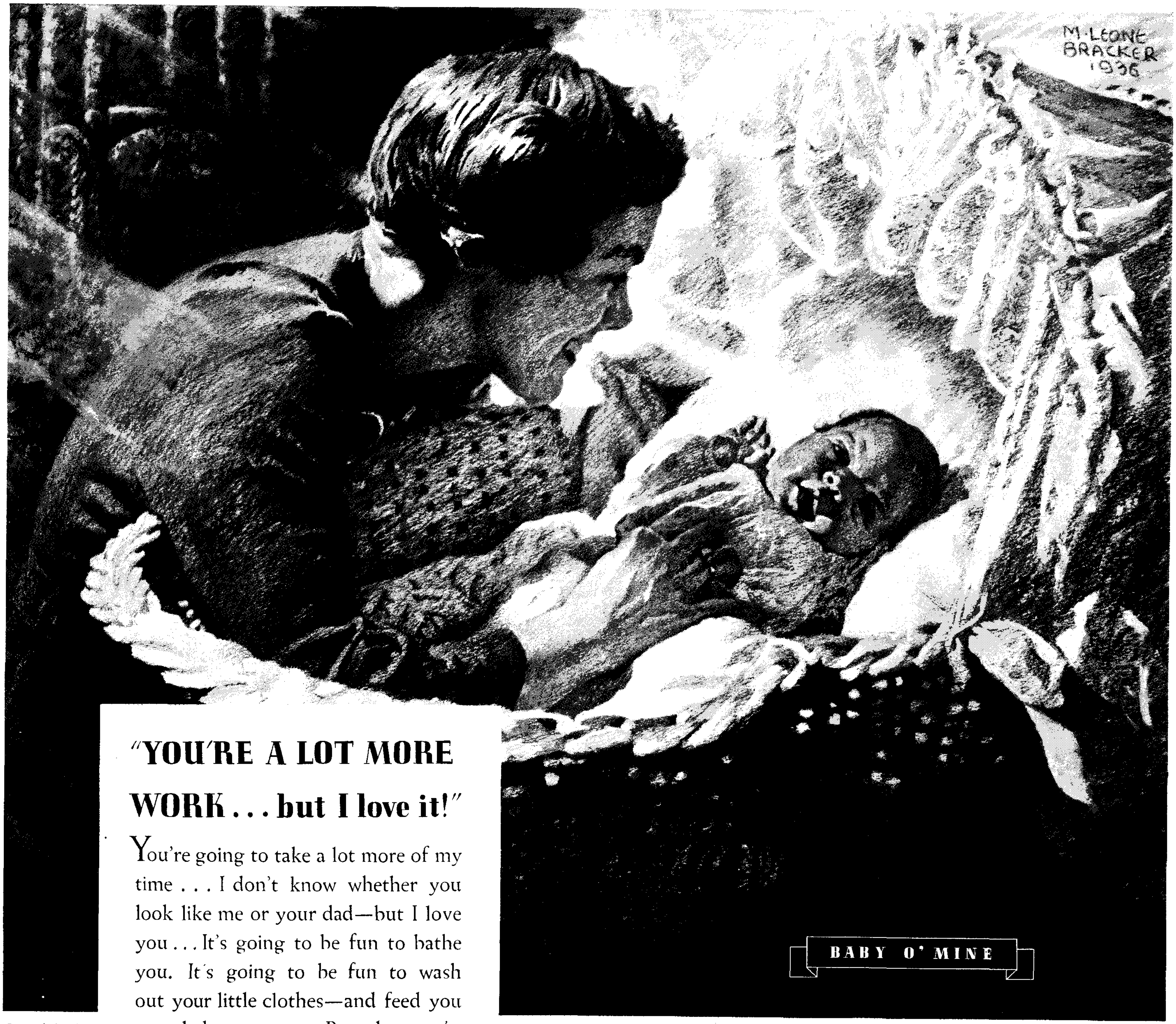
Duncan saw the glasses bounce on the bar, drew his hand back sharply, smiled at Britta and said: "Lordy, I reckon I sorta slopped over. Sorry."

"Oh, no," she answered breathlessly, "don't be sorry. It . . . it was . . ." She groped for a word, found nothing adequate, and added, "I understand. You know I understand, don't you?"



They came down without a break in the stride, the way a wise old horse comes away from a fence

(*Continued on page* 52)



Print of this drawing by M. Leone Bracker, without advertising and suitable for framing, will be sent for 10 cents to cover cost of handling

"YOU'RE A LOT MORE WORK . . . but I love it!"

You're going to take a lot more of my time . . . I don't know whether you look like me or your dad—but I love you . . . It's going to be fun to bathe you. It's going to be fun to wash out your little clothes—and feed you—and change you . . . But when *you're* here—what about the rest of the house? Well, keeping a house clean isn't fun—it's *work*—and hard work . . . I should have had the Hoover before you came . . . I'll *have* to have the Hoover now . . . I want to be called a Young Mother—not a tired old mother . . . So I'm going to get rid of my tired old cleaner (that's not doing the work, but still keeps me pushing it *twice* as long) and I'm going to get myself a new Hoover!

It's Complete! Hoover With Cleaning Tools

The Hoover leaves you less tired after cleaning because it's so easy to run. You're through faster and you've done a better job. It saves your rugs and carpets.

But that's only part of what the Hoover now offers. It can be had complete with cleaning tools—to clean upholstered furniture and draperies, lamp shades, bare floors and above mouldings without reaching or stooping.

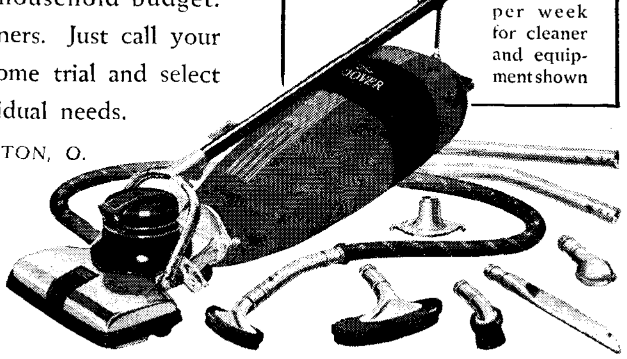
Three Hoovers, each complete with cleaning equipment, at new low terms to fit any household budget. Liberal allowance on old electric cleaners. Just call your Hoover dealer for a no-obligation home trial and select the one which best suits your individual needs.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, O.

Three Models
Three Easy Ways to Pay

Model 300, complete with cleaning tools, per week	$1.00
Model 475, complete with cleaning tools, per week	$1.25
Model 825, complete with cleaning tools, per week	$1.50

You can pay monthly



Only $1.25 per week for cleaner and equipment shown

THE HOOVER

IT BEATS • AS IT SWEEPS • AS IT CLEANS

COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN! THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!
I BET I KNOW WHY HE'S STILL OUT OF A JOB!
SO DO I...BAD BREATH! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP HIM... I KNOW!
SO ANN LEFT THIS HINT AT JIM'S PLACE
WHAT'S THIS? AN AD ABOUT BAD BREATH AND HOW IT BEGINS WITH THE TEETH... I WONDER NOW—
JIM INVESTIGATES
YES, IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!
I'LL CHANGE TO COLGATE'S TODAY!
TEN DAYS LATER
HERE'S A REAL TIP FOR YOU AT LAST, ANN! I'VE GOT A SWELL JOB NOW!
OH, THANK YOU, MR. ROGERS!
I GUESS THAT COLGATE AD WAS RIGHT!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Guaranteed Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MILLIONS now realize how true this is, and are turning to Colgate Dental Cream for *real protection. Its special penetrating* foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Thus Colgate's makes your teeth cleaner, brighter—assures you a sweeter, purer breath. Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, New Jersey. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

Gentleman Rider

Continued from page 50

His mind had become clear again. He was glad he had been able to divert the deluge of the past from any mention of Rhoda.

"Maybe you do," he said.

"Oh, I do, I do."

He had felt in her compassionate interest a miraculous renewal. He fumbled for some means of telling her what was taking place in him. At that moment Ricky Vincent had come in.

DUNCAN saw Ricky Vincent looking back at him as the horses swept into that curved tracklike turn with the banked rows of intent spectators along the white rail. The hatred on the boy's face was unmistakable. His features were drawn with hate and challenge. It was the same look that had been in his eyes as they sat side by side before the starter's flag sent them galloping for the first jump.

Duncan saw Vincent's horse rush the fence, hesitate, leap frantically and get over. He took the gray to the outside where the turf was firmer. There was a wild pounding of hoofs and one of the pursuing horses came up past him, changed feet, jumped too late, struck the rail with his knees and turned completely over in the air. The gray jumped an instant after and Duncan called sharply, "Watch him, honey," as the other rider was thrown like a bright bundle across his path. The gray stepped over the fallen man, daintily, even at the speed he was going, settled into his stride, coming out of the turn without a swerve. Duncan glanced back and saw the other two horses clear the fallen rider. Vincent had gained during the interval. They were going downhill again. There were two fences ahead and the stretch-run to the finish. . . .

Ricky Vincent had stopped in the doorway. He was taller than Duncan, slim and blond in evening clothes. He came over to the bar, nodded slightly to Duncan and said to Britta:

"Oh, here you are. I've been looking everywhere for you. I thought you wanted to dance."

"I *did*," Britta had answered.

The boy had not replied. His handsome face was pale under its tan. Duncan could see he was keeping himself under control by a great effort.

"Well," he had said, after a long pause, "are you dancing, or aren't you?"

"I'm not," Britta had answered.

"All right," he said. He glanced directly at Duncan, his blue eyes glittering and cold with suspicion and hatred, turned and strode out of the bar.

Britta had made an impulsive movement after him, checked herself and laughed; the tone of her laughter was reckless and a trifle uneasy.

"He thinks he owns me," she said. She walked away as though unwilling to have Duncan see her face and went through the door onto the veranda of the club. Without turning, she added over her shoulder: "I don't see why he has to be so domineering and jealous. He does as he pleases but he doesn't want me to. He thinks he can have anything he wants."

The words provoked a dull, unreasonable anger in Duncan.

"He can," he said shortly.

"He can't have me," Britta had said defiantly, "just by snapping his fingers." Her glance rested speculatively on Duncan. "And he can't have that race tomorrow. You're a better rider than he is."

"Maybe," said Duncan. The anger overflowed into bitterness. "He's a gentleman rider."

"That's a queer thing for you to say," Britta said.

"Vincent," Duncan said slowly, "has all the money he could want. He rides his own horses where and when he chooses, for the sheer sport of riding."

"Don't you?" Britta asked in surprise.

"Me?" Duncan laughed harshly. "I ride for a living. I do it or starve. I starve anyway. All year round, keeping my weight down. Like any race-track jock, or miserable pug, or professional athlete. Because I can ride horses to win, I get horses to train. I get other compensations. . . ." He heard the words and stopped, lifting his hand to his mouth as though to check further speech.

"But you must enjoy it," the girl said.

"The riding," Duncan answered. "It's my life, everything."

He raised his head and stared into the dark spaces of the night. He appeared to have forgotten her. His eyes were bright and hard and fixed upon something distant, indefinable, that had once seemed important and satisfactory and now was empty. It came back to him in a tumult of ghostly hoofs, of sharp thin cries as the horses broke at the barrier, of the rolling thunder when they came bunched into a jump, all the horses striving to jump at the moment the leaders took off. . . . This, then, was his life? *Everything?* An expression almost of despair crossed his face.

"Don't look that way," Britta cried, and put her arms about him. For a moment he held her close in a desperate attempt to deaden that hollow beating in his brain. Then he was aware that she had no power to exorcise it; that she, too, was seeking through him, something else . . . *someone* else. . . . She was, he realized, trying in a forlornly childish and instinctively feminine way to bring Vincent to heel in one of those poignant and futile struggles that go on between young people in love. As he and Rhoda had contended. Only their contention had gone deeper. His lips formed the words, Rhoda, Rhoda, and beyond the confusion of his despair, he heard her voice clear and calm, speaking to someone, saw her before she saw him, distinct in the lighted doorway, the thin subtle line of her cheek and throat illuminated, her dark eyes darker, swathed in shadows and lashes. . . .

DUNCAN made his move, hitting the gray sharply, once, with the knobbed leather end of his bat and Vincent came back to him as though his horse had suddenly stopped running. He took the fence barely a length behind and held the gray there down the rolling meadow to the next jump. He would pass Vincent beyond the jump and break the gelding's heart on the run uphill to the last fence, ride him into the ground and still have something left for the stretch if necessary. He saw Vincent glance at him, his face taut and pale, and then whip his horse, back and forth, the bat moving like a pendulum. They came down to the fence almost together. . . .

Britta had stepped back from him quickly and the flash of her white dress had drawn Rhoda's glance. Duncan had watched her recognize him. It was like seeing her awaken, her eyes slowly widening, her lips parting. She descended the single step to the porch and came toward him, paused, gazing up at him.

"Duncan," she had said.

"I thought you were in Europe," he said inanely.

"I got back Tuesday," she replied,

(*Continued on page 54*)

33,123 MILES SERVICE HAS CONVINCED H. A. BENTZINGER, BURLINGTON, IOWA, OF "G-3's" SUPERIOR NON-SKID TRACTION.

KENNETH COOK, SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA, HAS TRAVELED 28,500 MILES ON THESE "G-3's" AND EXPECTS TO GET 7,000 TO 8,000 MORE.

"I HAVE DRIVEN THIS SCHOOL BUS 20,000 MILES OVER ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROADS ON THIS SET OF 'G-3's'. NO OTHER TIRE CAN TAKE IT LIKE GOODYEARS." MARVIN SATTLER, SAN MARCOS, TEXAS.

"'G-3's' HAVE STOOD UP UNDER VERY TRYING CONDITIONS OVER ALL KINDS OF ROADS. HAVE GONE 17,500 MILES AND EXPECT TO GET 15,000 MORE!" REV. O. SCOTT McFARLAND, SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA.

"GOODYEARS SURE ARE ECONOMICAL," SAYS JACK MANN, SCOTTSBLUFF, NEBRASKA. AFTER 28,798 MILES "G-3" TREAD SHOWS LESS THAN 50% WEAR.

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS REVEAL WHY MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR G3 THAN ON ANY OTHER TIRE

As MANUFACTURERS we have made certain that the Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather has a stout enough tread to give 43% *longer non-skid mileage* than even its famous predecessor.

We have given it better non-skid grip in the center of that tread, for emergency stops, for traction and safety!

We have provided it with the best blowout protection that can be built into a tire—patented Supertwist Cord in every ply.

Having done that, the rest of the story must be told by the tire itself. These pictures and the unadorned records that accompany them are merely few out of thousands of cases where "G-3" has given far more than its owners had learned to expect from tires of its price.

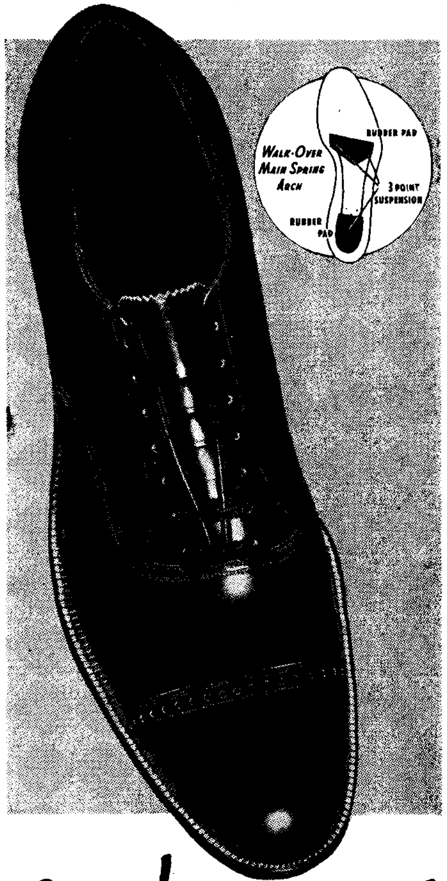
They help explain, we believe, why it is true today, as for 20 consecutive years: *"more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind!"*

"G-3"—A GREAT TIRE ON THREE COUNTS

1. 43% more non-skid mileage than even its famous predecessor because of tougher, thicker rubber in its broader, flatter tread.
2. The Goodyear Margin of Safety —sure-gripping center traction that stops your car quickest. Other new tires skid 14 to 19% farther!
3. Patented Supertwist Cord—more resilience, more life, more "come back" than any other cord—insures maximum blowout protection in every ply.

WOULDN'T THAT JAR YOU?

• 974 tons *in jolts.* That's the hammering a 160-pound man takes from hard pavements in an average day (12,185 steps). Cushion yourself against this shaking-up—this way . . .



Shock Absorbing WALK·OVERS

• The built-in Main Spring* Arch is mounted on live, springy rubber. Soaks up tiring jolts. Natural, 3-point *weight distribution promotes correct* tread, good posture, a free, easy stride.

• Above: PLYMOUTH: Snug ankle fit. Black or Brown Calf. Custom grade. $8.50. Slightly higher West. Other Walk-Overs from $6.75 up.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY
CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

Gentleman Rider

Continued from page 52

and looked past him at the girl, smiling faintly, the soft half-hidden smile he remembered so well.

"Miss Welsh," he said and turned back to Rhoda. "What do you . . . do I call you now?"

"Rhoda Montgomery," she answered, "I'm not married."

"I heard," Duncan began, "I mean . . ."

She interrupted him lightly.

"Gossip. The usual rumors that follow every—divorcee." She glanced again at the girl, her smile deepening. "Is Miss Welsh fond of hunt 'chases?"

"I adore them," Britta said. "They're the most exciting and marvelous things in the world."

"I doubt it," Rhoda said, smiling.

Britta's eyes flickered. She turned to Duncan and held out her hand. "I must go," she said. "I want you to win tomorrow." Her voice was pleading. "You will, won't you? If just to show Ricky he can't have . . ." She stopped, glanced at Rhoda, and said, "Good night, Miss Montgomery."

"Good night," Rhoda said. She watched the girl enter the clubhouse, her dress suddenly brilliant in the glow, a sheen of light on her smooth honey-colored hair.

"She's cute," Rhoda said. "Where did you find her, Duncan?"

"A friend of Ricky Vincent's," Duncan said.

"A rival rider, I gather. He's new to me. Is he any good?"

"One of the best." . . .

"I thought you were going to live abroad."

"I was, but it was expensive." She smiled faintly. "And not much fun."

Duncan did not smile. His eyes, brooding and baffled, examined her intently. She had changed, he thought, and was startled. She was, not thinner exactly—she had always been slim and strong like a taut yew-bow—but fragile now, with a kind of delicate ethereal quality, as though something vital had gone out of her. The realization came to him with a shock. He had held firmly to the belief that she was happier separated from him. It had sustained and consoled him during those meaningless years after she had gone. The revelation added to his uncertainty. If she were not happy away from him why had she been unhappy with him? He tried to focus his mind upon that past time, seeking among fragments of memory the reason. It had been so complete at first. Then something else entered into the simplicity of their relationship, an unexplainable, incomprehensible factor. Since he could not understand it, he had tried to ignore it.

BUT Rhoda had persisted. It was, she said, a matter that concerned the very foundations of their life. To Duncan, it had always seemed a vague contention over his riding and something she called his "future." He remembered exactly her words, "You can't go on forever being just a 'chase rider, Duncan. Jumping fences and winning cups may seem important and exciting when you're young, darling, but it isn't a career for a grown man." They had been at breakfast, their last breakfast, only he had no intimation of it then. He recalled how she had leaned across the table and caught his hands in a desperate grip.

"Don't you see? I want our life really to begin now. For ten years we've spent eight or nine months out of every twelve traveling from meet to meet like . . . like professional ball players. We have nothing established and rooted and growing. . . . And what will happen when you're not able to ride any longer?" Duncan had laughed cheerfully and said, "I've a few more good seasons left. We won't worry about that yet." She had dropped his hands, and said listlessly, "You *don't* understand."

"Of course I do," he had answered. "By the time my racing days are over, I'll have built up a nice business of training horses that will keep us the rest of our lives."

She had not spoken for a long while, only sat there smoothing the napkin with her thin fingers. "No, Duncan," she had said at last, "not in that way. You have a few horses now to train but it's mostly because you ride for their owners. It isn't really important to you, just a means of filling in between seasons and making a little extra money. If training horses is what you want to do, I'm in complete agreement. But it must be our career, shared and believed in and enjoyed." She had arisen and stood gazing out the window at the brown autumn landscape. "Otherwise our life together seems futile and useless."

"But, honey," Duncan had protested, "I can do all that later, when . . . " She had laughed in such a way that he did not finish the sentence, only stared at her, puzzled and inwardly dismayed. When he came back from the meeting at Middleburg, she was gone. . . .

HE LIFTED his head and saw with surprise that Rhoda was no longer standing before him. He took a step toward the door and paused irresolutely, rubbing his finger absently along the broken bridge of his nose. He noted, without giving it any consideration, Britta descending from the main entrance, followed by young Vincent. She was getting into a car and the boy was holding his hand out to her in a pleading gesture. The scene appeared to Duncan like something in a play, far away, unreal and meaningless. . . .

The two horses cleared the fence with the gray's head at the gelding's quarters. Duncan leaned down and spoke softly, "Come, honey. Come along, big fellow." The gray responded but Vincent was whipping his horse savagely and the chestnut, frantic from the lash of the knobbed bat, ran crazily up the rolling field to the last jump. The slight lead became a length, then two. Duncan raised his bat, hesitated, and let it swing loose from the thong on his wrist. The chestnut couldn't last, no horse could after four miles at that pace. He would come back to the gray in the stretch. Honest horses win their own races, Duncan thought, and sat still, letting his body become one with the great striding rhythm of his horse, so that the gray was scarcely aware of the rider but ran free and magnificent.

The fence stood against the sky on the crest of the slope, four rails, almost five feet high, with oblongs of paling sunset between the half-round timbers. They were going into it too fast for tiring horses and men. Both riders knew it and neither would slacken. The sound of the hoofs on the hard ground was like the mad thundering of drums. Duncan saw Ricky rise in his stirrups and hit the chestnut across the flank so hard the crack could be heard above the hoof beats. The horse leaped convulsively. At that instant the gray jumped. Duncan did not really see what happened. There was no time. It was all recorded inside his head because he had seen it so many times before. He let himself go as he felt the horse falling. He sensed, in a kind of impersonal horror, the gray's huge bulk striking the ground and twisting with the impetus of the fall, hoofs flailing the air. In a moment before the horse rolled over he heard a terrible squeal of dumb brute pain and terror. Something crashed upon the protective helmet under his bright cap and his mind became dark. . . .

He was unconscious only a brief moment. He returned through layers of dimness to a flare of light where distorted faces moved vaguely and indistinguishable words fell toward him from unmeasured distances. He could not feel his legs at all and pain burst in red flashes through his head. There was warm blood clogging his mouth and the words he knew he must utter.

"Vincent?" he said.

A deep voice answered him. "He recovered. Don't move."

"Horse?" said Duncan.

A hand touched his shoulder, the voice said, "Don't worry." Duncan closed his eyes. The hand had told him what he did not want to know. The flares of pain continued to burst, like rockets, fitful and illuminating in a dark unresting night. Between them, fragments of something else kept returning, bits of knowledge he had never had, or would never admit having. About Rhoda and all that past time; about all the first loveliness, then the long period of blind seeking and evasion. She had offered him a choice and he had been stupid and uncomprehending and selfish. It was clear now.

. . . Duncan opened his eyes. He saw the unknown faces moving apart and Rhoda's pale face bending toward him. It was as it had been, all the thin subtle lines lovely with the unnamable urgency that belonged only to him. . . . He felt himself sinking back into those dim reaches of pain and strove to hold them away until he could lift his hand and touch her. She came closer; she was nearer now than she had ever been, nearer and closer and dearer. He knew suddenly that he was through with riding, that he had wanted to be for a long time, and a deep, complete happiness swept over him.

"Rhoda," he whispered, "what you said, long ago. . . ."

"Hush," she answered. "I know."

VINCENT dismounted, threw the reins of his panting horse to a stableboy.

"How's Carr?" he asked.

"He'll be all right," an official replied.

The boy pushed through the crowd toward the paddock. He saw Britta standing by the rail with his polo coat across her arms. She held it up to him and he slid his arms into the sleeves. Her face was close to his and he turned his head so their cheeks touched for an instant.

"I was scared," she said. "I thought you were going down, too."

"Luck," Ricky said.

"I was so scared, I knew everything else didn't matter. Did . . . did you feel that way?"

The boy smiled.

"There wasn't time, then. That's the way I feel now."

Britta sighed. She put her hand into his coat pocket and clasped his fingers tightly as they went over to where his car was parked.

"When something like that happens," she said, "and I think we might never have a chance to be happy together . . ."

"Yes," Ricky said. "Let's not take any chances. We'll drive as fast as we can to the nearest town. . . ."

Britta laughed.

"Drive slowly," she said, "so we'll be sure of getting there."

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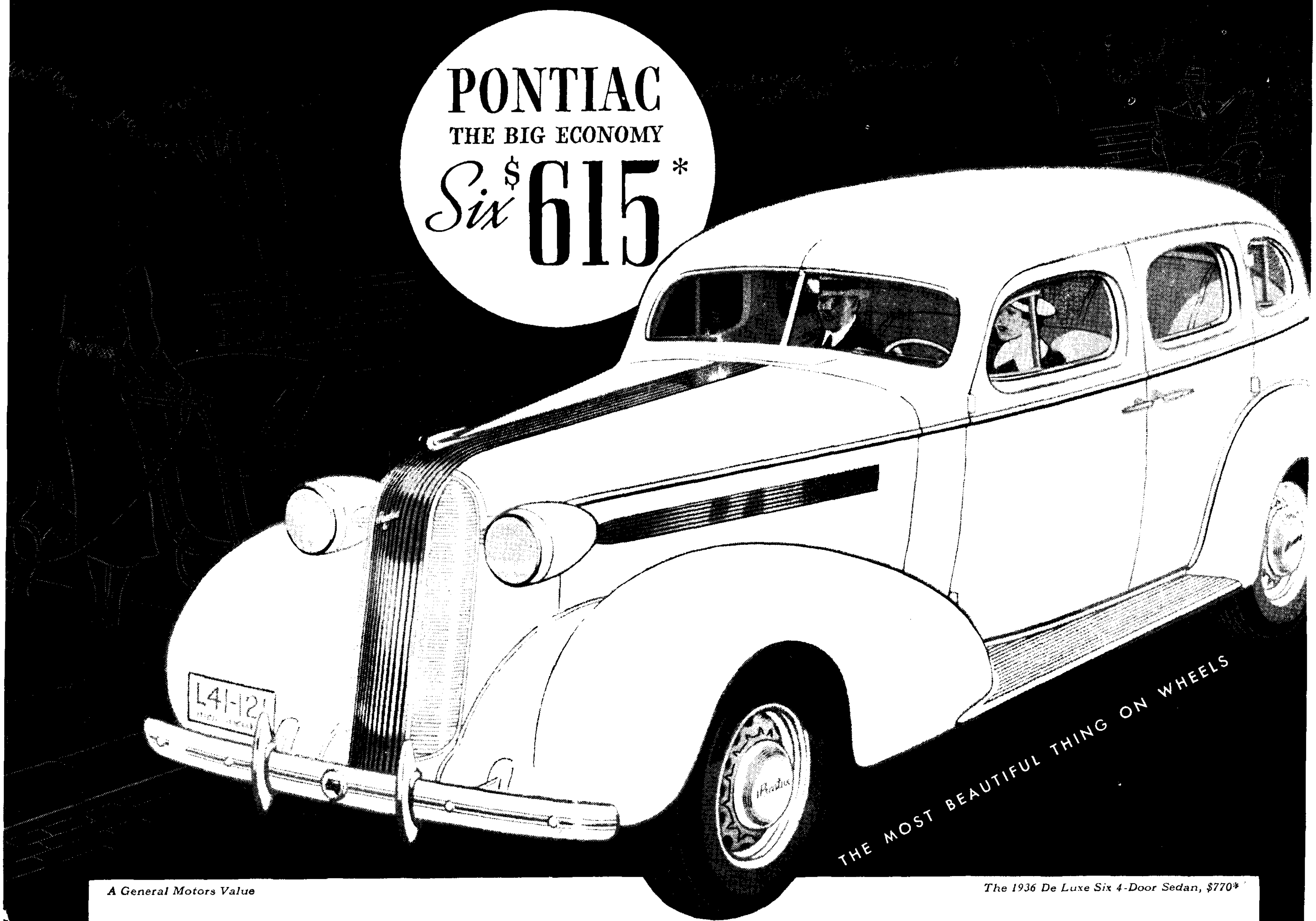
FOR ONLY $1.00 MORE A WEEK



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THAT wide gap between *expensive* and *low-cost* cars is closed for good and all. And *Pontiac* closed it with a line of low-priced cars *built to match the finest.*

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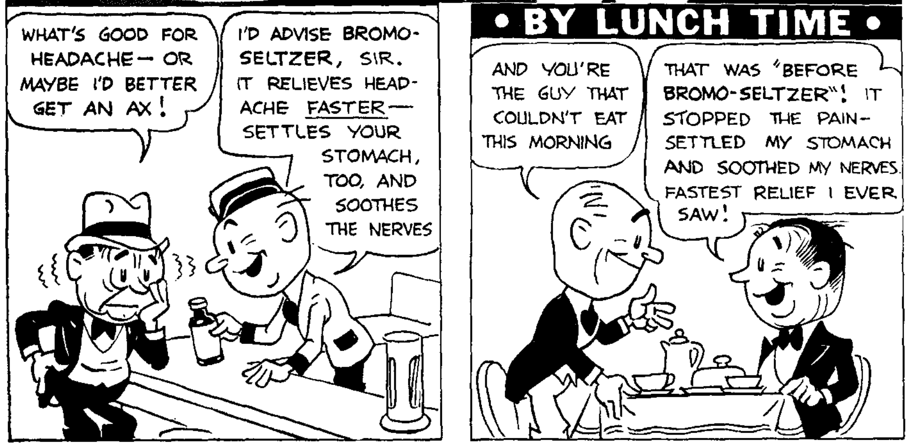
"GOSH—I ought to junk my head
it isn't worth the upkeep!"
BUT LIFE GREW BRIGHTER WHEN—


WHAT'S GOOD FOR HEADACHE—OR MAYBE I'D BETTER GET AN AX!
I'D ADVISE BROMO-SELTZER, SIR. IT RELIEVES HEADACHE FASTER—SETTLES YOUR STOMACH, TOO, AND SOOTHES THE NERVES
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THAT WAS "BEFORE BROMO-SELTZER"! IT STOPPED THE PAIN—SETTLED MY STOMACH AND SOOTHED MY NERVES. FASTEST RELIEF I EVER SAW!

Doctors prove it's Faster—does more for you, too!

WHEN you have a headache, you want to stop it quickly. That's the time for Bromo-Seltzer!

Doctors have proved Bromo-Seltzer relieves next-morning headaches *faster than any other remedy they tested!* It does more for you, too—things many remedies can't do. Soothes the stomach—quiets jangling nerves.

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EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

Absent Treatment

Continued from page 16

"Phineas and Jud and me, John," explains Sam, "was shipmates all last winter. And a good fisherman he was, John. But now!"

"But now! What about him now?" asks John.

"What about him," says Sam, "is what about whole schools of good men that wimmin try to model over into a kind of a craft their nachral lines never intended 'em. Phineas stayed ashore a trip last winter meanin' only to get married. 'One trip ashore,' he said, and he'd be back aboard the vessel. He never come back. He's hooked, and he stays hooked. Whenever he'd speak of goin' back to sea his wife'd ask him did he want her never again to have a day's peace of mind worryin' about what might happen to him on the winter fishin' banks. 'S'pose you are lost on those terrible fishing banks and me left a widder,' she keeps sayin' to Phineas. He was a husky lad then, but take a look at him now, John."

"He does look a bit peaked," says John.

"Peaked, John? He looks like a herrin' after spawnin'. And only a year ago, John, he was able as the next man aboard the vessel to heave and haul a trawl in a seaway or stand to the wheel in a gale o' wind. But now? Man!"

PHINEAS drew near, and he hailed Sam and me and we hailed, "Hi, Phinny!" and Sam says: "What's happened to your voice, Phinny? Lost your tonsils or somethin', have you? This is John Houghton, Phinny. And let me tell you, John, in his fishin' days, Phinny had a voice to hail a vessel from a cable len'th to looard in a gale o' wind and make a crew of sleepin' men in their bunks below deck come pilin' up the nearest ladder to ask what the calamity is. That right, Jud?"

Sam was giving Phinny's voice a bit the best of it, I thought, but a man should be allowed a little leeway when speaking of an old shipmate. So I said, "That's right, Sam."

"But your voice now, Phinny!" continues Sam. "I've heard Mother Cary's chickens cheep louder divin' for a piece o' gurry in the wake of the vessel on a day out to sea. What's wrong, boy?"

"Ev'rything's wrong since I quit fishin', Sam. I've been losin' one shore job after another. There was that last job at the glue fact'ry."

"You worked in a glue fact'ry, Phinny? Yes? Oh, well, we all have our weak intervals. I almost worked in a wet-wash laundry one time. What happened to the glue fact'ry job?"

"They started laying off hands, and I'm among 'em. I come home and tell the wife, and she wants to know why, and I tell her it's the depression, and me bein' a new hand I'm nachrally among the first to go. She gets after me then sayin' it ain't the depression—it was just that I don't like to work ashore," says Phinny.

"And you don't at that, do you?" says Sam.

"Oh, I dunno. But that ain't why I was laid off. I tell the wife that, and she starts after me again, sayin' it ain't anything of the kind and—but did you ever have a woman get after you and—but I forgot you ain't married, Sam."

"Thank the Lord no," says Sam.

"Well, I am, and I got a wife who don't know when to stop talkin'."

"Whose does?" says Sam.

"I dunno," says Phinny. "Anyway, she keeps on talkin' till I'm havin' a feelin' I'm goin' to heave a plate or something at her soon, which means it's time for me to slip my moorin's and take to open water. So I run out of the house. And I overhaul a couple of chums goin' down Main Street, and the three of us run foul of three more, and we organize for a game o' draw and we stay at it till daylight."

"And you ain't been home this mornin' yet?"

"No. And what a scaldin' she'll give me when I do go home!"

"I'LL bet," says Sam. "Phinny, just afore you come along, Jud 'n' me 'n' John was discussin' the ways o' wimmin—about 'em workin' to wind'ard of men."

"But what can a man do about it, Sam?"

"Do? Keep 'em to looard, always to looard of you. And Phinny!"

"Yes, Sam."

"When you was fresh halibutin', doin' a man's work and spendin' your days to sea—your good days—and bringin' good shares o' trips ashore—when you did come ashore—ev'rybody was glad to see you, wasn't they? And nobody more glad than the wimmin folks—that right?"

"That's right, Sam."

"But now how is it? You ain't absent nowadays for weeks at a time out to sea, and so what? Your wife gets after you ev'ry chance she can, don't she? She's worried sick, you say, because you happened to lose a shore job, hah? Now if she's bound to worry you, Phinny, why the hell don't you give her something real to worry about? How about givin' her a little absent treatment—shippin' for a trip to sea again, say?"

"Meanin' me to skip away to sea and leave her? No, no, Sam; I couldn't do that. We have arguments, but I like my wife and she likes me."

"I know. She likes you so well she can't stop naggin' you!"

Being shipmates one time is something two Gloucestermen don't forget in a hurry. Sam puts his arm across Phinny's shoulders. "You look weary, boy, and bein' up all night acourse you must be sleepy."

"I could stretch out on this stringpiece here, Sam, and go to sleep right now."

"You don't have to stretch out on any stringpiece, Phinny—not while there's an empty bunk handy. Come aboard the vessel and turn in."

"But ain't she sailin' soon?"

"I dunno when she's sailin'. Nobody knows. The skipper's wife is a sick woman and no knowin' when he'll turn up. We mightn't sail at all today. Come below, and hook a few winks o' sleep where nobody'll keep you awake with naggin'."

"And you'll call me in time, Sam?"

"Leave it to me to call you when you ought to be called. Come on below, boy."

SAM leads the way to the fo'c'sle with Phinny, and John resumes his talk of his wife's aunt where he'd left it off with Sam. Sam comes back up from the fo'c'sle, and I grab the chance to get clear of John and see about my order of fresh beef.

"Where you swingin' off to, Jud?" asks Sam.

I tell him to the butcher's to see about my order of fresh beef. It was my first trip as cook with this crew and there's no knowing how they'd take it if they found themselves out to sea and no supply of fresh beef on ice to nourish them for their first ten days or two weeks to sea.

"I can tell how," says Sam. "You forget that fresh beef and you might as well be lashed to the patent log in the wake of the vessel and she makin' twelve

(Continued on page 58)

You'll *always* be glad you bought a GENERAL ELECTRIC

YEAR AFTER YEAR IT WILL SERVE YOU FAITHFULLY, ECONOMICALLY —AND IT ACTUALLY COSTS LESS TO OWN!

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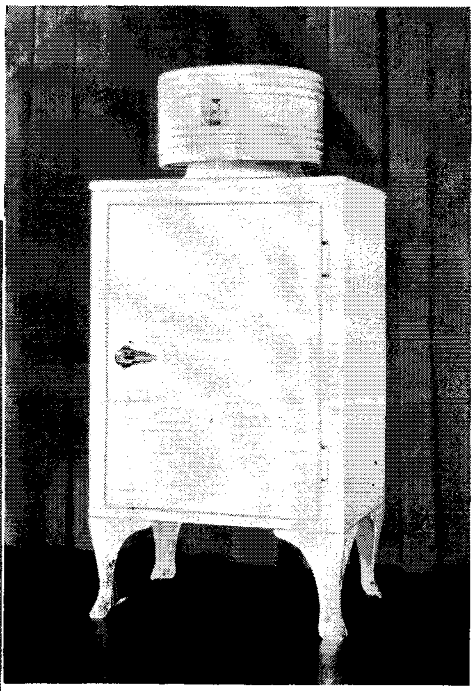
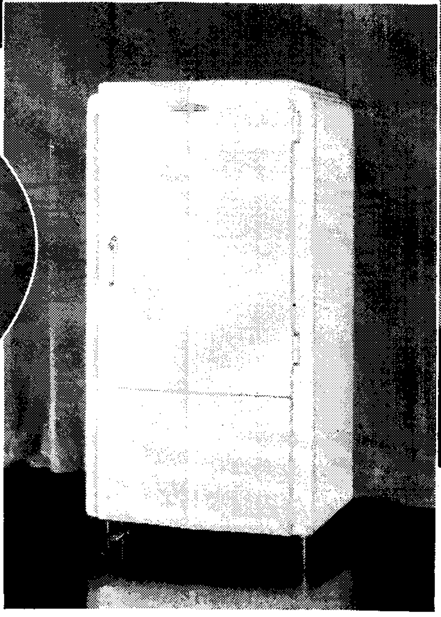
Research keeps the General Electric Refrigerator years ahead always—in all ways! The General Electric Company is the world's greatest storehouse of electrical knowledge. Its brilliant staff of scientists and engineers has developed and perfected many of the marvels of modern magic that have made living today easier and more pleasant. Out of their vast experience and wide research have come the great new General Electric Refrigerators for 1936.

(Right) The General Electric Monitor Top—standard of excellence; the refrigerator that has established an unparalleled record for attention-free, expense-free service in American homes. Many sizes from which to choose.





(Left) Beautiful G-E Flatop; acknowledged style leader. Every General Electric has the famous all-steel cabinet and every proved convenience feature. Sealed-in-steel mechanism carries five years performance protection. G-E prices start at $79.50 f. o. b.

PROOF of the General Electric's superiority lies in this amazing fact: *every minute of every day somebody buys a General Electric!* Some like its appearance; others the complete equipment of modern convenience features. But more choose the G-E because it actually *costs less* to own! Can *you* afford anything less in your home?

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The assets of the Northwestern Mutual, as reported to state insurance departments, now total a billion dollars—a great estate administered for the mutual welfare and protection of more than 600,000 policyholders with 3 billion 700 million of insurance in force.

Absent Treatment

Continued from page 56

knots by the wind in a choppy sea for all the comfort you'll have for the rest of the trip. So go along, and in the meantime, while we're waitin' for the skipper, John 'nd me will take a walk up the street and maybe I can help John compose his mind about his aunt's visit."

I hurry along to the butcher's and I see my order put aboard the vessel and stowed in the forehold. I go into the fo'c'sle then, meaning to see if Phinny is comfortable, but I happen to glance at the galley clock, and I see where I better get goin', if I'm to have a hot dinner on time for a crew of twenty-five fresh halibuters besides myself, with about nineteen of them by and by droppin' below and having peeks at the galley clock and then at me with eyes bright like hungry wolves and growlin' to themselves—not so low though that I'll miss hearing them —growling if it looks like dinner will be as much as a minute and a half late. Cookin' for a crew of fresh halibuters, if you don't know it already, is the busiest man's job in the world.

SO I start right in making a galley fire, and by and by I hear sounds of the crew swinging themselves aboard. Soon comes the skipper's voice, shouting, "Everybody aboard?" A few seconds of quiet follows, which means he's looking around deck and checking up on the crew. Then his voice, "The cook aboard? Yes? Where's John Houghton? Where? Below for'ard? All right then, let's put out."

By and by I pass the word that dinner is ready, and the first table gang come rushing below, including of course the skipper. I ask him how the wife is and he says she's some better, but not too good yet. He sits into his place, spears an able-looking boiled potato on to his plate, looks around the table, spots an empty place, and says: "Who ain't here? Oh, it's John. Where's John, Cook?"

To which I answers I don't know unless it's John that's asleep in his bunk with a blanket pulled up over his head.

"John Houghton asleep? And it meal time? That ain't nachral. He must be sick." The skipper reaches up and shakes what he thinks is John in his bunk. It's Phinny who is in the bunk, and when he comes awake he gives the skipper a surprised look, though not near so surprised a look as the skipper gives him when he sees it isn't John.

"What drifted you aboard here, Phineas?" asks the skipper, who knows him well. Phinny sits up, shakes his head a few times to help him remember how he came to be there, then peeks around the fo'c'sle till he sights Sam. He holds his eyes on Sam till Sam stops eating and explains that seeing Phinny coming down the wharf and him ready to drop asleep from weariness, he tells him to come aboard the vessel and have a nap for himself.

"And then I forgot to wake him," continues Sam, "and he ain't waked up even by the vessel makin' sail and puttin' out to sea. But Phinny always was an amazin' sleeper."

"There's people ashore would give a million dollars to be able to sleep like that," says the skipper, "my wife being one. What's the secret, Phineas, so I can pass the word to the wife?" asked the skipper.

"No secret, Captain. I was up all last night."

"You was? What kept you up?"

"It was on account of his wife," puts in Sam.

"She sick, too, Phineas? That's too bad. Mine is too. But where's John?" The skipper goes peering into one bunk after another. "I don't see John. What's happened to John?"

"I might as well tell you, Skipper, that John has his home troubles too," says Sam.

"What—John's wife sick too? And Phinny's wife sick? And my wife sick? D' y' know, Sam, I don't believe wimmin of today are as healthy as they used to be."

"They prob'ly never was," says Sam. "But it ain't his wife that John was worryin' about. I go up the street with him afore the vessel sails, and he leaves me and goes into a drugstore to telephone home to find out what his wife has to say about her aunt."

"Oh, it's the wife's aunt? And what's she sick of?"

"I dunno what of," says Sam, "though I suspect it's one of those what they call mental complexes and I guess you know about them, don't you, Skipper? Well, they're what if you get one you're something for your folks to see doctors about. And no common doctors. Specialists. And when John don't come back after leavin' me to telephone, it must be the wife said he'd better stay ashore this trip and help her look out for the old lady."

"So that's it?" said the skipper. "Ain't it hell, hah, the number of wimmin goin' out of commission these days? And a hell of a note too—John leavin'—and the vessel out to sea and the crew a man short."

"No man short, Skipper. Here's Phinny," says Sam.

"Phinny! But I thought you gave up fishin', Phinny?"

"So he did," says Sam, "but he's aboard here now. And a lucky thing too! Where'd I be for a dory mate on'y for him?"

"Luff, Sam, luff her." Phinny comes rolling out of John's bunk: "Ain't I to be allowed to say a word about myself?"

"Sure you are," said Sam. "But what's there to say? Here you are aboard the vessel and her loggin' her twelve knots on her course to the east'ard. You cert'nly ain't expectin' the master of a vessel to put her back to Gloucester to land you? What about that, Skipper?"

"Hell, no," says the skipper. "I can't do that."

"BUT what about my wife that I left at home and she thinkin' that I'd be back last night, and it's now noon next day and she not knowin' what's happened to me? What'll she be thinkin', Sam?"

"What she or any other woman is ever thinkin' is past me, boy, but whatever she's thinkin' now, let her keep on thinkin' it, I say. It'll probably be good for her."

"Good for her? And me to be gone three or four weeks and she maybe thinkin' all the time I fell into the harbor and got drowned?"

"She won't be thinkin' that for three or four weeks, boy. No. Some kind neighbor will be sure to drop in and tell her that bodies don't stay that long under water—not unless for some queer reason you lashed an anchor to yourself before you jumped off the wharf so's to be sure you ain't comin' up. Quit worryin' about that part of it. And what harm if your wife does do some worryin'? After three or four weeks of healthy worryin', she'll be thinkin' that maybe you wasn't such a total loss as a husband. But here we are, Skipper, arguin' about what can't be cured, and here's Phinny who ain't had a bite to eat since —since when was it you et last, boy?"

"Last night at supper, Sam, and not

much then, the way the wife was gittin' after me."

"Not since last night?" says the skipper. "Sit in, sit in. Take John's place at the table and turn to. You're one of the crew now."

Phinny sat in and turned to. Sam watched him awhile, and said: "You cert'nly look nachral, Phinny, reachin' to wind'ard and looard the len'th of the table, and gaffin' the good grub to yourself. A few days aboard here, boy, and nobody'll be sayin' how thin and peaked you look, like a herrin' after spawnin'."

We carried that fair strong breeze for just one day and night. Then heavy head winds set in, turning our hope of a fast run-off to the banks into a hard beat. For six days it was tack ship night and day against hard winds that were always shifting to head us off. It was a great hauling on sheets and halyards for all hands. It's on the fourth day out. And Sam drops into the galley, helps himself to his usual wedge of pie and cup of hot coffee, takes a seat on the locker and says gloomily: "You heard about Phinny, Jud?"

"Heard what?"

"Then you ain't heard. Well, I ain't blamin' him for tryin' to hide it. You won't believe it, Jud, but it's true and soon all hands'll know it."

"Know what, Sam?"

"Well, he came off watch with me a while ago, and he's aft with the skipper now, and d' y' know for what? The pair o' them are now pokin' through the medicine chest to see what there's there in the line of ointments."

Hector Penny came below then and he has to have a mug-up. It's a habit of fresh halibuters. For want of something better to do—when they're not in a dory or not on watch and they can't drive themselves to sleep any more—they have a mug-up. Hector finds himself a thick slice of cold corn beef, slaps a slice of bread to each side of it, pours himself a cup of hot tea and says: "What's your chum Phinny want ointments for, Sam?"

"Blisters on his hands."

"Blisters on his hands? How'd he get 'em?" Hector asked it innocently like, too innocently.

"How? From haulin' on sheets and halyards the last three days—how the hell else?" says Sam.

"Oh! Acourse. But I wouldn't let that worry you, Sam. He could be worse."

"How worse?"

"I was shipmates one time with a queer fella that liked to stay ashore a trip now and then, and ev'ry time he stayed ashore a trip, he'd spend most of the next trip goin' seasick. It was a crime to see him passin' up the good grub the first rough weather we'd run into. Can y' imagine that, Jud?"

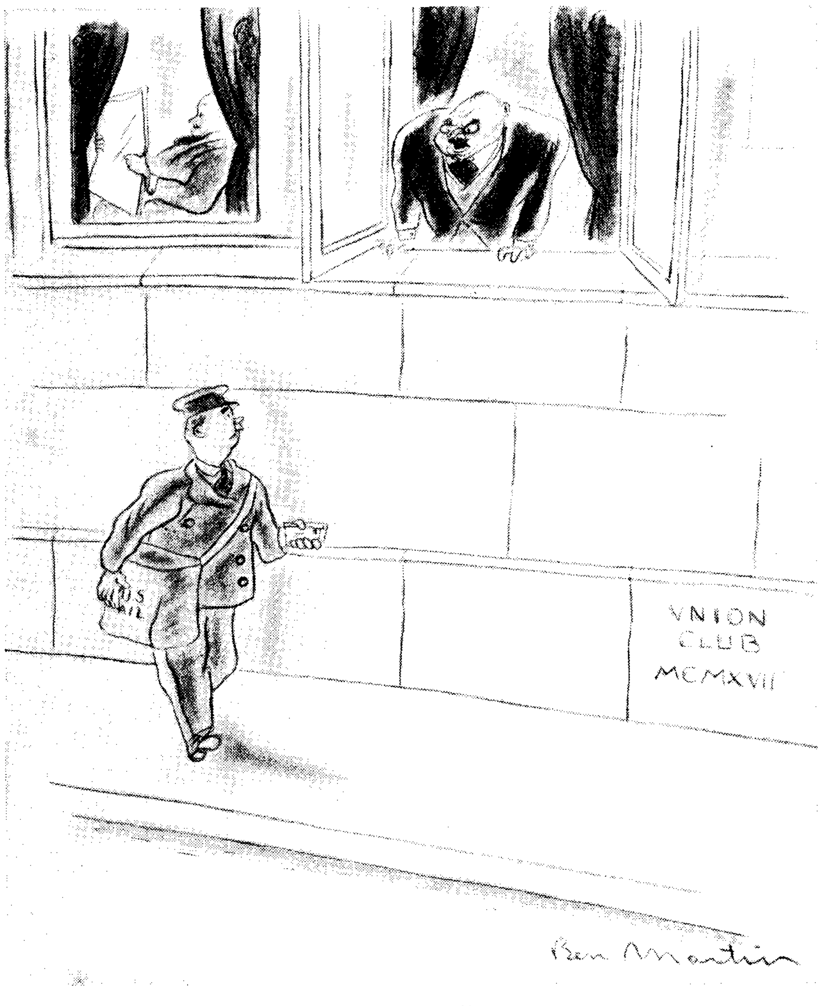
"Not aboard here," I said.

The skipper must have found some powerful ointment for Phinny's blisters in the medicine chest, because before we make the fishing grounds Phinny's blisters are healed. And he doesn't go seasick, and what is more—when the time arrives for it he shows he's still equal to rowing a heavy dory and hauling a halibut trawl in a seaway, and that's no invalid's job: all of which makes Sam feel so proud that he went parading fore and aft bragging about Phineas.

WE GOT two weeks of off-and-on fishing on the banks, then a week of weather too rough to put the dories over, which made the going rough for me in the galley, then there came three days together of big fishing, which filled us up. From the skipper came then, "Inboard and double grip them dories! Give her both tops'ls, swing her off and let her go to the west'ard!"

To the west'ard we go abowling, and make a fast passage of it to the Boston market. We get a good price for our fish and sail to Gloucester to fit out again. We are no sooner into the slip in Gloucester than the skipper dashes up the wharf to telephone to hear how his wife is. He's soon back with the word that she is fine

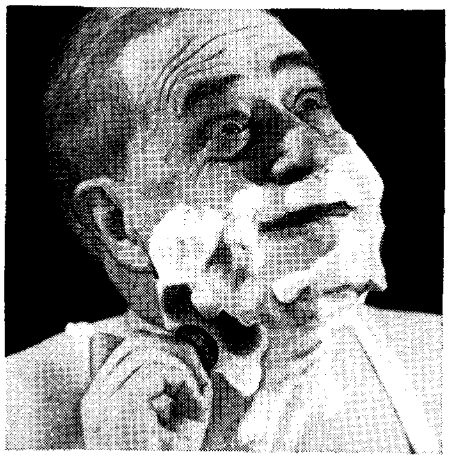
(Continued on page 60)



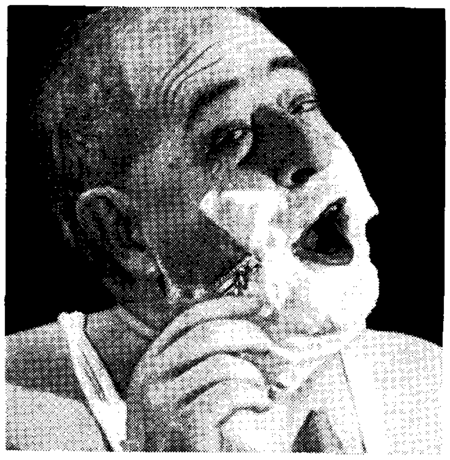
"Tax eater!"

BEN MARTIN

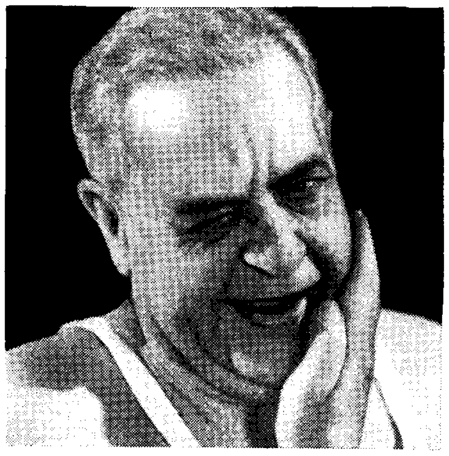
You get 3 kinds of shaving help when you use Ingram's



1 *Ingram's softens every whisker right down to the skin-line.*



2 *Smooths the skin; prepares it for easy, scuffless shaving.*



3 *Cools your face; prevents burn and after-shave irritation.*

To put more comfort into your daily shave, we put three special ingredients into Ingram's Shaving Cream. This is how they help you—

1st, they wilt whiskers softer at the skin-line for faster and easier shaving.

2nd, smooth the skin to let your razor *glide* without scuffing.

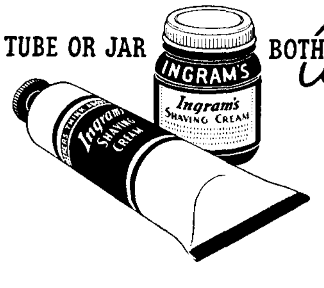
3rd, give you a cool shave, and a cool face when you've finished. No burn, sting or rawness.

You'll never need a lotion after an Ingram's shave. It protects your skin—lets you shave as close or as often as you like. That's why so many "bluebeards"—men who can't get by without two shaves a day—count on Ingram's to keep both shaves comfortable.

More than a million shavers like Ingram's because it feels grand on the face. On any skin. Because it treats all whiskers the same way—softens them, takes out the pull, makes them meet the razor meekly. And like it even more because it is economical. Ingram's is *concentrated.* Three months of cool shaves in every tube or jar.

Try the "world's best shave" next time. Get Ingram's from your druggist today. Or if you prefer, mail the coupon for free 10-shave trial tube.

TUBE OR JAR BOTH Cool



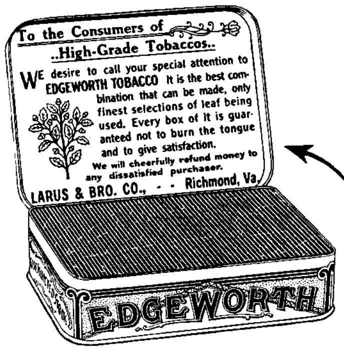
Try the world's coolest shave FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-46
636 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
I'd warm up to cool shaves! Send me the 10-shave tube of Ingram's.
Name..........
Street..........
City.......... State..........

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Who can equal this record?

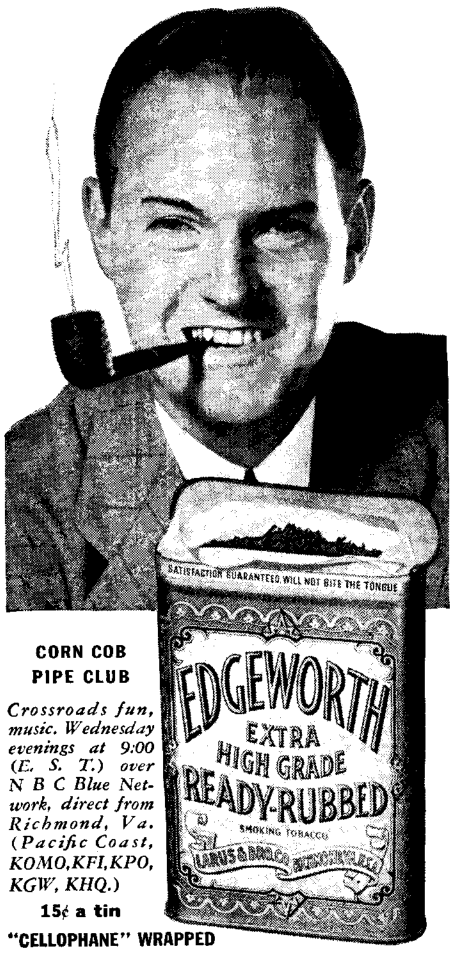
GUARANTEES and money-back offers are not "news." More than thirty years ago we made this guarantee:


To the Consumers of
..High-Grade Tobaccos..
WE desire to call your special attention to EDGEWORTH TOBACCO It is the best combination that can be made, only finest selections of leaf being used. Every box of it is guaranteed not to burn the tongue and to give satisfaction.
We will cheerfully refund money to any dissatisfied purchaser.
LARUS & BRO. CO., - - Richmond, Va.
EDGEWORTH

This guarantee is still in effect. Not merely for thirty days—or a year, but any time! Every tin of Edgeworth or Edgeworth Junior shows "Satisfaction Guaranteed."

Smoke as much or as little Edgeworth as you please. If the tobacco does not satisfy, return it and you will get your money back. In all these thirty-odd years, the claims made under this guarantee could be counted on the fingers of your two hands. There, we believe, is a record of satisfied customers few can equal.

Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va., Tobacconists since 1877.



CORN COB PIPE CLUB

Crossroads fun, music. Wednesday evenings at 9:00 (E. S. T.) over N B C Blue Network, direct from Richmond, Va. (Pacific Coast, KOMO, KFI, KPO, KGW, KHQ.)

15¢ a tin

"CELLOPHANE" WRAPPED

(Continued from page 59)

and dandy, up and around. He leads the way then to the owner's office where we get our share of the trip. All hands are free to go along to their homes then.

"But don't forget—we're sailing with the ebb tide in the morning—at ten o'clock in the morning," the skipper sings out after us.

"That means you, Phinny," says Sam. "You're my dory-mate now, remember. Don't forget—ten o'clock tomorrer mornin'."

"I won't forget," says Phineas, and up the wharf he goes a-running, and Sam chuckling to see him go. "What a shock his wife'll get when Phinny passes her the word he's goin' back to the fishin'."

I STOP off up Main Street to order what stores the vessel will be needing in the morning and then go on and join Sam at our boardinghouse. George Perry is there before us and being a shore fisherman, he's in and out of Gloucester pretty often, and he being a great one for storing up gossip, fellows fresh in from the off-shore banks don't have to wait long to hear what's been doing since they've been out to sea—not while George is on watch.

"I got sad news for you two," says George, before we're well inside the door. "You've lost an old shipmate."

"Who is it?" asks Sam.

"It's John Houghton," says George.

"John Houghton dead?" we say. "Not John Houghton!"

"No, no. John ain't dead!" says George. "What I meant was—he ain't goin' fishin' any more."

"No? Why ain't he? What's happened to him?"

"John's wife has an old aunt, and she died and leaves her money to John's wife and she says John mustn't go fishin' any more."

"Oh, the wife says? And what's John say?"

"He acts like he's reconciled not to go. His wife's been havin' all kinds of ladies' club meetin's at her house, and she has John there—him all dressed up in one of them two-tailed coats and an open-deck hard white shirt."

"And John a fresh halibuter since he was man grown," says Sam sadly.

"And that leaves you without a dory-mate, don't it, Sam?"

Sam brightens up. "Not now it don't. I got Phineas Marney now. And what a lucky day for me 'n' Phinny both when his wife's naggin' drove him out onto Main Street! Like a brand from the burnin' I plucked him, didn't I, Jud?"

NEXT morning we go down to the wharf, where most of the crew are already waiting for the skipper to come along and put out to sea. I check up on my stores and find the order of fresh beef hasn't come, so I start for the butcher's to get that fresh beef under way.

Sam comes along with me, and at the head of the wharf who looms up off our bow but Hector Penny and Phineas Marney. "Hi!" hails Hector, and then: "Here y' are, Phineas, here's Sam now. And here y' are, Sam, here's your brand plucked from the burnin'!"

Hector swings right off down the wharf, and Sam says: "Phinny, you're cert'nly lookin' bright and cheerful this mornin', like a man whose folks was glad to see him back from sea again. But what'd Hector mean wishin' you a fair wind?"

"I dunno, Sam, 'less it's because of what I just told him. I was goin' down the wharf to tell you and the skipper the same thing."

"Yuh? And what was that?"

"I ain't goin' fishin' any more, Sam."

"You ain't," says Sam, trying to restrain his voice, —"goin' fishin' any more? So the wife's got you hooked again, hah?"

"Now, Sam, it's no make-believe by my wife when she says she's terrified of me bein' lost some day on the winter banks. And after all, Sam, a man ought to make some allowances for what his wife thinks, same as a man does for a shipmate aboard a vessel."

"Huh! You never thought that up yourself, Phinny. It was your wife told you that."

"Supposin' she did, Sam, ain't it so? And supposin', Sam, you're married and—"

"But I ain't married."

"I know you ain't. The whole fresh fishin' fleet knows you ain't. But imagine you're married, and—"

"Not me, boy. My imagination ain't powerful enough."

"All right, you ain't married—that's settled. But imagine yourself bein' present and witnessin' how glad my wife was when she sees me walkin' in on her, and her thinkin' for more than a month that I was dead and gone and—well, that's how it is with me and the wife now, Sam. And she knows where I can get a good shore job."

"She does? And a shore job again, hah? You cert'nly got a forelayin' wife, Phinny. But wait! Afore you swing off to meet her—what about her keepin' on naggin' you?"

"No more of that," said Phinny firmly. "I settled that last night. 'No more naggin',' I said. 'There's a time for wimmin's talk and a time for men's talk,' I said to her."

"I'd like to heard you, but wimmin don't let go the special privileges of their sex easy, Phinny—will the hatches stay on?"

Phinny spares a pitying smile for Sam, and another for me. "Don't you two go to spoilin' your next trip worryin' about me and the wife gittin' along. 'I'm to the wheel of this craft from now on,' I said to her last night, 'and I mean to stay to the wheel,' I said."

"Yuh? And what'd she say?"

"She agrees. And now I got to hurry to meet her. Fair wind, Sam. Fair wind, Jud."

"Somewhere," murmurs Sam, watchin' Phinny hustle off, "the sea is smooth and the wind is fair, but not for me in Gloucester this day."

He's still talking to himself about whom he'll dory-mate while I'm telling the butcher what's what—about delaying fresh beef for a fresh halibuter that's all ready to sail for the off-shore banks.

The first of my two sides of beef is being rolled out of the butcher's shop when John Houghton heaves in sight.

"Hi, Sam! Hi, Jud!" he hails, while he's yet half a block away. He draws alongside us, and getting a close-up of Sam's face, he says, "What's wrong, Sam? What's wrong?"

"What ain't wrong?" says Sam. "Somewhere the wind is fair and the sea smooth but not for Sam Pryor today in Gloucester, John. There's Phineas Marney only just left me after telling me he's through fishin'."

"I know, Sam. I just met him and he told me he was through."

"He told you, and now here's you, John."

"And what's wrong with me, Sam?"

"There's nothin' wrong with you, John, nothin' the police could put you in jail for, that's sure, but what about them wimmin's parties you been attendin'?"

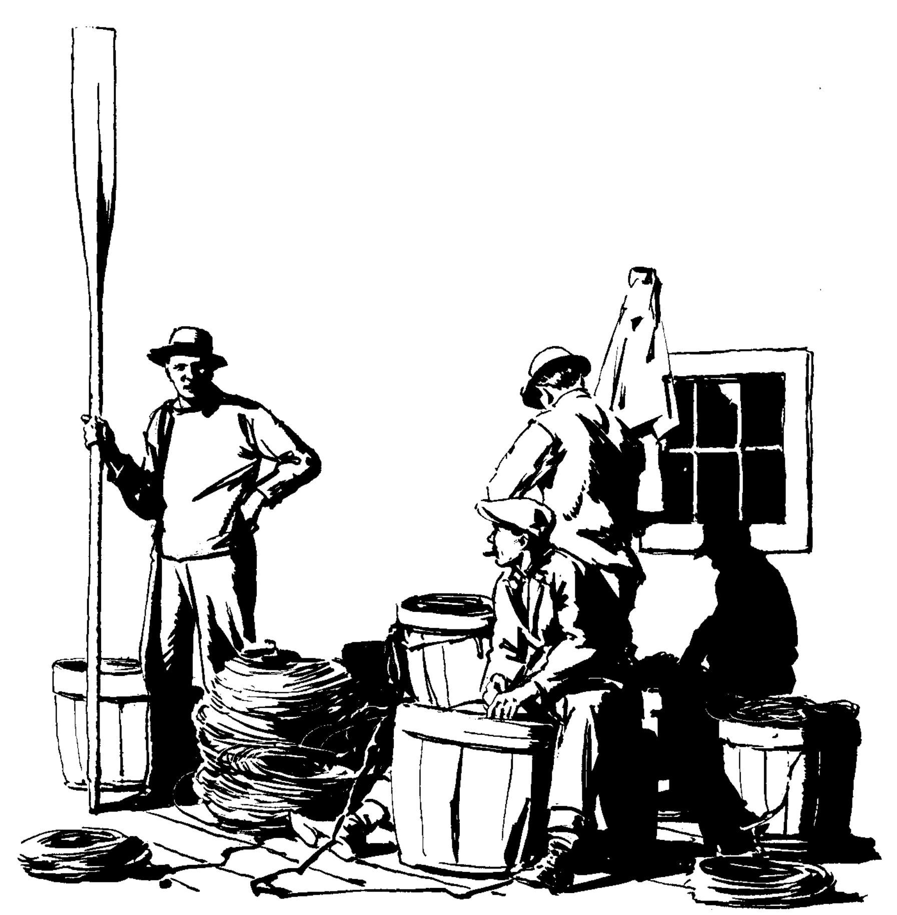
"Now, Sam, didn't you ever try somethin' just out of curiosity? And my wife asked me. But I'm telling you, Sam, I said never again for me. I attended parties, Sam, but enjoy them? Not me, Sam. I felt like a haddock in a school o' cod, and last night when I heard about the vessel being in again, I took the wife one side and told her a few things. 'To hell with any more of that society stuff. I'm going back to the fishin',' I said to her."

My second side of fresh beef comes rolling out of the butcher's shop just then, and I sing out to Sam and John to stop their chattering and heave the sides of beef aboard the butcher's truck.

They do that, and we all get aboard the truck and ride down to the vessel and put the beef on ice below deck.

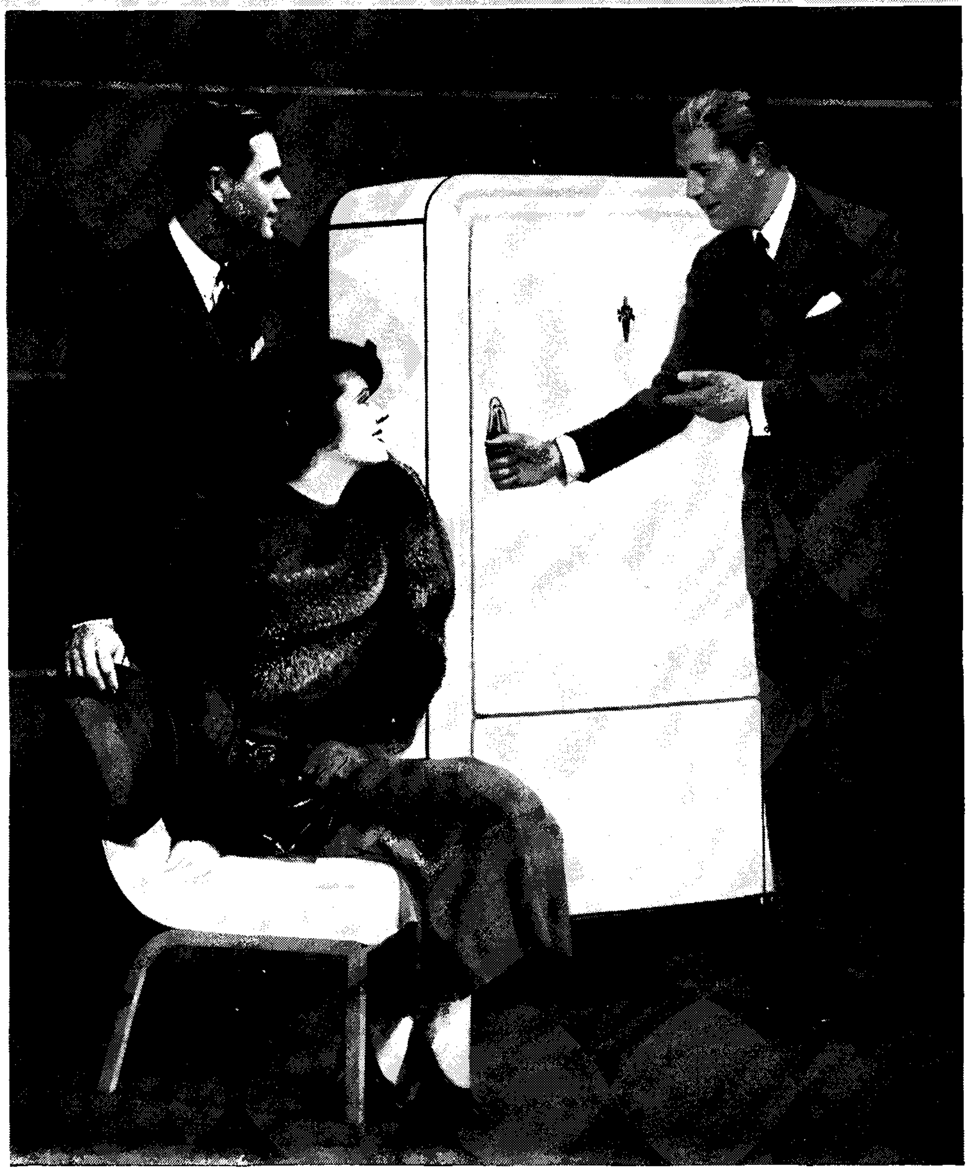
TWO nights later out to sea, Hector Penny and Sam are having a mug-up together. And Hector says, "Sam, here's one for you. Phineas Marney and John Houghton both stopped ashore, but Phineas didn't come back to the fishin' and John did. Why is that?"

"That's easy," said Sam. "Even a woman could puzzle that out. Phineas stopped ashore too long and John didn't. And Phineas never had to pour."



ITS *Silence* IS PERMANENT

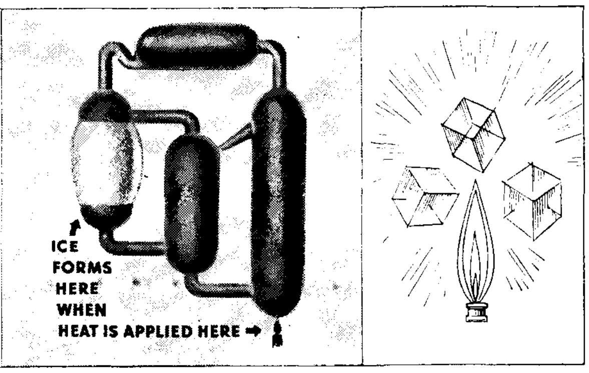
because its operating method is basically different



ELECTROLUX STAYS SILENT BECAUSE

"the flame that freezes" takes the place of all moving parts

This simplified diagram shows why Electrolux needs no moving parts. Parts that do not move cannot wear. This means more years of service . . . less loss through depreciation.



THIS MEANS a remarkably low operating cost . . . minimum wear throughout its long life . . . and perfect service every day you own it

LIGHT a gas flame today and it is silent. Light it twenty-five years from today and it will still be silent. And there, in a few words, is the reason why Electrolux runs in constant quiet . . . day after day, year after year.

NO MOVING PARTS

You'll agree that this silence must be a great comfort—but it's really much more, for the principle behind it is the reason for every one of Electrolux's exclusive advantages. This refrigerator actually has no moving parts . . . a tiny gas flame takes their place. It circulates a simple refrigerant which, by being first heated, then cooled, quickly freezes ice and produces constant cold. Such simplicity offers you a lower running cost, fuller food protection at all times and the practical absence of all wear.

Electrolux is the only refrigerator that can give you truly silent, trouble-free refrigeration over a long period of years. Take the word of the enthusiastic thousands who have changed from other refrigerators—Electrolux offers you more.

SAVES MONEY THREE WAYS

Electrolux saves money on running cost and on food bills. In addition, it gives you a *third* important saving . . . the saving on depreciation that only a refrigerator with no moving parts can offer.

GAS COMPANY SERVICE

The beautiful, new Electrolux models are on display now, at the showrooms of your gas company or neighborhood dealer. Remember this, please: more than any other group, the gas industry is noted for thorough testing of the product it sells and for prompt and willing service, should you ever need it. The fact that your own gas company stands back of every Electrolux it sells means a lot more than mere words. (Electrolux also operates on bottled gas.)

FOR FARM HOMES IT RUNS ON KEROSENE

Electrolux now operates on kerosene. This means that you can live miles from the gas mains and electric lines and still enjoy the same modern refrigeration that Electrolux gives to fine city homes and apartments everywhere. Let us send you further information. Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Indiana.

New Air-Cooled ELECTROLUX
THE SERVEL *Gas Refrigerator*

USES NO WATER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ENDORSED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN GAS INDUSTRY

"Here's what I look for in a golf ball" says Bobby Jones

"I have been asked what qualities a golfer should demand in the ball he uses. On the basis of my own experience, I place these four requirements at the top of the list:

1. Uniformity of performance—so that distances obtained with each type of club will remain reasonably constant.
2. A high ratio of *flight* to *roll*—to give maximum carry and, at the same time, to render the ball controllable when played to a firm, well-guarded green.
3. A pleasant sensation at contact—the "click" that enhances the enjoyment of a well struck drive.
4. Durability—for long life."

• • •

To which Spalding adds:

It takes a high-grade ball to give uniform, maximum carry

One of the major sins of the inferior golf ball is its lack of carry. The reason is plain. In order to meet the demand for an inexpensive, durable ball, manufacturers have had no choice but to provide a soft-wound ball with a relatively thick cover, *sacrificing carrying distance for durability.* It is true that this type of ball is hard to cut—but equally true that it is short and variable in flight. The player often unconsciously tries to make up the deficiency in flight by pressing—and goes "off his game."

Better-grade balls are more controllable

The quality of excessive *roll* is a characteristic of most low-quality balls. Although roll can work advantageously on the fairway by stretching a short-carry drive into a fair distance shot, too many players make the mistake of depending on roll to make up distance. Never forget *this:* when trouble lies between you and your objective, it is *long carry* that gets you over it. A cheap ball's short carry, plus its roll, too often gets you *into* it. Particularly does roll become a serious handicap when playing to the green, where you want the ball to "sit down."

Play a quality ball for sheer enjoyment

A cheap ball breaks down more quickly. It loses its shape—because it has a relatively small amount of wound rubber wall. Perhaps it doesn't always go enough out of balance to be noticeable, but the off-true variation is frequent enough to accentuate hooks and slices that otherwise might not have been serious. It robs your game of the thrill that comes with clean-cut performance.

It is false economy to play a cheap ball

A "cheap" ball is not cheap, for the simple reason that any better-grade ball, made with the Geer patented vulcanized cover, will not only give you longer, truer flight and more accurate performance, but will outlast the cheap ball several times over. This is because the Geer patented cover (which due to the cost of manufacture can be provided only on balls costing 50c or more) is the cover that allows *both* distance and durability to be built into the same golf ball.

True, Spalding also makes a 35c ball and a 25c ball—packed full of every bit of quality it is possible to build into golf balls at those prices. But for golfers who are intent on getting the most out of their game, Spalding offers these four top-quality balls for 1936.

Each has the Geer patented vulcanized cover for maximum durability—plus Spalding's "know-how" in *internal* construction, for maximum carry, accuracy, uniformity and controllability.

Needled **KRO-FLITE**
Ideal ball for average golfers—75c.

TOURNAMENT
For championship golfers—75c.

TOP-FLITE
For low-handicap golfers—75c.

PAR-FLITE
A long, tough ball—50c.

Each with a Geer patented
Vulcanized Cover

Spalding
GOLF EQUIPMENT

Choice of Champs

Continued from page 36

were 270 starters. In our own tournaments, the entrants are qualified in more than a score of districts, to the number of approximately two hundred. This practice began in 1934, the first year Little won our National Amateur.

Lawson has won his two starts in the British Amateur, and Jones only one out of three. But it will puzzle the Little supporters to recall offhand a single adversary beaten by Lawson in his sixteen match play victories in Great Britain, except perhaps Dr. Tweddell, British Amateur Champion in 1927, or the hapless Scot, James Wallace, defeated by the British record margin, 14-13, in the final match at Prestwick in 1934.

Incidentally, speaking of record margins of victory, Jones in the United States Amateur of 1928 at Brae Burn defeated John Beck, British Walker Cup team member, 14-13, and the following day beat Phillips Finlay, 13-12, and in the final round he defeated Phil Perkins, then British Amateur Champion, 10-9.

I mean to say that Jones had to meet a far heavier proportion of well-rated adversaries than Little yet has encountered. In winning the British Amateur of 1930, Jones met and defeated on successive days Cyril Tolley, then British Amateur Champion; Harrison Johnston, then United States Amateur Champion; and George Voigt, at that time rated a somewhat tougher competitor than either; while in the final match he defeated Roger Wethered, former British Amateur Champion, who had in 1921 tied with Jock Hutchison, professional, in the British Open Championship.

Leaving the British tournaments for the more familiar competitions in this country, it is interesting to tabulate the unfinished run of match-play victories in the United States Amateur by Lawson Little in 1934 and 1935, along with the two longest stretches by Bobby Jones—to get a line on the comparative opposition:

JONES' RECORD 1924-1925-1926	JONES' RECORD 1927-1928	LITTLE'S RECORD 1934-1935
*W. J. Thompson, 6-5	Maurice McCarthy, 2 up	John Tucker, 3-2
*Ducky Corkran, 3-2	Eugene Homans, 3-2	Milan Heath, 3-2
*Rudolf Knepper, 6-4	*Harrison Johnston, 10-9	Chester O'Brien, 4-3
*Francis Ouimet, 11-10	*Francis Ouimet, 11-10	Harry Gandy, 4-2
*George Von Elm, 9-8	*Chick Evans, 8-7	Willie Turnesa, 3-2
*W. M. Reekie, 11-10	J. W. Brown, 4-3	*Don Armstrong, 4-3
*Clarence Wolfe, 6-5	R. R. Gorton, 1-19	*Dave Goldman, 8-7
*George Von Elm, 7-6	*John Beck, 14-13	Rufus King, 3-1
*Watts Gunn, 8-7	*Phillips Finlay, 13-12	Bill Lain, 6-4
R. A. Jones, Jr., 1 up	*Phil Perkins, 10-9	Knox Young, 6-5
W. M. Reekie, 5-4	(Jones was defeated in first round by Goodman in 1929)	Bobby Riegel, 5-3
*Chick Evans, 3-2		W. B. McCullough, 5-3
*Francis Ouimet, 5-4		George Voigt, 4-3
(Von Elm defeated Jones in finals, 2-1)		*John Goodman, 4-2
		*Walter Emery, 4-2
		(Little's run is unfinished)

*Matches at 36 holes; others at 18 holes.

a score of sectional tests where the competition naturally was by no means as drastic.

Great names predominate in the roster of Jones' victims—George Von Elm, twice; Francis Ouimet, three times; Chick Evans, twice; Harrison Johnston; Phil Perkins. And it is recalled that Von Elm was good enough, after this period, to tie with Billy Burke, professional, in the United States Open of 1931, and carry Burke, the ultimate victor, 72 holes in the longest play-off on record.

Comparing Competitors

Francis Ouimet won the United States Open in 1913, in the famous play-off with Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, the great English professionals, and won the United States Amateur in 1914—and won it again, in 1931, after the Jones era. Chick Evans was the only amateur, except Jones, to win both the Open and Amateur Championships of the United States in the same year, 1916, and he won the Amateur again in 1920. Harrison Johnston was United States Amateur Champion in 1929, and Phil Perkins was British Amateur Champion in 1928.

Among the fifteen victims of Little's unfinished string only Johnny Goodman, United States Open Champion of 1933, and Walter Emery, Intercollegiate Champion the same year, have attained anything like a national rating.

But that's mere speculation, and, as stated, Jones also got a beating in the British Amateur of 1926. And Little never has been beaten over there—and not over here, in the last two years. And, after all, Lawson Little has won thirty-one matches in a row—and he's still going, bestriding this narrow world like a Colossus, and taking the blue Atlantic in his stride. Taking it *twice*, with all the amateurs he met *en route*.

The Jones boy never did that twice.

Aside from the preponderance of 36-hole combats in the Jones records—and it is generally admitted that the long match is a far better test than the 18-hole bout—the further circumstance remains, as previously suggested, that all of Jones' battles in the United States Amateur were against golfers duly qualified at 36 holes of medal competition at the scene of the tournament, in a list of thirty-two contestants of a certain quality, while all of Little's matches were with opponents drawn out of a hat in the pairings—opponents whose original qualification was at 36 holes of medal play, certainly, but in more than only once. But he took the best professionals of Great Britain and the United States in his stride—twice, in 1926 and 1930, in the Open Championships.

In his last twelve Open Championships, nine in the United States and three in Great Britain, Bobby Jones was first or second *eleven times.* First seven times. Second four times. In twelve consecutive Open Championships—open to professionals *and* amateurs—of the United States and Great Britain.

And that, as I see it, is the answer at this writing. The further answer must be written by Lawson Little himself.

Night Life at Home

Continued from page 19

wall over the first doorway and just the width of the door, so that the path of light it makes fits exactly the door of the study. The dressing table in the alcove off the hallway has its own special illumination, of course, the light coming from behind frosted glass sections on either side of the mirror.

In the study itself there is a quiet, friendly atmosphere. How much of this is due to the lighting you would perhaps never know unless you took it all out and in its place substituted the old way of lighting. Here are no glaring overhead lights leaping suddenly at you from the darkness, no bursts of illumination from lamps spotted here and there, but instead a soft, pervasive glow throughout the room, a diffusion of brightness like the true light of day. This is one of the effects possible to modern architectural lighting, here done by a cove lighting which runs the full length of one side of the room. The cove is a concealed recess or curved trough in the ceiling, with a three-inch slot opening along the wall line through which light from concealed bulbs is diffused.

This room, being convertible to many uses, must be extremely flexible in its lighting. One of its chief uses will probably be card playing, so a floor lamp is provided that is not only good-looking but offers light on such a scientifically correct basis that we are willing to bet bridge is going to be a lot more even-tempered game. Two possibilities are suggested: either a polished chromium shaft and base with a shade of either leather or rough textured fabric in white, in which is installed a metal form containing both direct and indirect lighting by reason of the arrangement of bulbs and reflectors (this unit will go in any lamp with a nine-inch depth of shade), or one of the I. E. S. lamps, meaning with the blessing of the Illuminating Engineering Society upon it (all lamps which receive this blessing bear a tag), inside the shade of which is a bowl of diffusing glass to cast the light upward for reflection as well as downward to sift through softly, thus giving both direct and indirect light.

How Much Light?

Since the room may also be used as a study, special lighting is provided at the desk. This is a long glass cylinder with a chromium shade extending the full length of the desk to light it evenly. Or a light may be installed in the desk itself, coming through a glass plate. No matter how well-lighted a room may be, for every special task requiring close work there should be local illumination. Even if your eyes don't need it, your mind does. It helps concentration—pulls in the wandering attention from the outlying fringes of consciousness and directs it on the work before you.

But this local light should not be used without the general lighting. Local light alone is bad—the contrast between the strong light on the work and the surrounding gloom causes a glare which is a distinct strain on the eyes. Most poor lighting, the experts say, is due to glare or to inadequate quantity of light, and both may be present at the same time. Glare may be prevented by the proper diffusion of light, achieved by indirect lighting as we have seen. So far as quantity is concerned, the scientists can now tell us just how much light we need in any room for any task, from washing dishes to shaving or playing the piano.

Fine, we say. How much light do we need for reading in bed? There are two ways of learning the answer to that and all similar questions. You may either ask a lighting expert to come to the house and go into the whole thing with you, which he'll be glad to do, free of charge, or—simple and delightful—you can solve practically every problem of lighting in your home by the use of a little electrical device called a light meter, which you hold in your hand under the light by which you will work. A compasslike needle indicates the exact amount of light at that point and how much is needed for any given task—so much for sewing on white goods with white thread and so much with black thread, so much for darning a black sock, so much for working at a drafting board, so much for reading a newspaper, etc. In the past, emerging slowly from the candle and gas eras, we have erred on the side of too little light. There can scarcely be too much (totally indirect) light. We can read in comfort outdoors on a day of brilliant sunshine sitting under a tree—and here we have anywhere from 1,000 to 5,000 foot-candles of light, while under the ordinary lamp we have 15 foot-candles. Naturally, when we're buying light at so much a watt we want to use as little as we can—but as much as we need. The light meter tells just what that amount is. In general we can only say that 75 or 100 watts is about right for reading or sewing when the work is a little way off from the source of light, but if it is only a foot or so away 60 watts is enough.

To Fit the Family

Now this room has supplied for us examples of general indirect lighting, architecturally achieved, and special local lighting, scientifically accurate. All this lighting is not only useful but beautiful. But the room has one more trick of modern lighting to show you that is purely decorative. On the wall opposite the entrance is hung a beautiful painting. (Instead there might be books, a piece of brocade, a tapestry, a photographic mural, any treasured bit of beauty). Turn a switch, and immediately the painting takes on new beauty, new life. Directed light, not a spotlight but a new radiance stealing through the general glow of the room, has done this. How?

Perhaps you have recently seen the Winged Victory in the Louvre. One would have said, a few years ago, that its beauty was final. But today, standing at the end of its impressive vista, it is flooded with a light which actually increases its beauty. From an invisible source streams a diffused light which follows exactly the outline of the figure with no spill light, not a single ray slipping off into space. How is it done? We could tell you—but perhaps it is better left a mystery. Once explained, a card trick loses its fascination. . . . You insist? Well, perhaps later when we meet it again in the dining-room.

In the living-room of Collier's house the architect and decorator have again considered all the possible uses of the room, and arranged the lighting accordingly, this being the approved procedure for every house planner, whether it is the owner working out first plans with his architect, or a woman doing the best she can with a ready-built house. Just make a clean breast of the family idiosyncrasies—that you like to read in bed while your wife insists on her beauty sleep; that Jim likes to sit in a corner and play solitaire; that two tables of bridge are a weekly necessity in your social life, and then incorporate the whole thing in your plans.

(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

One side of this living-room, above the furniture level, is all plate glass windows, and in the opposite wall is a fireplace with bookshelves on one side and mirror above. The architect has planned cove lighting over the bookshelves and mirror to give general illumination to the room and make of the books themselves a decorative asset to the room. The wood paneling above the bookcases projects enough to allow space for tubular bulbs to be set in back of the paneling. Opal glass (through which light is diffused with no bright bulb spots showing) covers the opening. This lovely light also works, making book titles clearly visible.

To make a still further change in the character of the lighting of the room for certain occasions, there are two indirect floor lamps giving three intensities of light each, according to whether one, two or three bulbs of 100 watts each are switched on. These floor lamps are chromium shafts holding chromium bowls which fling the light to the ceiling thence to be reflected.

There is a lamp on the desk for reading or writing, and another reading lamp on a table—a lamp with a wide circular base and shallow drum shade, both covered in light rattan, clean-cut and tailored.

And now the dining-room. In the old days there was no worse-lit room in the house, some sort of drop fixture over the table usually pouring its harsh, unflattering rays directly on the unprotected faces below. This was one of the first things modern lighting set itself to reform—and here is how it was done in Collier's house. The general light is produced by side wall fixtures, which we suggest be used even if, in accordance with a cherished tradition of many thoroughly modern hostesses, candles are used on the table; for haven't you noticed that, though candlelight makes the ladies happy, men are always a bit uneasy when there's no other light? So, on each of those two brief plaster walls which are left as panels by the glass brick which forms the curve of the room, goes a wall bracket. Of course, a very special bracket, a semicircular tube of polished chromium 22 inches long slit its full length to show a strip of clear glass projecting about half an inch beyond the metal and allowing the light from within to shine through as though the glass itself were luminous.

Light Steps

And now (this is, of course, if candles are not used) we come to a new way of lighting the dining-room table—the projector light, already used in the study. We never would have thought of it ourselves, but when, into the already softly lighted room, streams this brighter light, pouring over the whole table and not a fraction of an inch beyond, bringing out the fairylike gleam of crystal and silver, yet leaving the faces of the guests outside its rays, we know that at last we have seen the perfect lighting of a dining-room table. This projector light melts into the general illumination of the room, for the table must be merely accented, not spotted.

Now, if you must know the secret of this projector light, used to illuminate so many famous paintings and statues—yes, and famous dining tables—here it is. A photograph is taken of the object to be lighted, through the lens to be used on the projector light and from the spot where it is to be placed, and from the photograph thus obtained, a cutout is made and placed in the light as shown in the diagram on page 19. How then could the light, passing through this "stencil," fail to follow the outline of the object lighted? Simple—yet perfect.

Perhaps second only in inadequacy to the lighting of the dining-room has been the lighting of the halls and stairways, the latter frequently having no light of their own. Suddenly, br-rump! there you were at the foot of the stairs with a sprained ankle. A bad place not to have a light. So here, in Collier's house we have planned to have a series of rectangular lights that are fixtures let into the wall just above every third or fourth step, a small opening in the wall, say 2½ by 3½ inches, covered with opal glass. The general light is supplied by two twelve-inch disks of opal glass set flush in the ceiling, one over the stair well, one in the upstairs hall, which is additionally lighted near the storage and linen closets by cylinders of opal glass against the ceiling. Those cylinders come in sections so that as many as are needed may be used, joined with chromium straps.

Finis to the Pink Silk Shade

In the master bedroom, since it is equally the lady's bedroom, we must think twice. For a man may think light is something to see by, but a lady knows it is also something to *be* seen by. Wherefore she has clung through the ages to the pink silk shade. How wrong she was! The lighting experts have made a study of that, too, and what they find is that the most flattering light is that which needs no shade to soften it but comes through a special kind of glass, called lumeline. To date, this lumeline light comes only in cylinders one inch in diameter and twelve or eighteen inches long, which can be used in strips or arranged in chromium fixtures.

An especially lovely diffused light, like light coming through a seashell, is given by the lamp used for the general lighting of this room, a semi-indirect light from a floor lamp with an opal glass bowl borne aloft on a chromium shaft. Not only is light thrown upward from the bowl but it sifts through in a warm, lovely glow.

It is planned for the dressing table to be built in, which is the way of so much modern furniture, even beds yielding to the pressure. This, of course, is optional, but in any case you will like the idea of using cylinders of light on each side of the mirror, so adjusted as to throw the light on the face. Not a bad idea to have two kinds of light, one for daylight make-up and one for evening.

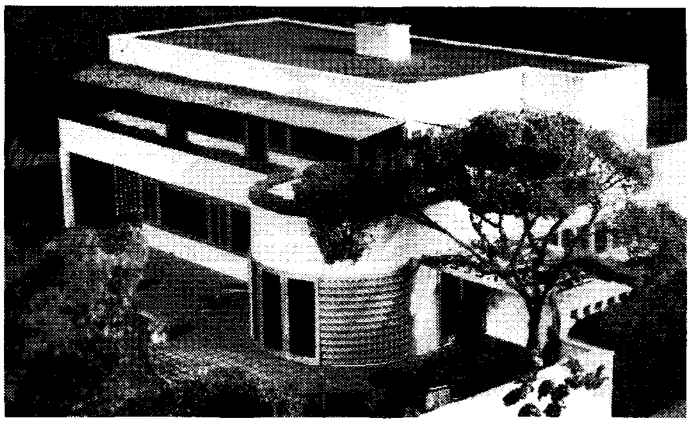
And now for that reading-in-bed problem. In the old days it used to be a question of whether you should read in bed at all—there was some superstition about its not being good for the eyes—but today it's a question of who's going to read in bed and how late. To settle the matter peacefully here, over each bed goes a cylinder of opal glass about sixteen inches long, having an adjustable metal shade, so that by opening it wide one can illuminate the whole room or by closing it to a slit one can read in bed without disturbing one's sleeping partner.

For the guest-room—the same lights over the bed and, in addition, a floor lamp like that used in the study, the direct-indirect unit (installed in a floor lamp with a parchment or silk shade as being more becoming to a bedroom) so that it may be used for general illumination as well as for reading or sewing.

For the children's room, no bed light for reading (bad idea, youngsters reading in bed) but instead a gooseneck, swivel floor lamp, a nice red one, for study, and a desk lamp—a round white pottery bowl with a white parchment shade. And for general illumination, a round opal glass fixture fourteen inches in diameter, banded with chromium, set flush in the center of the ceiling. Looks a lot like a porthole.

For the bathrooms we can obtain general illumination by a cove strip over the tub and directed light at the mirror, columns of light in opal glass running the full length of the mirror, one on each side. Or the mirror may be set forward with bulbs placed behind it to send out light on both sides.

Light that works, light that fits its purpose exactly, light that is beautiful—all these modern science has made possible, breaking with the past to allow light its true fluidity and power. All these have been put into Collier's house, to complete its modern beauty and usefulness.



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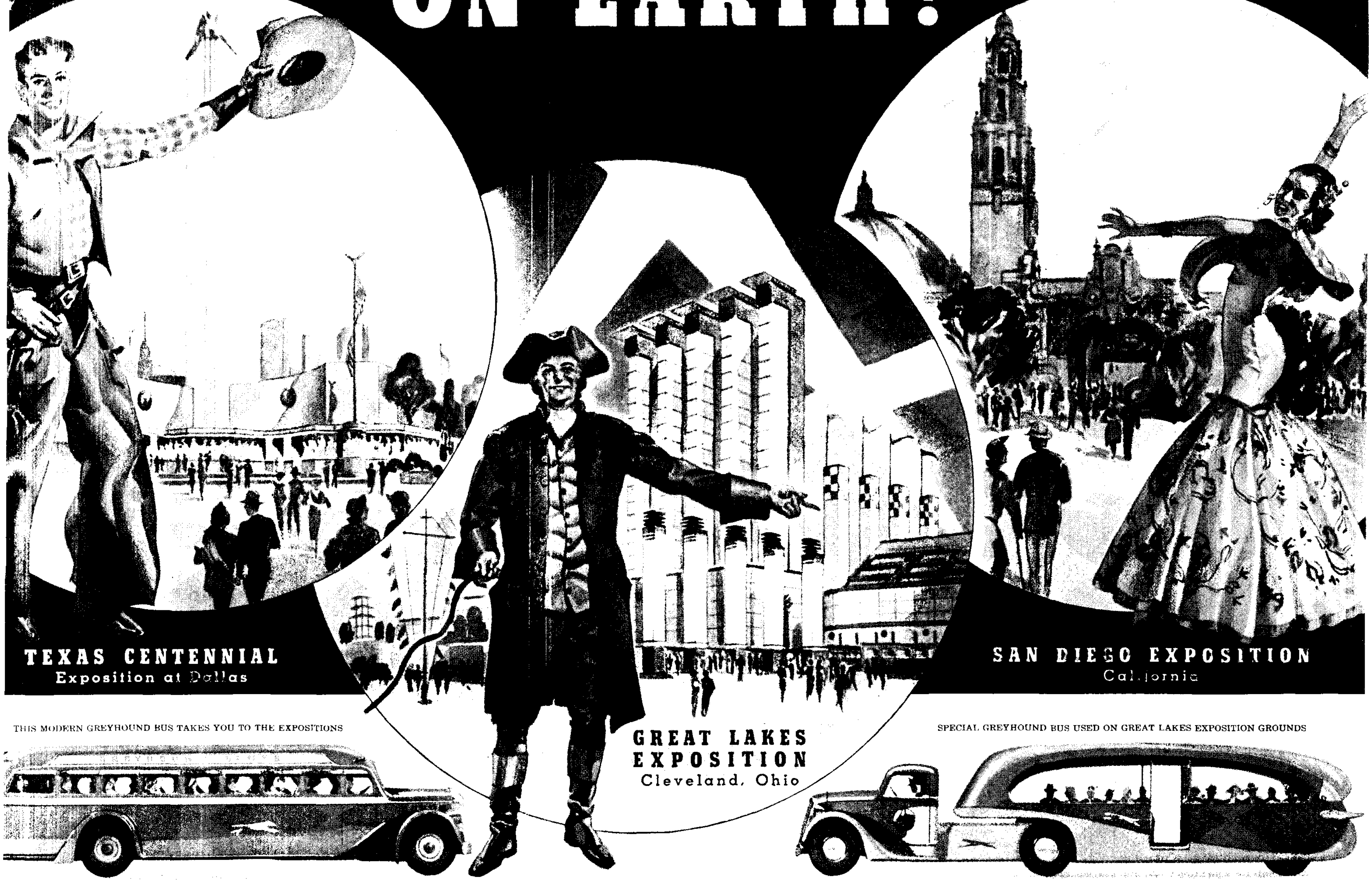
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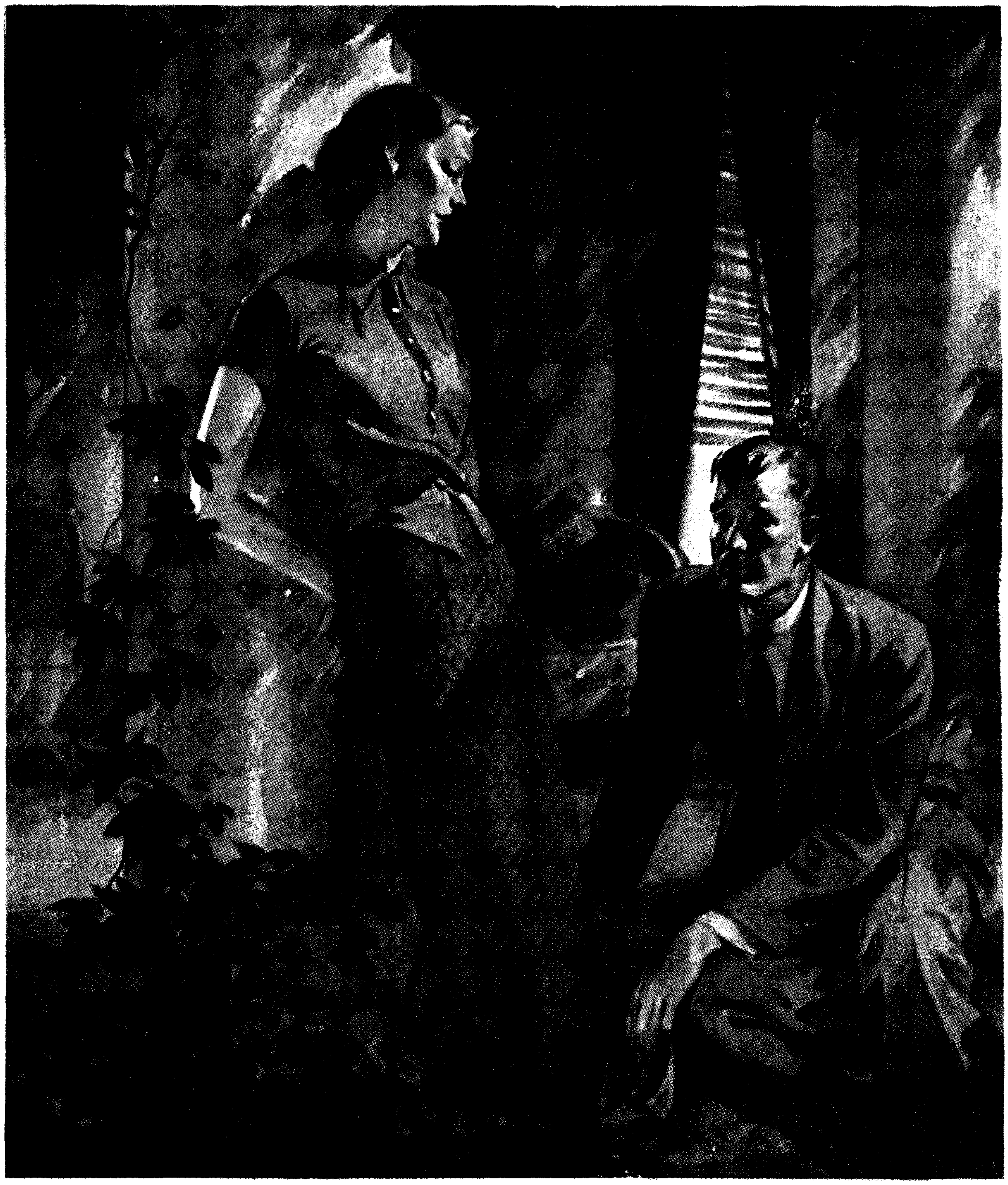

"Baseball!" said Alma. "I know all about baseball people!"

Local Boy

Continued from page 22

alone, and laced out five for five, and caught two men at the plate with pegs from the garden that would have split a dime, edgewise.

Joe grabbed him after the game was over.

"How would you like to play with Tulsa?" he said.

"Tulsa where?" said Honey.

Joe thought this was supposed to be a little joke, and he laughed. But Honey didn't laugh.

"Tulsa where?" he said again.

"Oklahoma, son. It'd be a regular job."

"I got a job," Honey said, referring to his position as jockey of the milk wagon.

"Now look here, son," Joe said. "I'll be honest with you. I'm not promising you anything on one day's show, but I don't mind saying you look like a ballplayer to me. With proper handling you might go far. Chicago, St. Louis, New York."

It seems that Honey didn't understand this at all.

"But," he said, puzzled, "I live here in Plains Center. This is where my home is at."

Joe argued with him for a while, but a fine lot of good it did. You might as well have argued with a hitching post. All he could get out of Honey was, "No."

AND that, right there, might have been the end of it, if Tulsa hadn't been in a very bad spot, or if Joe hadn't had a true eagle-eye for the McCoy and stayed over one more day, or if Honey hadn't chosen that one evening to establish a vigil on the steps of the brick mansion where the Claytons lived.

He sat for a while, and finally Alma came out to drive him away. And then he said, with rare perception:

"You don't like me, do you, Alma?"

"No," she said, "I don't."

"Why don't you like me?" he demanded.

"My heavens! Why, you're just no good, Harold," she said. Harold is his real name. "You'll never amount to anything," she said.

"But I drive the milk wagon," said Honey.

Alma sniffed.

And then I suppose that through the dim, bat-infested caverns of Honey's mind there came the memory of something that had happened that afternoon, for he said:

"Would you like me better if I went out into the world and made good?"

That was the way he talked. The old standbys of the language were good enough for him—the phrases that are spoken as if all the words had capital letters.

"You never will," said Alma.

"Would you like me better if I went to St. Louis or—or Dallas or New York or one of them places and made good?"

Alma, trying to get him to go away, said she might.

So Honey, without another word, walked away from the house, and the next day he buttoned the collar of his shirt, and stuck his glove, rotten with linseed oil, in his back pocket, and took his green mackinaw in one hand (he was going North, you see), and his mail-order ball shoes in the other, and left town. Two days later the Tulsa club had swathed him in a monkey suit and put him in charge of center field.

And all he did the rest of that season was hit .403 and field 1,000 and break up eleven ball games.

TWO months later he came back to Plains Center wearing socks and a store-bought suit, but it seems the town wasn't impressed by his success. Neither was Alma.

"Tulsa!" she said. "That's nothing! I've been to Tulsa three times."

Whether Honey himself was impressed by his success nobody knew. A few of the kids around in the dust had begun to look on him as a pretty glamorous gent, but even to them he didn't talk. They would say, "Did you make a lot of money?" and he would get that vague, surprised look he still gets when you talk about money, and he'd think about it for a while, and finally he'd say "Shore."

My guess is that he was drawing about a hundred a month.

But money or no money, he took back his old job piloting the milk ambulance, and he must have seen that to the town and to Alma he was still just Old Man Larsen's no-account boy, and pretty no-account in his own right, too. He must have seen, I say, because he took off his socks and put the store suit away somewhere, and for the rest of the winter he was just about the same as he'd always been.

The next spring he went around to Alma's and said he was going away again.

"That's just fine," said Alma.

And he gathered up everything he owned in the world and stuck it in his watch pocket and went back up to Tulsa; and how good he was you can discover by looking in the record.

TOWARD the end of the season Alma got a postcard from him which, perversely, she saved. She's the kind of girl who saves anything that comes addressed to her, even hosiery ads. *Dear Miss Clayton*:(it said) It looks like I will be bougt foer the Big League this yr. Sincerely H. Larsen.

He didn't get home that winter at all, but took a job of some sort in Tulsa, and the next Plains Center heard of him was when his name began appearing in the box scores from the training camp down in Florida.

I was following the club then, of course, and I remember his first day down there, the first time I saw him. He was good.

Lots of kids look good in the early spring, and then fizz out and have to be shipped back to the tall celery, but in a game at the end of the first week we got the tip-off on Honey as a player.

He hit two doubles, and a single you could have shaved with, and he laid down a sweet sacrifice bunt, and he handled himself in the field like Joe Jackson of sweet and sorrowful memory, and he made a throw in from the pasture which, if it'd happened in a series, would have had every sportswriter in the land, and me with 'em, screaming that here was the most wonderful thing that had happened since Noah's dove came back with the twig.

John at that point stirred nervously on the bench and delivered himself of the only optimistic statement I ever

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New in Design—New in Beauty
New in Low Cost Operation

The New Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser is a magnificent achievement, inside and out. A stunningly beautiful cabinet—wider, roomier, more convenient than ever before. It is truly a "refrigerated pantry." And its marvelous "usability" is matched by performance that shatters all previous standards of low cost, trouble-free operation. For the new cold-making mechanism—the Meter-Miser—cuts current cost to the bone and maintains safe temperature no matter how hot the weather.

Seeing this new Frigidaire is a thrilling discovery of what modern refrigeration can mean in your home. By all means visit an authorized Frigidaire dealer and ask for the proof of Frigidaire superiority. It's waiting for you.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, DAYTON, OHIO

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FRIGIDAIRE
MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

Look For This Name-Plate

PROOF 1 LOWER OPERATING COST

An accurate electric meter measures the amount of current used by Frigidaire and *proves* how little current the Meter-Miser uses. *Compare it with others.*

PROOF 2 SAFER FOOD PROTECTION ★

Frigidaire dares to build a Food-Safety Indicator into the *center* of the food compartment to *prove* that Safety-Zone Temperature is maintained throughout. *Compare it with others.*

PROOF 3 FASTER FREEZING—MORE ICE

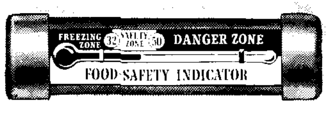
The Thermo-Gauge *proves* Frigidaire's ability to freeze larger quantities of ice—faster. *Compare it with others.*

PROOF 4 MORE USABILITY

Wider, roomier, handier to use. Automatic Reset Defroster, Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Portable Utility Shelf, Double-Range Cold Control. Saves steps. Saves work. *Compare it with others.*

PROOF 5 FIVE-YEAR PROTECTION PLAN

Frigidaire's sealed-in mechanical unit—a marvel of outstanding design and engineering—comes to you protected for Five Years against service expense. *Compare it with others.*



On Guard!

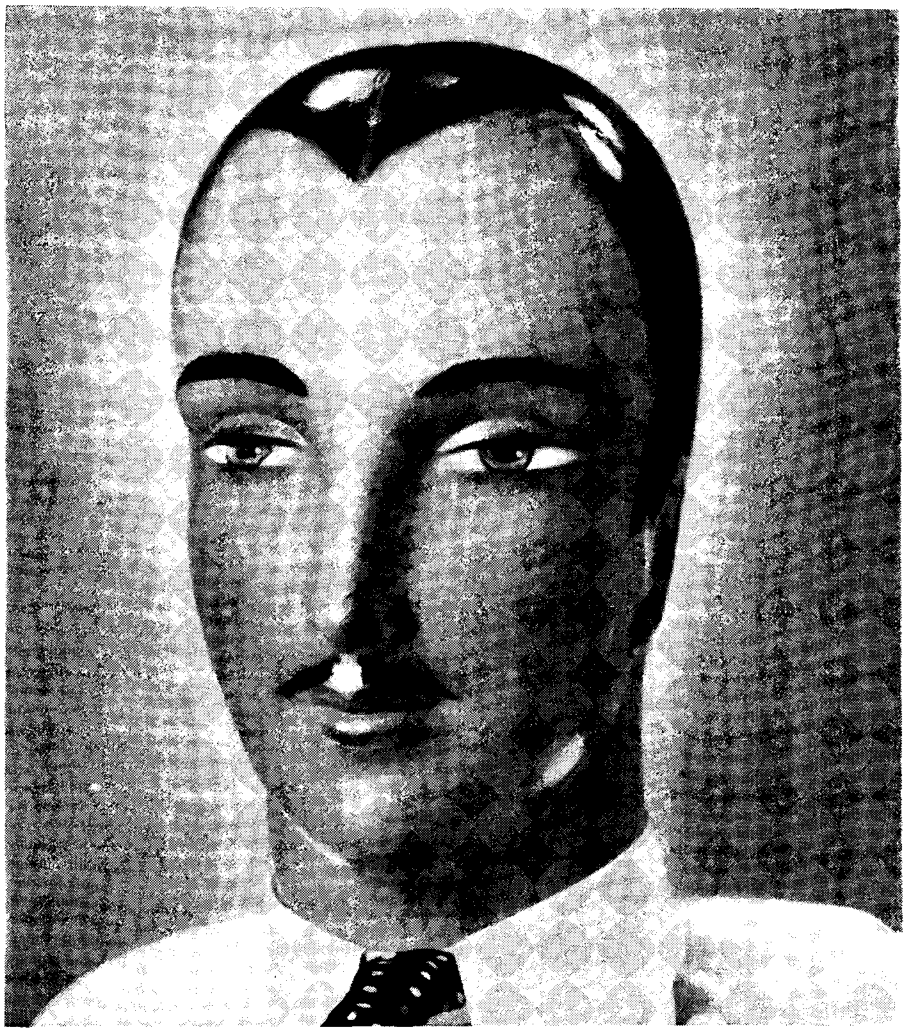
★ The New Food-Safety Indicator

Frigidaire dares to give you the Food-Safety Indicator—*visible proof* that foods are kept at Safety-Zone Temperature, below 50 degrees and above 32 degrees.

Frigidaire Gives You All These Advantages

Exclusive Frigidaire Meter-Miser • Food-Safety Indicator • Up to 42% More Usable Space • Portable Utility Shelf • Full-Width Sliding Shelves • Automatic Interior Light • Frigidaire Hydrator • Super Freezer • Automatic Reset Defroster • Automatic Ice Tray Release • Quickube and Rubber Grid Ice Trays • Double-Range Cold Control • Sealed Steel Cabinet Finished in Dulux or Porcelain • Stainless Porcelain in Seamless Interior • Touch-Latch Door Opener • Exclusive "F-114" Low Pressure Refrigerant • Five Kinds of Cold in the Same Cabinet • Frigidaire is Made Only by General Motors.

Ask your Frigidaire dealer for Proof!



Not a hair out of Place

... but who wants patent-leather hair like Algy?

Thanks to Kreml, a man can now make unruly hair behave without looking like a blooming gigolo.

Forget those sticky, greasy concoctions that give hair that shiny, patent-leather look.

Use Kreml, the modern dressing tonic that makes hair soft and pliant—obedient to the brush and comb.

And when you use Kreml, you do a mighty good turn for your hair and scalp.

For Kreml prevents excessive falling hair and removes every speck of dandruff.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too! The cleansing, purifying lather of this wonderful olive oil shampoo keeps your hair soft, lustrous, and pliantly young.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Local Boy

Continued from page 66

heard him make earlier than August.

"Boys," he said, "there is one honey of an arm."

And from then on it was Honey Larsen.

That day was the tip-off on him as a player, all right. He kept on like that. But what went on inside his head, if anything, well, that was another question. I tried to get some dope out of him for a story, but it was pretty hard digging. Finally I asked him if he had a girl.

"Shore," he said.

"Got a picture of her?" I said, very solicitous. "I'd like to see it, if you have."

"No, I ain't," said Honey.

"Didn't she ever give you one?"

"No," he said. "She don't like me."

There was nothing subtle about Honey. He was so frank, so without guile, that somehow he was almost unfathomable.

His talking was pretty sketchy, and not exactly distinguished by variety. He seemed to recognize that there were times when he ought to try to utter some bit of speech, and be one of the boys. There was once during the training trip when Benson was in trouble on the mound, and the whole infield was gathered around him offering soothing admonitions and cheery words, and Honey loped all the way in from the garden and said:

"Pour it in there, bo."

And then he loped back.

Where he got that "bo" business I don't know, but he could hardly open his mouth without saying it.

"Lace it out there, bo," he'd say to a batter; or, after a hit, "'At's the ole pepper in there, bo."

Not a spellbinder, that's what I mean.

At the middle of May the club was in fifth, a notch back of where it had finished the year before. And then one day Wink Fowler turned his ankle rounding second, and was laid up for three days. He might as well have sold his spikes for old iron, because he never got back. Honey, who'd been figured as good but unseasoned, was sent out to the center pasture, and he stayed.

After a time, the country began to wake up to him, and there were pictures of him in the papers, almost life-size, and columns about his bat and about that arm of his, and cartoons galore; and many members of the writing craft wore themselves sick trying to make him out a glorious and colorful figure.

And he just wasn't. You could say that Larsen made three hits yesterday, scoring five runs, and after that you were up a tree. He was rotten copy; but something had to be said about him, so we made up a lot of stuff.

He realized that he was beginning to be a hero, all right. You couldn't tell it from the way he acted, but I learned from the boys that he was keeping a scrapbook. I asked him about it.

"Shore," he said.

"The papers are running some pretty nice things about you, aren't they?"

"I dunno," he said.

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

"I don't read 'em, bo."

"You don't, eh?"

"No."

To get anything out of him beyond a bare, honest answer was like pulling cypress stumps. You had to do it the way you do with a two-year-old child, by laborious cross-examination.

"How do you know they're about you, then?" I said.

"When I see my name at the top, I cut the piece out, bo. And pictures."

Well, I don't need to tell you about the rest of that season, because if you aren't a deaf and blind resident of Siberia you know how the boys copped their league pennant, with Honey hitting and fielding like a wild man, and how, in the series, the big lug put the first game on ice with a double at the proper time, and saved the second with a heave to the plate and a catch off the wall; and if the boys dropped the third and fourth, at least Honey did as much as any two men trying to stave off defeat, as we say in the newspaper world. And you know how they took the fifth, and how in that last game, with the tying run on third and the pay run on second, he tore out a single that would have killed any man on earth if he'd got in front of it.

The crowd toted him out of that park on its shoulders, tearing off little bits of him for souvenirs.

And now, after one year in the majors, and a golden year like that—with fame and fortune his for the taking, he's through with baseball. I happen to know that the club would go to twenty thousand to get him back, and more. But he's through.

What happened was this:

There was no barnstorming or quail hunting or any such nonsense for Honey after the series was over. He stayed in town for two days, and do you know how he spent the two days? He spent them pasting stuff in that scrapbook.

And then he tucked the scrapbook under his arm and lit out for Plains Center.

And in Plains Center a very unfortunate thing had taken place. Hank Neil had gone on just the biggest and finest and loudest drunk ever seen between the Mississippi and the Sierra Nevadas. He had listened to the series over a drugstore radio, with a bottle in his pocket, and each day he would get drunker and drunker, either because Honey's side had won or because it had lost. And he would roar up and down the streets telling everybody about himself and about Honey.

"He's my boy!" he'd yell. "I learned him ever'thing he knows!" And then he'd draw about eighteen cubic yards of air down into him, and he'd whoop, "Yeee-ow!"

Every man and child, and woman too, who walked down the street would get waylaid by Hank and told in horrible and fascinating detail the full story of his life, and how Honey was just as Hank was fifteen years ago.

The town of course didn't see that this was just wishful thinking on Hank's part, and, being predisposed anyway, was ready enough to believe it. And you can imagine the effect the whole thing had on the better element of the town. There was some talk of tarring and feathering Hank.

He was arrested and held without bail, as a menace to the public welfare, but by the time Honey arrived he was out of the calaboose and drunk again.

Thus the committee that welcomed Honey when he stepped off the southbound train was composed not of the local gentry, but of a lot of kids who'd sneaked away from home to get an ogle at him, and of Hank Neil, oh, so potted, and of a number of women, recruited by Hank, who—well, shall we just say that they weren't the Poetry Circle type?

They grabbed Honey before he knew what was happening, and got a firm hold on him, and they paraded him right smack down the main street from the depot, Hank out ahead waving a bottle and yeee-owing.

The procession didn't get far before the police stopped it, but it got far enough. It got far enough to kill any last slim chance Honey had of getting people to see that he was a decent man, earning a living at an honest trade. The story that got around, of course, was that Honey was squiffed too.

But nothing in Honey's actions showed that he cared what the town thought of him. The next evening he tucked the scrapbook under his arm again and approached the brick fortress where dwelt Alma, quite a grown girl now, and pretty as a plains sunset, as I can testify.

"Look, Alma," he said, holding out the scrapbook, "I made good."

Still the capital letters, you see.

Alma, though he hadn't been around in well over a year, wasn't glad to see him.

"What's that thing?" she said.

"It's about me," he said, and he opened it and began turning the pages.

"Baseball!" said Alma. "I know all about baseball people!"

"But," Honey said, and I can imagine him saying it, not boastful, not even bashful, just flat and matter-of-fact. "But look," he said, "I'm a famous man."

I DON'T doubt that Alma was curious, but just the same she wouldn't touch the book. She didn't say anything, just sniffed, and Honey, the poor misguided mutt, took that propitious moment to blurt out:

"Alma, will you marry me?"

Alma looked at him for a minute and then she laughed.

"I wouldn't marry you in a million, million years," she said, "even if I weren't already engaged to be married."

"Oh," said Honey. "Who to?"

The fortunate lad turned out to be one Ralph Fox, whom Honey remembered as having had Shetland ponies at a time when he himself was trying to figure how to buy a fifty-cent fielder's mitt displayed in the window of the hardware store. Ralph was now cashier in Alma's papa's bank.

Honey sat down on the porch steps. "Well," he said, "would you like to keep the book about me?"

And Alma sneered at him and without another word turned and walked into the house and slammed the door, leaving Honey sitting there in his store suit, with his cap in one hand and the scrapbook lying on the steps, and I'm glad I wasn't there then, because I might have felt a lot like crying.

But Honey didn't drown himself, or do a Neil, or anything of the sort.

A humble man, Honey Larsen. And it was his very humility that in the end made him what I am compelled to call the hero of what I am compelled to call a success story.

If he hadn't been humble through and through, he wouldn't have gone back to delivering milk. Yes, that's what he did! And if he hadn't gone back to delivering milk, it never would have happened.

The milkman was the only person in Plains Center who arose real early. And even he didn't arise as early as two-thirty o'clock, most days.

But one day a couple of weeks after Honey went on the route again, one of the other drivers was laid up, and Honey was to take his route. And, being a most conscientious milkman, he liked to have the customers' milk delivered on time.

And so he turned out of bed an hour early and splashed cold water on his face and started walking from where he boarded to where he would pick up his horse and wagon. His path lay through the center of town, and ordinarily he saw no one at all, except an old night watchman who was employed to roam around the business section. Honey was accustomed to exchange a few words with this old guy every morning.

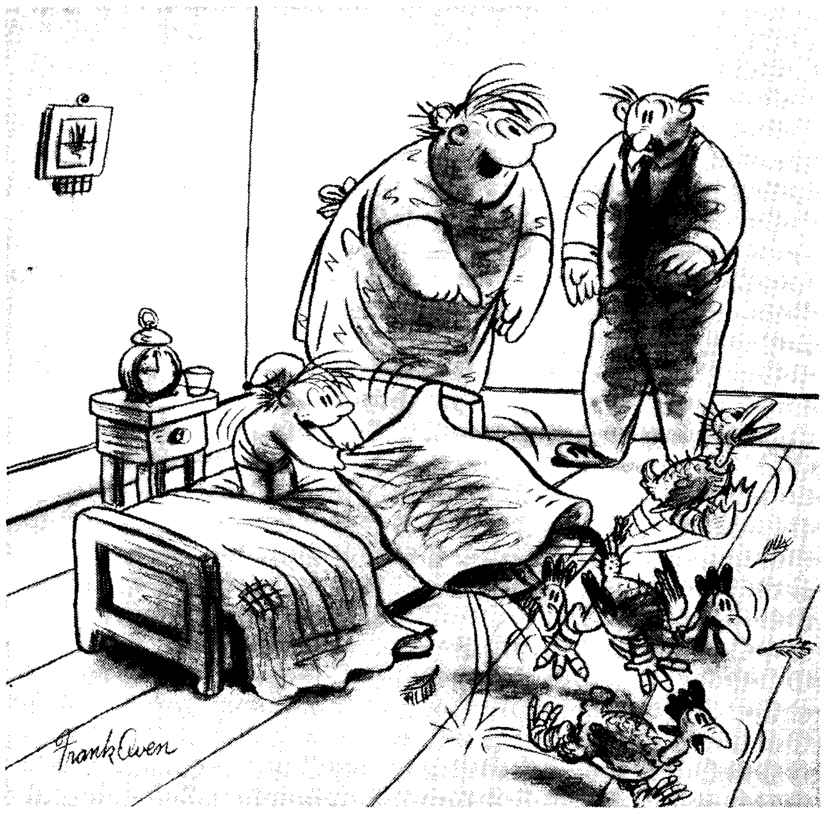
Well, he was ambling along, no doubt trying to think up some crack for the watchman, such as, "Looks like it'll be a fine day, don't it?" or something of the sort, when, at the entrance to the alley that ran back of the bank, he stopped in surprise.

There was a car up toward the other end of the alley, behind the bank. The car was headed the other way, and a very

(Continued on page 70)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Run, open the door! Philbert's emptying his feather pillow again this morning!"

well I'll be...!?
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YESTERDAY
TIRED...
NERVOUS...
BILIOUS...

TODAY—
FRESH, RESTED,
FEELING FINE

HERE'S HOW I DID IT

"A friend told me how to clear up that logy, bilious, 'all-run-down' condition caused by constipation. Before I went to bed last night, I chewed delicious FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes.* It's this *chewing*, they tell me, that makes FEEN-A-MINT so much more effective. Well, it worked wonders for me. Today I'm fresh and rested—feel like a new person. This easy 3-minute way is so much nicer than taking harsh, griping, 'gulped' cathartics."

FEEN-A-MINT is fine for children too. No urging necessary to make them take FEEN-A-MINT, because they love its cool, fresh, minty chewing-gum flavor. And it's not habit-forming. Go to your druggist today and get a generous family-sized supply of delicious FEEN-A-MINT. Only 15c or 25c. Slightly higher in Canada.

*Longer if you wish.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
THE 3 MINUTE WAY
THREE
MINUTES OF CHEWING
MAKE THE
difference!

(Continued from page 69)

funny thing about it was that Honey could hear the motor running softly, though there were no lights on.

He stood there, pondering, for a minute or so, and then he slid against the wall, just in time to escape the eyes of a head that stuck itself cautiously out from the rear entrance of the bank. Then a man stepped forth, and though the street light at the other end of the alley didn't show much, it was bright enough to glint on something metallic in the man's hand.

Well, Honey always had one rule on the ball field: When there's trouble at home plate, throw the ball there.

He cast his eyes around and could see nothing on the ground, but he was familiar with the alley, and he remembered that the butcher's shop next door used a half brick as a stop for its screen door. Honey ducked around and the brick was there and he grabbed it and in one step was out in the middle of the alley.

IT ALL happened in one hell of a hurry. But by now the man was in the car, and another was on his way there, and a third, carrying a satchel, was just emerging from the bank.

Honey says he didn't aim, exactly, but he sort of counted on getting the third man before he reached the car.

Honey straddled and laid his hand, with the half brick in it, way back and brought it up in a heave—I can see him doing it—and the brick went sailing.

He says that if he could have bounced it once, the way he used to do a baseball sometimes, he could have hit any one of the man's teeth you wanted to name.

The brick went sailing, and at the same time one of the bandits—for such, indeed, they were—who was already in the car poked a sub-machine gun through the back window and let go.

And somebody else reached out and grabbed the satchel.

The shots woke the desk sergeant, asleep in the police station a block away, and when he arrived, running and rubbing his eyes, the car was gone, and there cold on the ground was one bandit, a nasty gash in his jaw.

And there on the ground a hundred yards away was Honey Larsen, bleeding pretty badly from bullets in him somewhere.

But he had time to mutter the name of a make of car, and to add, "Touring car. South," before all went black.

The man with the gash in his jaw had a face that was pretty well known in that section of the Southwest, for he was wanted on about a dozen robbery charges, and three killings.

And two of the men in the blue touring car, when, satchel and all, it was taken down the road half an hour later, were young Ralph Fox, Alma's fiance and her father's most trusted employee; and the old night watchman. The watchman was bound and gagged, but Ralph wasn't.

It's all in the files of the local newssheet. I looked it up, just to get it straight. Of course the accounts of interested participants conflict a bit, but those, as nearly as I can find, are the facts.

Honey was carted to the hospital, and an examination disclosed that he had a slug in the shoulder and another through the flesh of his side. They gave him a blood transfusion, and said everything would be fine if he would just be quiet for a week or so.

That bank is the only one in town, and before noon of the same day cakes and biscuits and fudge began to arrive from folks who had their money in there and didn't know about robbery insurance. There were flowers, too, particularly from the president and principal stockholders of the bank, who, while they knew about insurance, were at that time in fear of something that might set off a run, and they were not prepared for a run. In short, Honey had saved the hides of a good many of the town's most distinguished figures. The flowers almost filled the room.

And then, along about suppertime, who should come pushing through the assembled tributes but Alma, her eyes shining—whether with intelligence or not I'll leave you to surmise—and two dozen pink rosebuds in her arms.

I suppose it takes a smart girl not to succumb to a man who has just saved her father from embarrassment, and brought about the capture of a villain besides; and Alma's own blood brother, who is very fond of her, goes to some pains to avoid giving the impression that he considers her a smart girl. I cannot in conscience disagree with him on this point.

Alma came in and she said:

"Do you feel all right, Harold?"

"Fine," Honey said.

"I brought you some flowers."

"Say!" said Honey.

She hemmed and hawed for a minute.

"Harold," she said at last, "I've been just awful, but—you still like me, don't you?"

"Shore," Honey said.

Then she pecked his cheek ("She kissed me dainty, because I was hurt," as Honey puts it in relating the incident), and told him to rest his poor wounded self, and promised to come back the next morning.

She came, and also her brother, who took a broadminded view of the obviously impending marriage, and they were all sitting around saying monosyllables when in walked a pompous gentleman in a wide hat, the mayor.

I met him while I was there, and he's the sort of man who says "ascertain what he wishes" when he means "see what he wants." He should go far.

He came in and struck a pose and addressed Honey.

"Mr. Larsen," he said—and I wouldn't be surprised if that were the first time that Honey knew he could legally use "Mr." in front of his name— "Mr. Larsen, I have come here on behalf of the city of Plains Center, to extend to you my own and the city's gratitude for your heroism, your courage, your—ah—"

"Thank yuh, Mayor," said Honey.

"The city," said the mayor, "desires to express its appreciation of your—ah—courage, heroism, and bravery. Mr. Larsen, if there is anything within my power to bestow—"

"Huh?" said Honey.

The mayor smiled benevolently, and came down off the rostrum.

"I'm telling you," he said, "that just about anything you want in this town is yours, if you ask for it quick."

IT'S easy to guess that Honey didn't take this in all at once.

"Gosh!" he said finally, incredulous. "Shore nuff?"

"Yes, sir!"

Honey gulped uneasily.

"Well," he said, "if yuh do mean it, well, they is something I always sort of wanted."

"Yes?" said the mayor.

Honey gulped again, convulsively, with his baseball-sized Adam's apple, and then he choked it out.

"I shore would like to be fire chief," he said . . .

The mayor was a bit taken aback, and he said "Ah" a couple of times, and then he rose to the occasion and again struck his pose.

"It can be done," he said. "Mr. Larsen, on behalf of our city, I hereby appoint you honorary chief of the Plains Center fire department."

Honey gulped again.

"No," he said, and I can hear the big innocent goop saying it, his horse-face wooden and the eyes absolutely without humor. "No," he said, "I mean real fire chief."

And when I was told about that I at last saw Honey Larsen complete, as a real, living, breathing man, with ambitions and thwarted desires like all the rest of us.

Here was the whole thing. He'd wanted Alma, of course; but how badly would he have wanted her if she hadn't belonged to one of the top families in town? She'll never know this, and for that matter neither will Honey, but I'm certain that Alma was just a symbol for what he really, honestly wanted more than anything else in the whole wide world, and what he'd never had for a moment since the day he was born. He wanted the respect of that town.

Honey got awful big, but he never grew up. I can see him thinking, a little brat of six or seven, that gosh! if he could be fire chief, gosh! he bet people would treat him different then.

We all come out of childhood with something like that, and most of us grow up still wanting to command the respect of some particular person or group. But we find more mature means toward the desired end, we put away childish things, we readjust our values to those of the adult world. And Honey just never did, that's all.

I ARRIVED in Plains Center only a few weeks after it happened, and I found him a changed man. For one thing, his new confidence in himself has made him almost voluble. And he's already begun to take on more heft around the middle, to look pretty solid and substantial. I mentioned this last.

"I sit down a lot," he explained gravely.

But his weight's not due to that alone. I had supper with them a couple of times, and Alma is one good cook; and—what's more to the point—she cooks plenty.

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach," I said, in an aborted attempt to be light and gay on a plane that they might understand.

They both looked very puzzled at that.

"But, Mr. Carr," Alma said, "we're already married!"

"Shore," said Honey . . .

Where he does his sitting is just inside the door of the fire station, with the bright-red paint, gold-striped, and the shining chromium and polished brass of the trucks behind him. He sits there like a minor potentate, in a dark-blue flannel shirt and a cap with "Chief" on it, and people pass by and they say:

"Howdy, Chief."

And Honey rares back still more in his swivel chair and he says, very solemn and grand:

"Howdy."

He just wouldn't be able to see, even if you were fool enough to try to argue with him, that being a hero to six thousand people isn't better than being a hero to a hundred and twenty million. And of course the chances are that he's right.

Money? Listen, it isn't that he doesn't know the value of money; nor that, in a philosophical way, he does know the true value. He simply doesn't have the faintest notion of what it is.

Before I came on east I thought how nice it would be if I could make him smile just once before I left. So I said:

"Look, Honey. John told me that he'd make you manager, and pay you sixty-five thousand to boot, if you'd come back and play that old center field for him."

Well, he didn't smile. It never occurred to him to doubt that I was speaking gospel. But—

"No, bo," he said. The swivel chair creaked as he leaned back. "I got a job." He frowned importantly. "It pays good," he said.

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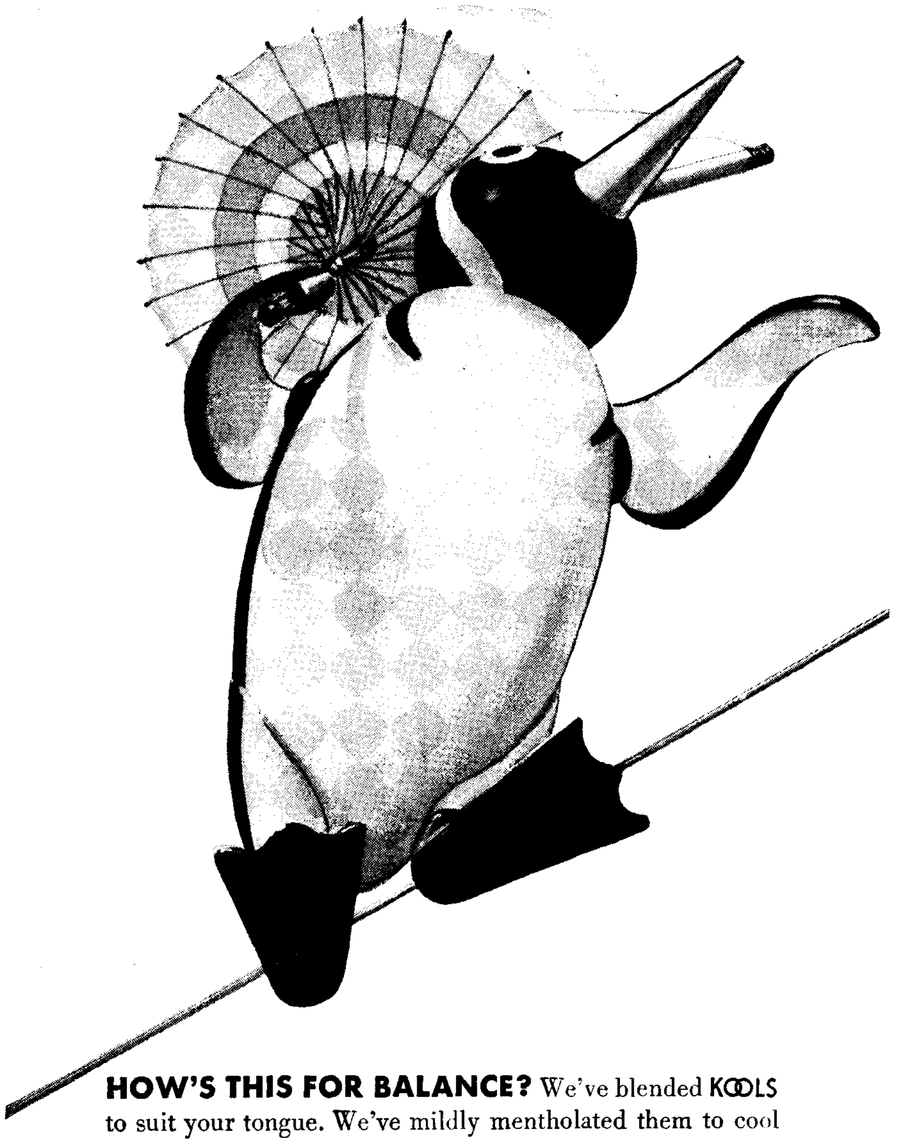

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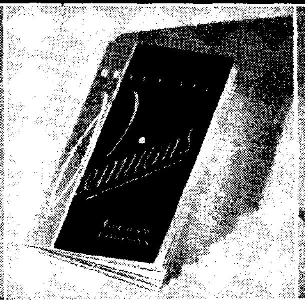

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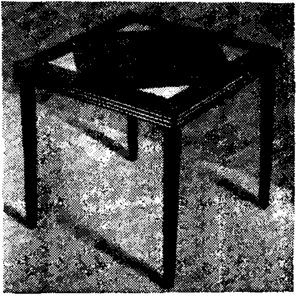

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Oil and War

Continued from page 8

The same considerations that made the export of kerosene and lubricants a good thing for the United States, when that business started in the sixties, still apply, but the world now has other sources to draw upon. On a limited scale, petroleum was known and used abroad before Colonel Drake put down his well at Titusville. Drake and his successors gave substance to the dream. Here were developed for the first time deep drilling, transportation by pipe line and selective refining. From this country went much of the kerosene that displaced the old tallow candle, and in its wake, in later years, there followed American drillers and refiners to establish the industry on a commercial scale in other lands.

The oil business owes its rapid expansion to the fact that it has always displaced a less satisfactory article with a better product at lower cost to the consumer. The flickering light of the candle or tallow dip was but a dark shadow as compared with the soft yellow brilliance of the kerosene lamp, which in its turn was doomed to practical extinction by the more efficient electric bulb. Fuel oil proved far superior to coal or wood under boilers and released men from slavery before the withering heat of hand-fed furnaces. Gasoline took over the work of horses, relegating the Concord wagon to the museum. Airplane time is reducing cross-country rail distances by two thirds. You can't bottle up in the countries that just happen to have crude oil an industry without whose supplies these things would be impossible.

When kerosene was in its infancy it brought a dollar a gallon. There are men still living who remember when crude oil sold at twenty dollars a barrel. "Coal Oil Johnny" opened new markets, the producers of crude found more oil, at a much lower cost, and the refiners made more and cheaper kerosene. There were thousands who could use the new illuminant at ten cents a gallon for one who could afford it at a dollar. The kerosene salesmen went farther and farther afield. When they found that a nation of 400,000,000 people had no means of using their product, although they had known petroleum for five thousand years, the oil men made a small tin lamp in the United States and sold it to the Chinese for a few pennies. Mei Foo, the natives called the Standard Oil Company, meaning, as nearly as it can be translated into its English equivalent, "Beautiful Confidence," and so Mei Foo they called the lamp. It was the best ambassador this country ever sent to China.

Foreign Trade's Advance Agent

As years passed, the Standard Oil Company found itself busily engaged in producing and buying crude oil in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, states since dwarfed by production in Texas, the Mid-Continent and California; in moving it by tank car, barge and pipe line to refining centers; in running it for products, mostly kerosene, and in shipping these again by cargo ships and tankers to all parts of the world. Scattered everywhere were men opening up markets. They picked up pence in England, centimes in France, rupees in India, yen in Japan, lire in Italy, milreis in Brazil and centavos in the Argentine. Back to the United States came gold, or its equivalent. Our people at home got better and cheaper kerosene through the enlarged volume due to foreign sales. Our shipping grew, American industry became favorably known in remote ports and there followed the distribution abroad of sewing machines, harvesters, typewriters, steel and automobiles. Kerosene was the advance agent of the American trade expeditionary forces.

From the real beginning of the petroleum industry in 1859 the world has bought and consumed twenty-seven billion barrels of oil. Of that the United States has supplied seventeen and a half billions, or practically two thirds. A large part of this was consumed at home, for we were years ahead of the rest of the world in appreciating and utilizing oil. We still are, for that matter. The United States' consumption per capita runs about five times that of England, eight times that of France, and fifteen times that of Italy. We have enough automobiles in this country to carry every man, woman and child at one time. Nobody stays home for lack of transportation.

The Rush for Foreign Fields

But to return to the early days, when autarchy was only a word in a big dictionary. . . . Russia had rich stores of petroleum and began to develop them, with the aid of equipment and drillers from the United States. Roumania became an important producer. Soon all of the forward-looking nations encouraged their nationals to set about trying to discover pools of black gold in their own hills and valleys or, later, to acquire an interest in petroleum fields in other countries. Local businessmen in distant places set themselves up as importers and distributors of kerosene and lubricating oil.

There were two such importers in Italy. In 1891 the Standard Oil Company joined with them and established a company called the Societa Italo Americana del Petrolio. Supplies came from the United States, but in all other respects this was an Italian enterprise peddling oil and lubricants in small quantities to the housewife and manufacturer. In the same way, companies were organized in England, France, Germany, Netherlands, South America, and elsewhere. Most of them were locally managed, but depended on the United States for their products. They did not differ essentially from the branches operated in thousands of cities and towns in the States; they were the facilities through which the surplus of American-made kerosene was distributed abroad.

Aside from racial differences due to climatic and geographical conditions, there is no permanent reason for the way boundary lines are drawn or for coloring sections red, green and orange to show those parts of the globe inhabited by different peoples. In Utopia, boundary lines would mean nothing; commerce would shift minerals, foodstuffs and manufactured products about to effect, so far as possible, an equitable distribution of the necessities.

Great Britain was the first of the powers to realize the commercial need for an interest in foreign producing fields. The United Kingdom had no petroleum reserves nearer than Burma. In Scotland there are shale deposits which they have been working for oil since before the days of Drake, I suppose, but against British requirements that is like filling Lake Erie with a dipper.

Through the Anglo-Persian, now the Anglo-Iranian Petroleum Company, Ltd., the government itself acquired prior to the World War an interest in tremendously valuable production in Persia. A long time back, English capital became important in what is now the Royal Dutch Shell. Sir Marcus Samuel, originally a peddler of sea shells at Brighton, had ultimately developed a big business handling shell for the manufacture of buttons and other articles. He built up a fleet to bring products from the East. The Royal Dutch had developed production in the East Indies but lacked transport facilities. This led to a merger and the formation of the Royal Dutch Shell.

Our company has always been an important factor in the United Kingdom's domestic trade. We own the Anglo-American Oil Company, Limited, and compete vigorously with the Shell and Anglo-Iranian as well as with other companies. The British have never favored us in any way, but in all fairness we have to admit that, outside of Burma, they have given us an even break with their own and other oil companies. The Royal Dutch Shell, under the direction of Sir Henri Deterding, perhaps the largest petroleum organization in the world, certainly the most expansive in its coverage of markets, repaid the compliment by coming into the United States about fifteen years ago. They sold stock to American investors, acquired producing acreage, built refineries, and today are active competitors with American oil companies. If they haven't a filling station at every good traffic corner in the United States, it is because American companies have already taken up the four locations. This country interposed no legal obstacles to the invasion.

The American Share in Iraq

So you see that the British made sure of future petroleum supplies through the government-owned Anglo-Iranian and its nationals' holdings in Dutch Shell. The French had no such hold on any foreign production, and the lack of it became a political issue. It was thought that there was petroleum in Mesopotamia; in fact there had been formed the Turkish Petroleum Company, Ltd., in 1912, to develop it. Through the San Remo Agreement in 1920 the French were given a share in the Turkish Petroleum Company which the British had taken from the Germans as alien-owned property. The American State Department secured recognition of the Open Door policy in this region and American oil companies ultimately obtained a twenty-three and three-fourths per cent interest in the oil concession granted by the Kingdom of Iraq to the Iraq Petroleum Company, Ltd. A like interest is owned respectively by the French, the Anglo-Persian and the Royal Dutch Shell; the remaining five per cent by C. S. Gulkenkian. The proposed project to find foreign production was discussed among all the American oil companies interested in developing foreign business; I think there were some fifteen at the first meeting, but only seven companies were willing to subscribe money for a preliminary exploration, and soon the number narrowed to five. Since then three of the five have sold out to the remaining two.

During the war, the Germans, in a desperate race to develop a substitute before economic starvation defeated them, did a noteworthy thing. With their ablest scientists and engineers they originated the hydrogenation process for the production of gasoline and lubricating oils from coal. They worked this out and were in a fair way to expand the process to a point which would meet at least the war requirements when the Allies broke their lines. Since the war the tariff on gasoline has been such as to stimulate the development of the process further, so that Germany may eventually be able to supply from coal sufficient gasoline to make herself independent of outside supplies.

The Royal Dutch had its beginnings in the Dutch East Indies, based on large areas of promising acreage, actual production and great proved reserves. Realizing that if it was good business for Sir Henri Deterding's company to secure production and markets in the United States it was probably equally good business for us to obtain a foothold in the East, we went into the Dutch East Indies. I would like to tell you about that venture because of the light it throws on an important phase of foreign trade.

We hear much criticism nowadays of big business; that it closes off opportunities to the individual or small company. Research is constantly developing new products and new methods to serve the public. The standards of living are moving forward. Big business plays an important part in furthering this development. Through its ability to start new enterprises and, when they go wrong, to stand losses without bankruptcy, it insures success when without its resources failure in many of these efforts would follow.

You ask for an illustration of this. Suppose you and some of your friends assemble $50,000 to back a good oil bet brought to your attention in Oklahoma or Texas. You shoot all of your capital in drilling a couple of wells and get some production. That is as far as you can go. Certainly, you cannot afford to build a pipe line; you have not enough oil to fill a line. You are a producer, not a refiner and marketer. So you sell your oil, at the price which is posted from day to day, to one of the numerous crude oil purchasing companies. Eventually your oil or its equivalent produced somewhere else is moving overseas in a two-million-dollar tanker. Some months after the money was paid you in Oklahoma the buyer gets it back in small pieces from consumers in different parts of the world.

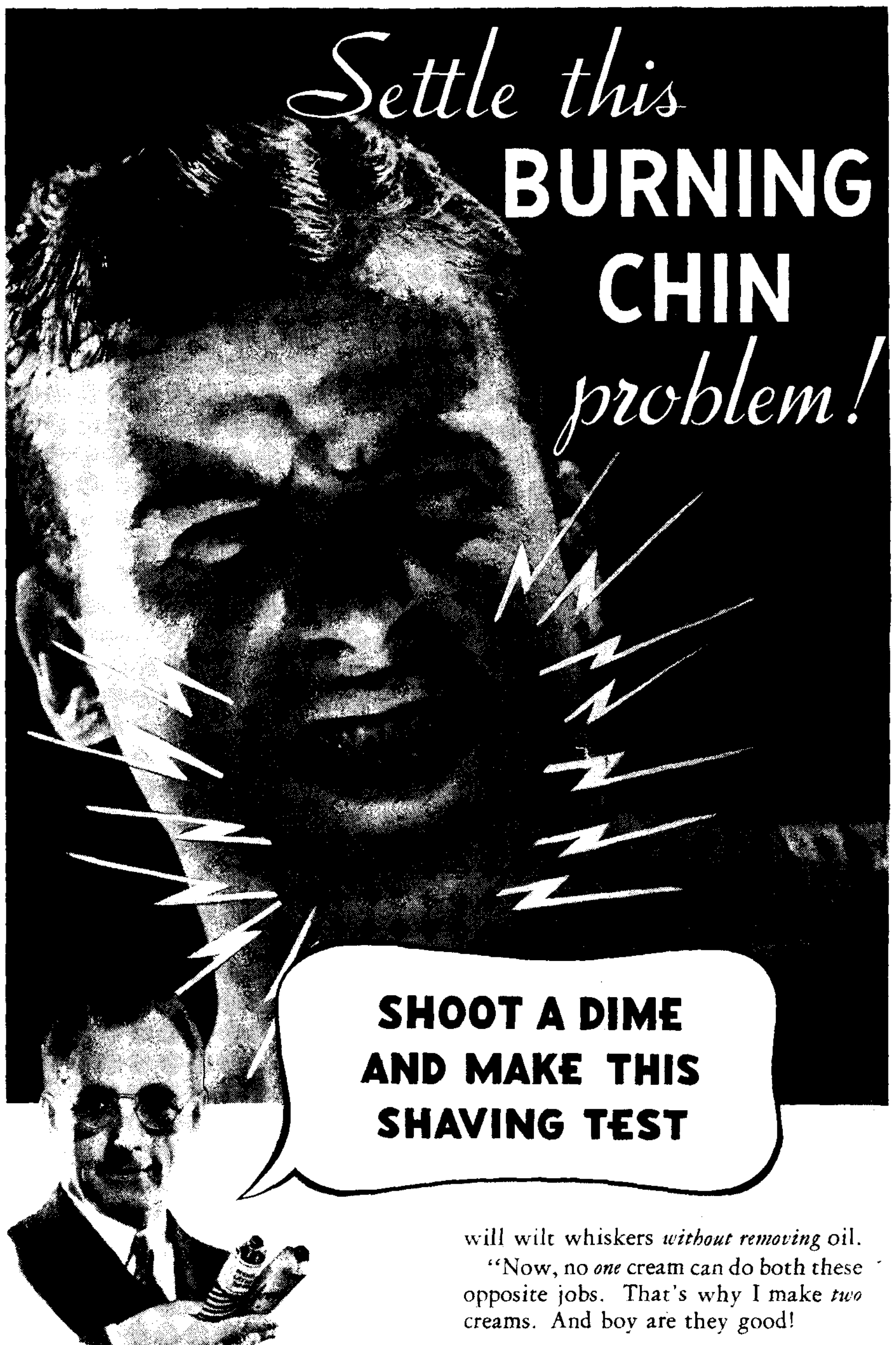
The individual operator or small company cannot go abroad and become established because it takes so much money with at best an even chance that it will be lost. One bad guess and the small company would be wiped out. The large aggregation works on the theory of averages. It is not sunk if it loses a big play in one place, because it may be successful in another.

All is Not Profit

That was the case in the Dutch East Indies. In that archipelago of more than five thousand islands, one of which is three fourths the size of Texas, our men found tough going. When we applied to the Dutch government for drilling permits we found that all of the most likely areas had been granted to the Royal Dutch. We picked up a few concessions from others who had previously obtained them from the Dutch government, among them some properties that had been explored by the Royal Dutch and turned down. The best-looking prospects were in bad jungle country. Before a rig could be got into it huge sums had to be spent in cutting through the brush and in building roads. We put in eight years of hard work and had to show for it only a couple of small wells that hardly produced enough oil to lubricate the drilling machinery.

With millions of hard-won dollars buried over there we thought seriously of writing our Sumatra venture off and calling it a day. Then on one of the properties we drilled below the known producing horizon and were rewarded by a good well which opened up a new sand. Cheered by that, we extended operations and got other wells. We were now in about the position of the imaginary producing company in the Mid-Continent I just pictured for you. There

(*Continued on page 74*)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SHOOT A DIME AND MAKE THIS SHAVING TEST

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"Now, no *one* cream can do both these opposite jobs. That's why I make *two* creams. And boy are they good!

"For oily skin I make Mennen *Lather* Shave; it cuts oil-film, wilts oily whiskers . . . flushes dirt and grease out of oily pores . . . leaves the skin healthier, handsomer. But for dry skin I make Mennen *Brushless;* it wilts whiskers *without removing* oil . . . ends tautness and rawness; and remember—it's a cream, not a grease.

"Now, men, I want you to test this idea. That's why I'm willing to send you my Skin Tester Kit for just a dime. It contains 5 products, including demonstration tubes of my Lather and Brushless Shaves. Try both these creams, and see if one of them doesn't give you the smoothest, happiest shave you've ever had . . . keep your skin healthier, handsomer, and more comfortable! See if it doesn't end your 'burning chin problem' for good!"

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LATHER SHAVE (Plain or Menthol-Iced) or brushless

SKIN TESTER KIT

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

"Yes, Mr. Mennen, I'll make the test. Send along your SKIN TESTER KIT containing trial sizes of Mennen Lather Shave, Brushless Shave, Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men." Send coupon with 10c in coin to the Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., Dept. C-4-25.

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THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

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94.4 Proof. 100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain.
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(Continued from page 73)

were no crude oil purchasing companies ready to buy our production at a fair price, as is the case anywhere in the United States. We had to handle it ourselves. So we provided more capital to build a pipe line.

Now follow to the next stage to see how, once you get into foreign trade, you cannot stand still, but must keep on putting in money to hold your place. We had no near-by markets for our East Indies products. Once we would have had, up to the year 1912. The old Standard Oil Company was represented wherever business was to be had. The dissolution decree of the Supreme Court knocked that organization into smithereens. It made thirty-four independent companies out of one and set each of them adrift. A former subsidiary, but now a very tough competitor, was marketing in thirty countries in the Far East with a total population of more than a billion people. This was the Standard Oil Company of New York, which subsequently merged with another former subsidiary, the Vacuum Oil Company, into the Socony-Vacuum Oil Company. They had no production or refineries of consequence in the East, and were therefore at a geographical disadvantage in meeting the competition of companies which produced and refined in that part of the world.

The Birth of Standard-Vacuum

The answer was so obvious that we had to come to it although we were years in making the trade. There was formed the Standard-Vacuum Corporation to take over the production, marketing and refining of the two companies in the Far East. The stock is owned jointly by the two parent companies and the men trained in the East were detached to manage the new enterprise.

The formation of the Standard-Vacuum was later to lead up to the Ethiopian excitement, about which I will answer your questions later on. Let us finish with this matter of the big companies' fun and tribulations in developing foreign production.

Some day the United States is going to run out of oil. There are no two ways about that. The only argument has to do with the probable date of the exhaustion of our domestic fields. We in our company put that a long way ahead and feel sure we are right. But the United States cannot go on pulling a constantly increasing quantity of crude out of Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and California without approaching a day when it will be dependent on supplementary production from abroad.

It had become plain to all that this country could not stand aloof while the oil men of other nations were getting established in the new fields. The dependence of the United States on oil and our heavy drafts on domestic reserves had led in 1924 to the appointment of the Federal Conservation Board by President Coolidge. The board recommended as a national policy that companies in the United States "should vigorously acquire and explore foreign fields, not only as a source of future supply but a supply under control of our own citizens. Our experience with the exploitation of our consumers by foreign-controlled sources of rubber, nitrate, potash and other raw materials should be sufficient warning as to what we may expect if we become dependent upon foreign nations for our oil."

With the opening of the present century, American companies had gone into Mexico, to learn later that while the door down there swings wide open to let capital in, it is hard to keep a foot in the crack when you try to get out any return on your investment. Mexico's big production ended when the world's record wells in the Golden Lane south of Tampico went to salt water. Since then it has been impossible to get terms that would warrant operators in putting more millions into Mexico for exploration work.

On the other hand, while Mexico was making difficulties, the South American countries along the Caribbean were anxious to have their oil deposits developed. So we, along with others, went into Colombia and Venezuela on an extensive scale. We had developed production in Peru years before.

The story of Colombia makes a thrilling chapter. Money was poured into that country as though it were a bottomless pit before we got the first barrel of oil down through hundreds of miles of swamp and jungle to the loading terminal near Cartagena. Seepages had been discovered in Colombia 400 years before. In 1905 a French engineer got a concession on the upper Magdalena where the seepages had been mapped. As an individual he could not do anything, but in 1916 he got a group of Pittsburgh oil men interested. They drilled three wells, proving the existence of a substantial crude-oil reserve. In 1920 one of our subsidiaries took over the concession, along with the jungle and malaria. It was twenty-one years after DeMares, the Frenchman, got his concession before a barrel of oil reached the seaboard. If it had not been followed by more, that first barrel would have cost $52,000,000. Since then, another $42,000,000 of capital has gone into the development. What has Colombia had out of it? Beginning with the year 1928 this one company has taken into Colombia in cash to pay labor, or in machinery and supplies, $50,000,000 and in addition it has paid $41,000,000 to the government in royalties and taxes.

The story of Venezuela is somewhat similar. Oil money has made that country so prosperous that it has practically no local taxes and has that rare thing today—a balanced budget.

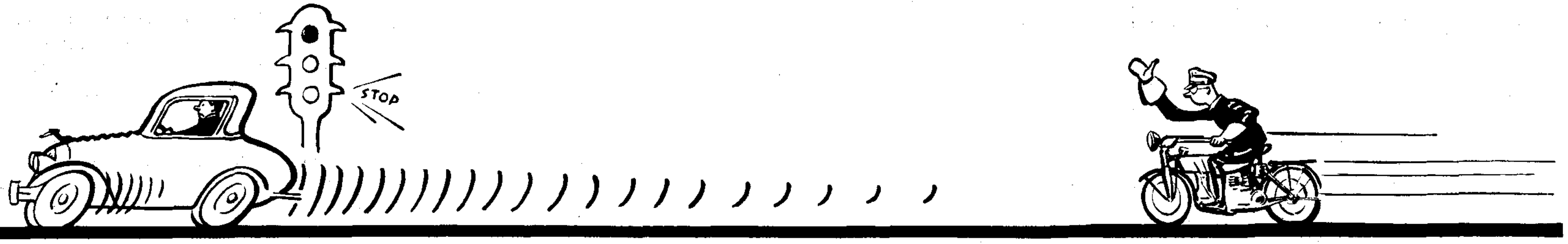
A Tempest in a Teapot

I promised I would discuss Ethiopia, and the Standard-Vacuum's experience there, since you feel that your readers want to know what happened. This ties in directly with the original question about Italy. Perhaps there was never a bigger tempest in a smaller teapot. You can have the simple facts and let it go at that, because it is hopeless to try to overtake the exaggerations that have formulated public opinion in respect to this unimportant development.

You see why it is that an oil company cannot stand still. It is dependent on a wasting supply of its raw material and must be forever on the lookout for replacements. Geologists are gradually combing out every likely spot on the globe with a view to finding new petroleum reserves. On two or three occasions in years gone by they looked over Ethiopia, so far as they could with the natural obstacles in the way. The general impression was that they would not find important production there. A large part of the country is made up of dense crystalline rock too old to have oil. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that a thorough job of exploration had never been done and that recently a great deal has been learned about finding oil through the use of new geophysical methods.

In its future book the Standard-Vacuum had this spot down for investigation. About a year ago they looked into the situation and thought they might obtain a concession. They engaged an English agent, because of his previous experience in similar work, to trade with Haile Selassie. Since fantastic stories have been published to the effect

(Continued on page 76)



MOTORIST TALKS BACK TO COP...and how!

NOW REPEAT AFTER ME
ONE: MY BRAKES AREN'T HOLDING AND I PROMISE TO HAVE THEM RE-LINED TODAY.

ONE: MY BRAKES AREN'T HOLDING AND I PROMISE TO HAVE THEM RE-LINED TODAY.

(and I don't mean maybe)

TWO: I WILL TELL THE SERVICE STATION TO RE-LINE THEM WITH THE BEST BRAKE LINING THERE IS.

TWO: I WILL TELL THE SERVICE STATION TO RE-LINE THEM WITH THE BEST BRAKE LINING THERE IS.

(believe me, that's what I want)

THREE: THE BEST BRAKE LINING IS AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK, KNOWN AS THE SAFETY BRAKE LINING.

THREE: THE BEST BRAKE LINING IS AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK, KNOWN AS THE SAFETY BRAKE LINING.

(I've heard of that brake lining)

FOUR: IT GIVES SMOOTHER AND SURER STOPS—WEARS LONGER AND KEEPS BRAKES IN BETTER ADJUSTMENT.

FOUR: IT GIVES SMOOTHER AND SURER STOPS—WEARS LONGER AND KEEPS BRAKES IN BETTER ADJUSTMENT.

(how I hate brakes that don't stay adjusted!)

FIVE: I'M GETTING OFF EASY THIS TIME ... BUT I'LL TAKE NO MORE CHANCES.

FIVE: I'M GETTING OFF EASY—
SAY, OFFICER YOU'RE A DARN GOOD SCOUT AND I'LL TAKE YOUR ADVICE.

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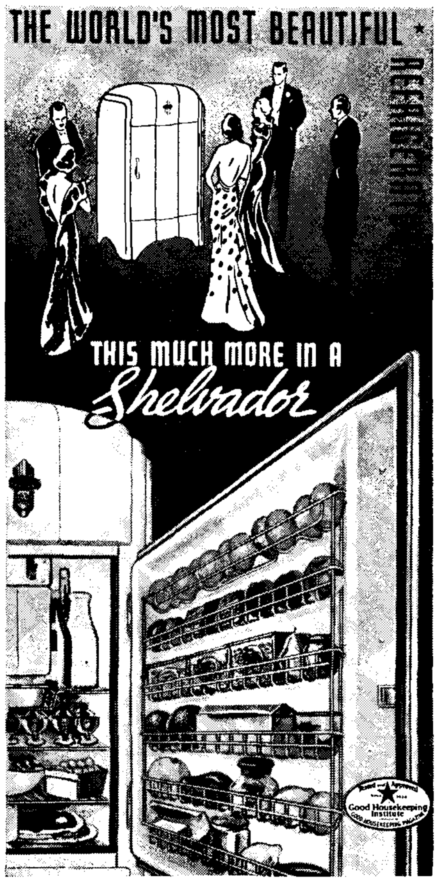
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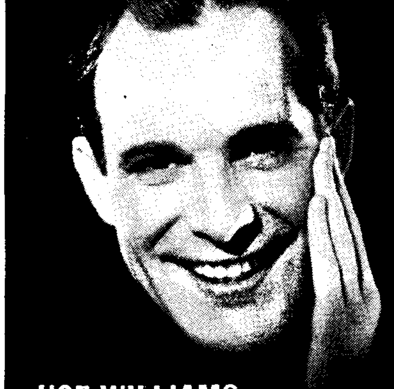
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS

FEEL BETTER
LOOK BETTER



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Oil and War

Continued from page 74

that this concession involved a commitment of $50,000,000, I might as well tell you the actual terms. Not a nickel was to be paid to the emperor; the arrangement followed the general lines of a lease in the United States. If production were obtained within five years, Ethiopia would have received the customary royalty. Standard-Vacuum executives, who happened to be in England at the time, advanced their negotiator $25,000 for expenses and agreed to pay him another $25,000 if he brought back the concession. He got what he wanted, but as Italy and Ethiopia were coming to grips no further steps were contemplated until peace should be restored.

However, the news got into the papers prematurely, and in such form as to make it appear that the contract might involve the United States in the trouble between Italy and Ethiopia. Although they themselves did not share this apprehension, the Standard-Vacuum officials at once went to Washington, offered to cancel the concession and did so when the State Department accepted the offer.

Had the story not been published, the situation as regards Italy, Ethiopia and the United States would be today exactly what it is, but Standard-Vacuum would hold the right to go into Ethiopia when peace is restored and carry through its plan of exploration as originally contemplated. No work would have been attempted in the meantime and no money nor credit would have been advanced.

It is easy to understand why everybody was alarmed when the editorial writers charged Standard-Vacuum with doing something that might drag the United States into the European political arena. This country is not constantly thinking of war. We are peace-minded. How much so was shown when Congress adopted the neutrality resolution without a dissenting voice. That prohibited the export of arms, ammunition and implements of war. After the adoption of this resolution some thought that it should also end shipments of other supplies, particularly petroleum.

America and an Oil Embargo

An organized effort was carried on abroad to bring the world to the view that shutting off all petroleum supplies would soon terminate the war. It was proposed to effect this by League of Nations sanctions. Advocates of this course made it appear that this end would be defeated if the United States continued to ship oil to Italy, and they tried to set the stage to have our government tell its citizens to sell no more petroleum to the belligerents.

There are certain important facts in this connection that were not disclosed. One is that the bulk of Italy's petroleum supplies has been and still is sold by nations which are members of the League. That surprises you because you have gathered from the papers that the United States is the chief oil source and so is indirectly responsible for keeping the war going. It will interest you to learn that all the petroleum exports from the United States to Italy in the last year for which complete figures are available (i.e., 1934), totaled 1,515,000 barrels, or less than seven per cent of what Italy imported. Other countries supplied the remaining 93 per cent. Most of the countries favoring the movement to impose oil sanctions have no petroleum reserves, and two of the League members which have been shipping oil to Italy intimated that they would not abide by the prohibition unless other members of the League would compensate them for loss of this business.

It may also surprise you to be told that war is injurious rather than beneficial to the petroleum industry. That is probably true of any business, the steady growth of which is disrupted to an extent that is not compensated by the temporary forced consumption due to the war. Some sellers who appear only when the regular suppliers are out of a market may have made money selling oil to Italy. One of our own affiliated companies whose business is largely in crude made a sale six months ago which presumably was for Italian delivery. But the American companies which were in the foreign business before the Italo-Ethiopian war have lost out. Our Italian subsidiary imported in 1934, from all sources including the United States, 4,908,000 barrels. In 1935, with all the extraordinary demands for fueling the troopships, tanks, lorries and airplanes, their receipts were actually less than in the previous year.

Italy Must Have Oil

Although Italy herself has a small production of crude and two or three small refineries, she is dependent on the outside world for nearly all of her petroleum. She has always been able to obtain this without trouble, as cheaply as any other nation which does not possess its own reserves. She not only had a regular and abundant supply; the spirited competition for the Italian business among exporters from different producing countries assured the maintenance of reasonable prices except as the government imposed stiff taxes on the sale of the product. This supply was threatened by the proposal of embargoes through the imposition of sanctions by the League.

It is not easy for Americans to comprehend the mental processes of a people threatened with loss of petroleum imports, because they have grown up with a domestic oil industry which has always kept ahead of the demand. Save for a few gasolineless Sundays to meet an emergency during the World War, there has never been a day when they could not get all they wanted. But suppose some day you drove your car into a filling station to find that its tanks were empty and that the same situation prevailed everywhere. With 26,000,000 automobiles performing every manner of highway transportation service rendered useless, factories would shut down and houses would grow cold. Petroleum is as essential in our present scheme of living as food and clothing. That is why it is to be hoped that the advocacy of measures to establish autarchy is only a passing phase of confused economic thought.

The air is full of talk of preparations for another war. There is, unfortunately, nothing like so much thought being given to the maintenance of peace. The venture into the realm of autarchy, or extreme nationalism, has failed utterly either to preserve peace or promote prosperity. It has worked in the wrong direction.

I firmly believe that the best preventive of international conflict is greater freedom for international trade. For trade rests on understanding. It endures so long as buyers and sellers deal with one another in good faith. Perhaps the time is here to remove the artificial barriers, agree on a basis for an international medium of exchange and again enable the peoples of the world to trade freely with one another. I should like to see it tried.

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Welcome Intrusion

Continued from page 21

"It started," she explained grimly, "because I played around with Spillane until he got so numerous that he seemed to be popping up from cracks in the floor. And he got the idea that he owned me. Then I found out he was married and people began to get too chatty, so I saw that I had to have it out with him—which was a perfectly good idea, if I'd only had the brains to choose the right location."

"There was a public scene?" sympathized Barradine.

"No. I took a drive with him after one of the club dances and parked the car in the golf-club lane, where we thrashed things out. Whether Spillane spread the glad tidings or somebody saw us and told, I can't say, but the story went sailing around the country until Tom heard it out at the mines, and by then it was pretty racy stuff. Tom came in this afternoon with blood in his eye and scared me to death; then he pranced off to find Spillane. I didn't dream he'd go under the Cliff, but looked for him all over town until I heard that Spillane was looking for him too, with a bunch of thugs, and that they'd gone to McClaflin's place. So I went there too." She stopped short, as if surprised at her own progress. "I guess that's all," she said.

BARRADINE eyed her reflectively. "Looks like Spillane 'ad been warned that 'Aden was gunning for 'im," he decided.

"He couldn't have been. Tom didn't arrive in town till noon, today."

"Wait a minute!" cried Kelcey. "How about Lenster?"

"Well, what about 'im?" demanded Barradine.

Kelcey hesitated. "I don't know. It may not mean a thing, but when I tried to get Tom to see Lenster this afternoon, he said, 'Tell Lenster he can blow up the mint if he likes, but he can't make me lay off Spillane.' That looks as if he'd been camping on Spillane's trail for some time, doesn't it?"

"It does," said Barradine solemnly.

"You ought to talk with Lenster!" cried the girl. But Barradine was staring quizzically at a long envelope which he had taken from inside his coat.

"This might tell something," he reflected. "Took it out of Spillane's pocket this arfternoon."

"What is it?" Barbara stretched forth an eager hand.

"Not so farst," said Barradine. "You carn't tamper with the mails without a warrant."

Inside the house the phone bell rang. Barbara hurried to answer it. Barradine continued to stare at the envelope.

"It's addressed," he remarked, "to the District Mining Recorder."

"Call for you, Mr. Barradine," announced Barbara.

Pocketing his envelope, Barradine stalked into the house, from which they heard his voice: "Oh, 'e did, did 'e? . . . And where was you? . . . Oh! . . . Ah! . . . Very 'elpful, indeed."

He came back to the porch with solemn dignity.

"Tom 'Aden," he announced, "'as escaped."

They stared at him.

"We've got to find him!" cried Kelcey.

"No!" cried the girl. "Spillane—"

"That's the ticket!" snapped Barradine. "Spillane! Find 'im and you've got 'em both! You come along with me, Kelcey!"

With Kelcey in his wake Barradine combed the town. A hot tip sent them forth again toward the huddle of shacks and shanties under the Cliff.

They were afoot now, their heels reverberating on the wooden sidewalk that ran along the base of the high, rounded rock that gave this district its name. To their right the swampland extended to the lake, to their left rose the Cliff, with the residential heights above it.

"If we don't find 'im now," Barradine was saying, "we'll 'ave to clap 'Aden back in the jug."

"Look out!" Kelcey yanked Barradine violently backward as something fell from above. Transfixed, they watched it fall—the body of a man which hurtled from the top of the Cliff with a sprawling of arms and legs, a crackling thud of flesh and bone upon the rock, until it crashed in a heap on the planks at Barradine's feet.

"Lumme!" grunted Baradine. "Narsty fall, that!" But even while he spoke he was crouching over the body, identifying the battered face and confirming his already certain knowledge that the man was dead.

"We've found 'im," he said at last. "It's Spillane!"

The telltale whine of a starter sounded from the height above.

"Come on!" cried Barradine. He sprang from the side of the corpse with the grotesque alacrity of an ape, bounding up the steep rise of the rock on all fours and crossing it diagonally as he climbed. He fairly flung himself into the thicket which covered the brow of the slope, and Kelcey emerged from it behind him in time to see the red roadster with yellow wheels roar up the winding roadway which led to the residential district above.

Standing beside Barradine in the rutted road that skirted the rim of the cliff, he watched the car move through the open streets which webbed the bare hilltop until he saw it distantly turn in and stop beside the Craig home, which stood, unmistakable, across the open grassplot which separated it from the pretentious brick house of Harvey Lenster.

"Barbara Craig!" he exclaimed incredulously.

BUT Barradine didn't answer. He had stiffened curiously, standing with the monumental solidity of a wooden Indian, staring across the darkness. . . .

The wooden Indian relaxed.

"You go along up to Craig's," said Constable Barradine. "You may find 'im there."

"Find him?" Kelcey was all at sea.

"Tom 'Aden. If 'e's there, hold 'im. Tell 'im it won't do no good to run away."

"But Tom didn't do this! Tom isn't—"

"Don't stand talkin'!" cried Barradine. "If you want to be 'elpful, 'urry!" With which he plunged into the copse from which the body had been thrown.

Kelcey hurried. Arriving at the Craig's residence, he found it swathed in darkness except for a light inside the front door. He walked around the house, watching and listening, and then, divided between relief and anxiety, he made himself comfortable on the screen porch behind the house and waited. The minutes passed slowly; he felt as though he had been sitting hours in the darkness when the screen door opened and a colossal figure appeared which dwarfed the pale figure at its side. It was Tom Haden and Barbara Craig.

"Where have you been?" gasped Kelcey.

"He's been here!" Barbara cried quickly. "We've been walking—for—for

(Continued on page 80)

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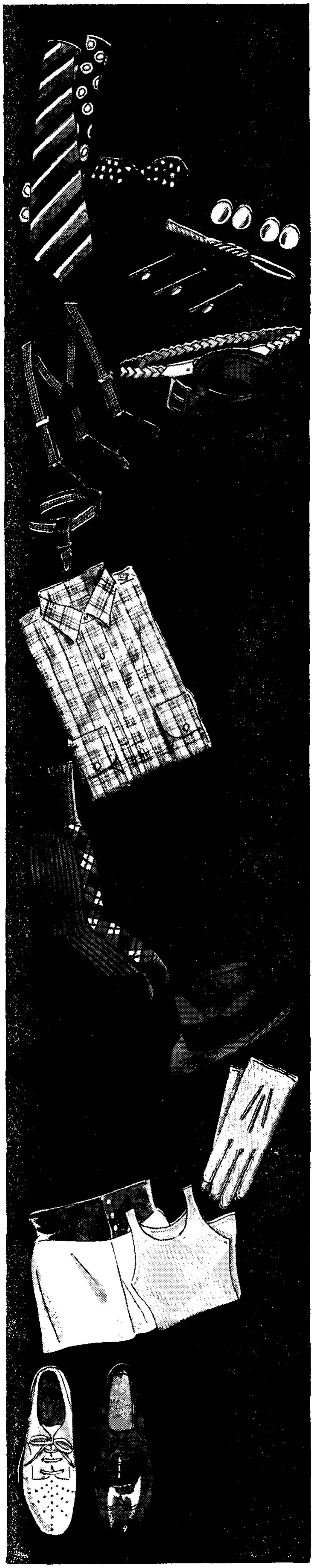

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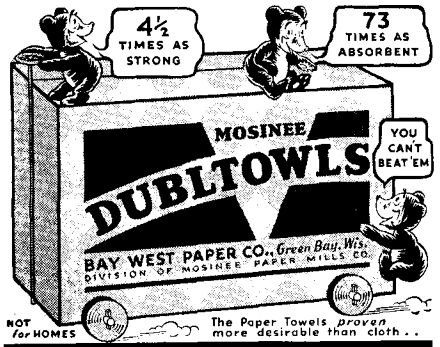
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A CASE OR A CARLOAD THROUGH A NEARBY DISTRIBUTOR *Write for Name*

Welcome Intrusion

Continued from page 77

hours!" She stepped toward him. "What's the matter, Ray? Something's happened! What is it?"

Tom Haden strode forward and captured her beneath one great arm. "Don't let her kid you, Ray!" he rumbled. "I haven't been here ten minutes!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, Tom, where were you?" Kelcey's voice was taut and strained.

"Ray!" cried the girl. "What's happened?"

"Spillane's been murdered!" he said.

They stared at him. Suddenly Haden moved and had Kelcey roughly by the shoulders. "Where'd you get that?" he demanded. "How d'you know it?"

"I saw it. They threw him down the Cliff, and I was underneath, with Barradine!"

Haden stood frozen. "Then Barradine knows!" he cried.

"Not as much as 'e'd like to," said a voice outside the screen. Boots rang on the steps of the porch and Constable Barradine flung open the screen door briskly.

"Beggin' yer pardon, Miss Craig," he said politely, "but could I 'ave the use of your kitchen for a minute?"

"Of course." With a bewildered glance at the others she led the way into the house. Barradine followed with Kelcey and Haden at his heels.

ENTERING the immaculate kitchen Barradine strode to the sink, adjusted the stopper and turned on the hot water faucet. While the water steamed from the tap he took from inside his coat the envelope which he had produced before and held it before him reflectively.

"This," he pointed out, "is private correspondence. It carn't be opened without a warrant, or without the consent of— Lor lumme! I've dropped it!" He plunged in one hand and snatched it back with a cry. "'Strewth it's 'ot! Quick! Something to fetch it with!" Frantically he sought for a suitable implement and found a bent basting spoon only after three forks and a pancake had slipped from his fumbling hands into the water, carrying the envelope to the bottom. "Blimey," he muttered ruefully as he flipped the envelope onto the draining board, "looks as if the 'ole, blinkin' thing 'as come unstuck. I'll 'ave to look into it now."

He slipped the wet enclosure from the envelope and they crowded his elbow as he read it.

"Mining claims!" cried Kelcey.

"Fraudulent!" snorted Barradine.

"It's all Greek to me," complained Barbara.

"Not to me," grinned Haden. "Put it all together, it spells skunk."

They jumped like a group of conspirators as the screen door slammed outside and heavy footsteps rattled on the porch.

This time Barradine went first and they followed him into the living-room where they found Harvey Lenster, bristling indignantly in the company of two local constables.

"Why, Mr. Barradine," he cried, "am I dragged out of bed like this in the middle of the night? These men say they are acting on your orders!"

Barradine wrinkled a regretful brow. "Sorry," he grunted. "But there's been a bit of a murder. I thought you might 'elp if you'd answer a question or two, Mr. Lenster."

"Who's killed?" snapped Lenster.

"Man named Spillane," said Barradine.

"Spillane?" Lenster's eyes fairly snapped upon Haden. "I warned you to keep clear of Spillane!" he cried. "You'd be in a fine jam, now, if you hadn't been in jail."

"'E wasn't," said Barradine. "'Aden broke jail three hours ago."

Comprehension leaped into Lenster's eyes. His anger subsided. "I see," he said quietly. "You are holding Mr. Haden for murder."

"No!" Barbara confronted Barradine with the passionate denial of one who has been betrayed. "You can't! I can tell you where he has been all evening!"

"No, she can't!" said Haden flatly.

"All right, then," said Barradine. "Where was you?"

Haden grinned tightly. "That would be telling," he said.

"Don't be a fool, Tom!" warned Barbara.

Barradine calmly took from his pocket the elbow joint of one-inch pipe that had been filled with lead. "I took that away from Grieve arfter the fight at McClaflin's," he said thoughtfully. Returning it to his pocket he took from another pocket of his coat an identical elbow of pipe. "And this one," he remarked, "I picked up in the thicket on top of the Cliff where Spillane was murdered. 'Is jaw was smashed and 'is skull fractured by repeated blows of that pipe."

They stared mutely at the gruesome relic.

"Then Grieve is the man you want!" cried Kelcey suddenly. "Grieve is the man who did it!"

"Or it might 'ave been snatched up by 'Aden during the fight," suggested Barradine thoughtfully.

"Why Haden?" shouted Kelcey. "You don't know Haden snatched it! You're guessing."

"Or bluffing," growled Haden. He was watching Barradine carefully through narrowed eyes. His body seemed gathered, like a cat's.

"Suppose 'e was seen leaving the scene of the crime?" asked Barradine.

"By whom?" Again the protest burst from Barbara, whose brown eyes blazed from a face that was white to the lips.

"In a red car with yeller wheels," pursued Constable Barradine. "We saw it leave the top of the Cliff not two minutes after Spillane fell at our feet."

TOM HADEN stared at him thunderstruck. Barbara's lip parted to speak, but Lenster was before her.

"How did you know it was Haden?" he demanded

"It wasn't!" cried Barbara, but her words were drowned by a voice that boomed from Tom Haden like a deep-toned bell.

"All right, Barradine!" he cried. "What's the use of bluffing? It was me!"

"But he's lying!" The girl's voice rang clear and high. "He is! You've got to listen to me! I can prove it!"

"Prove what?" roared Barradine, his voice rising above the clamor of conflicting voices.

"That I was driving the car!" she cried. A silence fell. "Spillane called me up," she continued hurriedly, "and asked me to meet him in the copse on top of the Cliff. I drove down there, but heard men's voices, so I waited. Then I heard them fighting, so I drove home again."

Barradine eyed her with monumental calm.

"You'd have been wiser to tell the truth," he said dryly. He turned to Lenster. "I was here, watching. It was you in the car, and it was you who killed Spillane!"

With a wordless cry Lenster lunged forward at him, but the great arm of Haden closed across his chest.

"Wait!" cried Barbara Craig. "Please wait! He couldn't have done it! Why should he? He went down to meet Spillane for me! I asked him to. I lent him the car to go!"

"Why?" demanded Barradine.

"My father's out at the mines and Mr. Lenster came to dinner. While he was here Spillane called up and threatened to make things bad for Tom unless I met him. Mr. Lenster saw that I was in a jam and I told him how things stood, so he insisted on handling Spillane himself. All I know is that he drove the car away and brought it back; but I couldn't tell on him, could I?"

"No," said Barradine. "'E was counting on that."

"Why should I?" snarled Lenster. "I've nothing to conceal!"

"THERE'S nothing left to conceal," said Barradine, waving a wet envelope. "This shows that Spillane was registering claims, with you as his partner, on properties prospected and proved by the Company. This letter's addressed to the Mining Recorder and it demands that you be dispossessed of your share in these stolen properties for the non-payment of fees that Spillane was to have paid in your name. Spillane was cheating you out of property you had been cheating the Company to get, and if you killed 'im before 'e dispossessed you, you'd 'ave got away with the 'ole boilin' as the surviving partner. Pity I got the letter before Spillane mailed it."

"Very imaginative," snarled Lenster, eyes glaring.

"No," said Barradine modestly. "I got it from Grieve. I took that bit of pipe along and arrested 'im on its evidence; so 'e told me everything 'e knew. 'E told 'ow you 'ired 'im to beat up Mr. 'Aden becos you thought 'is investigation of Spillane was aimed at you, and 'ow 'e came to you for money arfter the beating failed. 'E told me 'ow you took the pipe away from 'im because 'e waved it so loosely about and 'ow you wormed out of 'im that Spillane was planning to cheat you. A proper fine witness Grieve is going to make."

Lenster, who had stared at him with eyes that changed from fury to despair, sank suddenly into an upholstered chair, his haggard gaze on vacancy.

"You're right," he said. "I killed him."

"That's that," Constable Barradine said, with a modest glow of satisfaction. "But there was a question—"

"Out with it," said Tom.

"I'd give a lot to know where you was while out of jail tonight."

Tom laughed. "I was getting the worst of an argument," he said, "with a lady."

"But Lenster was 'ere."

"I stayed outside till he drove away," grinned Tom. "Then we took a walk until shortly before you came with the glad good news."

"I see," nodded Barradine sagely. "And the argument, I take it, was as to whether you should 'elp Lenster keep that appointment with Spillane?"

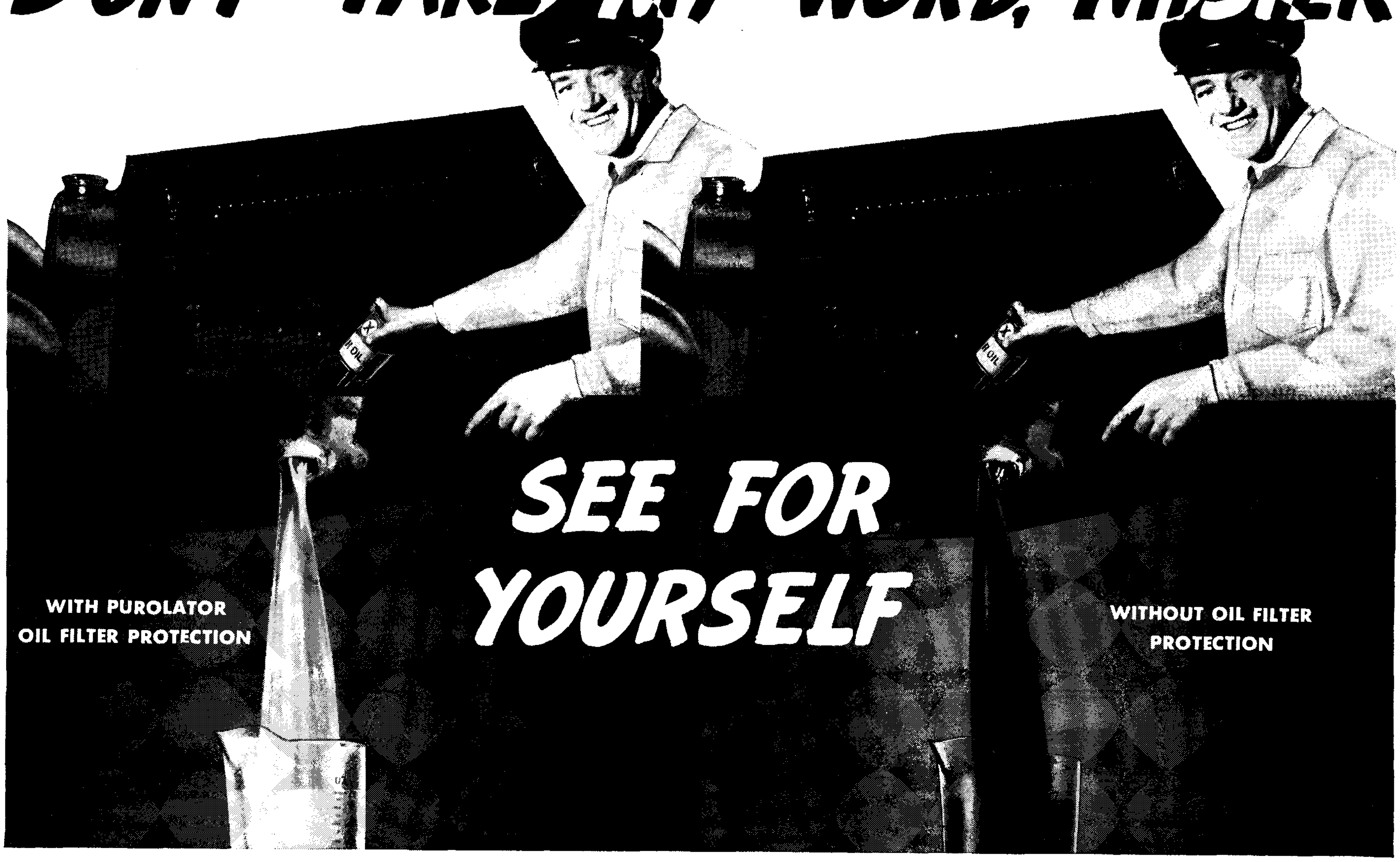
"Exactly. I argued that I should, to which Miss Craig replied that a felon's proper place was back in jail."

"And the lady won?"

"The argument, yes. But the felon won the lady."

Which appeared to be a proposition which Barbara Craig was eagerly willing to embrace.

DON'T TAKE MY WORD, MISTER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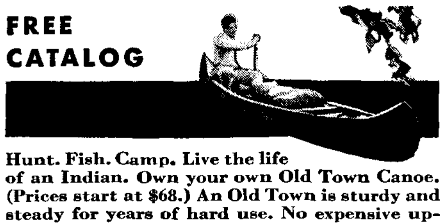

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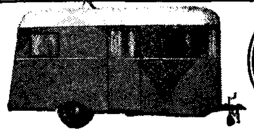

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FREEZONE

No Longer Perfect

Continued from page 11

"Davis takes the ball," shouted the radio announcer, "he's through between tackle and end, he's dodged the halfback, he's in the clear. Look at that boy go!"

"Wow!" shouted Mr. Lowenstein. "Those Trojans have something after all—thirty yards—"

Emily turned off the radio.

"Business before pleasure," she said.

Mr. Lowenstein scratched his initials on the script and turned the radio on again. "Scram out of here," he growled. "I'm busy."

Emily fled. Her heart was thumping like a motor full of bad gas. She was pale as a ghost. She had obeyed an insane impulse. Super Wonder was going to pay a strange young man five thousand dollars for a punk script. She had betrayed her trust; committed a heinous act of disloyalty for no reason whatever.

She sank into her chair, almost obeyed an urge to rush back and admit her crime. And then she stuck out her chin.

"It's about time I did something I want to do around here," she muttered.

She called in a secretary and dictated a memo to the business department and one to Harold Clark, the director.

"Send this script to Mr. Clark with this memo," she instructed.

After that she plunged into her work but her heart continued to beat too rapidly and her hands shook.

AT THE end of one hour, Mr. Clark, who was a large, forceful man with the only mustache on the studio lot, entered in a hurry. He threw the script upon her desk.

"Why are we buying this bunch of hokum?" he asked angrily.

That was exactly the way to pep up the secretary to the president.

She smiled at him caustically. "There's somebody with Mr. Lowenstein," she said mendaciously, "but if you will wait half an hour you can go in and tell him it's a bunch of hokum."

Mr. Clark squeezed his large chin between thumb and forefinger.

"You mean he bought it personally?" he asked incredulously.

Emily pointed to the initials of the big boss on the cover of the script.

"I thought somebody put it over on him," muttered the director.

"Suppose you tell him that."

Clark picked up the script and began to turn the pages.

"Of course I can make a fair picture out of it," he admitted.

"Mr. Lowenstein assumed you could."

"By Ted Owens. Who is he? A relative?"

"You'll pardon me," she said significantly, "if I make no statement."

"Stella Blair will hit the roof but I'll throw her a parachute," Clark said with a laugh. "I'll get to work, Emily."

Emily heaved a deep sigh when he departed. It had been as easy as that. There would be no comeback. Only, why in the world had she done it?

About five-thirty the phone operator called her. "Want to speak to a man named Ted Owens?" she asked.

Emily hesitated a half second. "Put him on," she requested.

"Read my story?" demanded the eager youth.

She hesitated again. "Not yet," she lied.

"Well, how about us having dinner?" he demanded.

"Certainly not. I work late."

"What time do you get through?"

"It doesn't matter."

"I'll be waiting at the gate whenever you come out."

Emily was frightened. "I forbid you," she cried, but the impulsive young man had hung up on her.

There is a homelike restaurant called Levy's, in Hollywood, into which a supervisor and a director from Super Wonder drifted for a bite and a drink about midnight. They sat down in a booth. The director picked up the menu and the supervisor looked around the place.

"Jumping Jiminy!" he gasped. "Can I believe my eyes? Look over in the corner."

The director looked, and his mouth dropped open.

"One for the book," he exclaimed. "The Forest girl, in a café, having supper with a man. Look, the waiter is bringing champagne!"

"I KNEW all along that what I had to do was take my stuff to headquarters," Ted Owens was saying complacently. "Five thousand dollars."

"I've explained that it was a matter of luck," she reminded him. "It happened that they needed something like that for Stella Blair. No doubt we have a half dozen better stories in our safe but this happened to click with Mr. Lowenstein. It may never occur again."

"Watch my smoke," he invited. "A little more champagne?"

Emily laughed nervously. "Remember, you may never sell another story."

"I'm the coming scenario writer, Miss Forest. Gosh, you're a great girl."

"Well, I've got to get home now. Really. I'm not accustomed to being out late."

"You'll get the habit."

"Mr. Owens, I realize you feel grateful to me, but you don't have to make a practice of entertaining me."

He grasped both her hands. "Of course I'm grateful, but it's more than that. You're a grand girl. I never met anybody that hit me right between the eyes—"

"Pshaw," ejaculated Emily to cover her confusion. "Suppose you don't sell any more stories?"

"I can always get a job on a newspaper," he said easily. "I was a crackerjack reporter until I decided that my future lay in films."

She gazed at him uneasily. "I do wish you wouldn't count so much on following this up. Well, please take me home."

"Dinner tomorrow night," he asserted.

"We-ell, maybe," she said dubiously.

IT WAS five P.M. Scene: the office of Moses Lowenstein.

"We're not working tonight, Mr. Lowenstein," said Miss Forest.

"What's that? Of course we are. Why ain't we?"

"Because your wife is giving a dinner party and she wants you home."

"But I told her this morning nothing doing. I got a lot of work here—"

"Nothing we can't do in half an hour in the morning."

"Say, how do you get like this?" He stared at her fixedly. "You have your hair dressed different. Where were you between one and three today?"

Emily blushed very prettily. "At the hairdresser's," she confessed.

Mr. Lowenstein put a forefinger on the side of his big nose.

"You mean you don't want to work tonight."

"I'm not going to," she said defiantly. She almost stamped her foot.

Her employer held his fat sides while he laughed heavily.

"You want to hold up the business of the studio while you go stepping, eh?"

(*Continued on page 84*)

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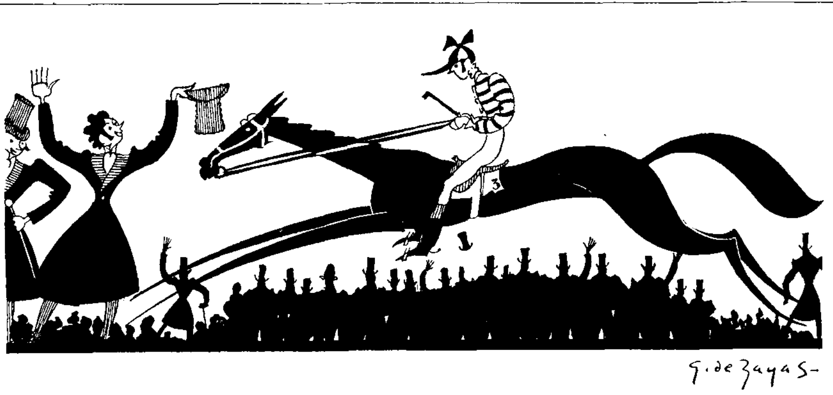

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The greatest jockey in history was Fred Archer of England, who, from 1870 to 1886 and between the ages of 13 and 29 years, rode 2,775 winners out of 8,082 mounts. Up to the present day no one has approached this record in any way.—*By Frank G. Menke, New York City.*

From October, 1928, to April, 1929, an unusual lawsuit was tried in Texas. After the case had dragged on for some time and one judgment had been set aside, a jury was called and, before a crowded courtroom, given all the evidence. But it could not arrive at a verdict and so was discharged. Finally the defendant gave in and paid the plaintiff the sum he demanded, which was ten cents.—*By Henry D. Meyers, Borger, Texas.*

The Health Department of New York City owns one of the largest rogues' galleries of medical quacks in existence. It contains photographs and descriptions of more than 25,000 manufacturers and peddlers of worthless medicines, drugs, diets and exercises; and also such facts as that one man collected $45,000 from one family for "inside information on the secrets of the universe."

One of the fastest-growing insurance frauds in the world today is the scuttling or firing of heavily insured ships with dummy cargoes. The extent of this activity is well illustrated by the fake claims presented to Lloyd's of London by one small maritime nation which, during a recent six-months period, amounted to more than $30,000,000.

Fishing in Yugoslavia is exasperating and expensive. First a state license is required which, presumably, entitles one to consider the subject. Next, a day license is needed to fish for 24 hours. Lastly the fisherman must buy back his fish—at 50 cents a pound—from a state "Fischer" who accompanies him to confiscate the catch.

In the Middle Ages many churches had a Devil's Door through which the devil could make a hasty exit, during a baptism, when the sponsor "renounced him and all his works" in the name of the child. One such door may still be seen today on the north side of the old Mullion Church on Lizard Head in Cornwall, England.—*By Winifred White, Stony River, Alaska.*

Despite the fact that the Roman Empire produced some of the finest architecture the world has ever known, only one book written exclusively on this subject by a Roman—*De Architectura*, by Marcus Vitruvius Pollio—is in existence today.—*By Margaret Shaw, Syracuse, New York.*

No more striking misfortune than that of Natalie Keschko has befallen a woman of modern times. From 1875 to 1888 she was the Queen of Serbia—famous, wealthy and beloved by her subjects. In 1931 she was a common beggar in the back streets of Paris—homeless, penniless and without a friend in the world.

Today it is a crime to own foreign securities in Italy, to join a labor union in Germany, to ring a church bell in Soviet Russia, or use a horse-drawn vehicle on the streets of Istanbul (formerly Constantinople), Turkey, between the hours of 5 A.M. and 10 P.M.—*By H. H. Hickling, Suva, Fiji Islands.*

Many "Christmas presents" are not given on Christmas nor are they supposed to come from St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children. In several countries, notably Spain and Italy, these presents are given on January sixth—The Day of the Three Kings—in commemoration of the Three Wise Men of the East who brought gifts to the infant Jesus.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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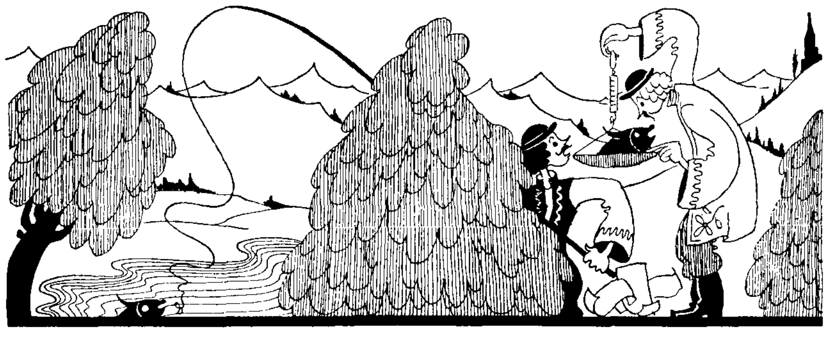

Ad Man and Author at 22

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How do you KNOW you *can't* write?

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Or have you been sitting back as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write*. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

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Many people who *should* be writing become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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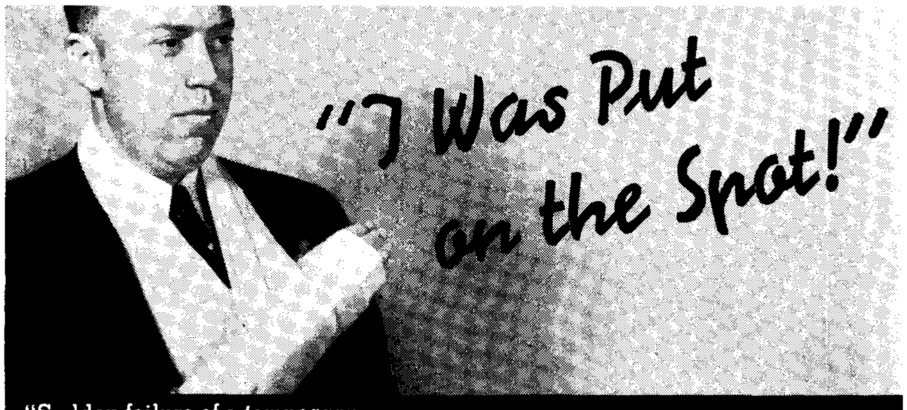
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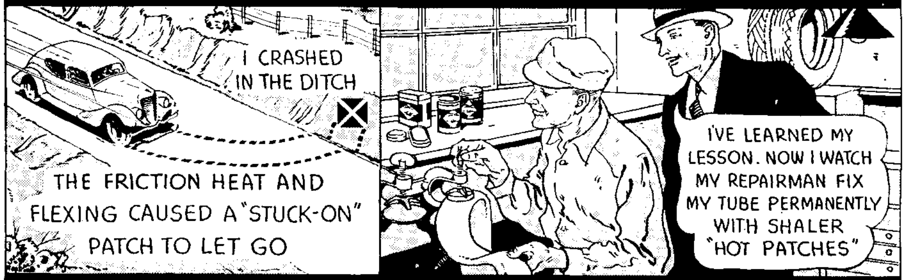
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No Longer Perfect

Continued from page 82

"It won't hold up the work."

"Yeah? You're fired!"

Emily looked as though she had been stabbed.

"But you're hired back for nine o'clock tomorrow," he finished. "And I ain't going to my wife's dinner. I'm going to call up somebody!"

That evening scores of persons prominent in film circles were astounded to see Emily Forest, in a stunning gown from Magnin's, dancing at the Trocadero with an unknown young man.

The idea of taking an occasional night off appealed to Moses Lowenstein and it was he who suggested the next suspension of nocturnal labor. And several weeks went by very pleasantly. Emily Forest was blooming like a gorgeous peony. She was becoming a valued client of the best shops for women. One was no longer surprised to find her in the arms of a blond young man on the dance floor at the Ambassador, the Biltmore Bowl and the Trocadero.

And people were whispering that Moses Lowenstein was feeling his oats. He had been seen in remote hide-outs with blondes of surpassing pulchritude.

In spite of, or perhaps because of, the occasional dissipations of the president and secretary of Super Wonder Films, things were going along at the studio more smoothly than ever. And Mr. Lowenstein no longer looked as though apoplexy were likely to get him within the hour.

Emily was humming a song under her breath when she entered the president's office, one afternoon, in response to his buzzer.

"Sit down, Emily," he said curtly. "I've just been looking at a hunk of tripe called 'End of the Road.' "

"Isn't it a good picture?" she faltered.

"It's terrible. The trouble is it didn't have a story. I mean it's the same old baloney."

"You're mistaken," she said earnestly. "I've seen the rushes. It's not outstanding, but it will get by."

"Trouble is, Emily, that you can make the same picture twenty times but the twenty-first time the exhibitors will yell their heads off."

"The trouble is that Clark eliminated the original twists and filled it full of hokum," she asserted angrily. "He failed to follow the script. He inserted situations that are hoary with age."

"What we're trying to find out now," Mr. Lowenstein said severely, "is how we bought this quince in the first place. I've asked all over the shop and nobody remembers reading the darned thing."

EMILY leaned back in her chair. She was pale and frightened.

"Clark says he complained about it to you."

"I told him to go in and talk to you."

"Yeh, but he thought I bought it. How did he come to think that?"

"I—I don't know," she said, almost in a whisper.

"When I find out who put this over on us, I'm going to raise cain," said the producer ominously.

Emily was silent. What could she say?

"Now this guy that wrote the script. He's the feller you been going around with, ain't he, Emily?"

"Yes," said Emily tonelessly.

"And I've figured it out that you pulled a fast one on me. You rushed in here and told me we were buying it just when I was listening to the Trojan-Stanford football broadcast. You turned off the radio so I'd okay the script quicker."

Emily stood up. "All right," she said loudly and defiantly. "I put it over on you. I swindled you into buying that script. Call the police, why don't you?"

Mr. Lowenstein heaved a vast sigh. "About the time you figure it out that a dame has brains," he complained, "she proves she's as screwy as the rest of 'em. I don't know what to do about you, Emily."

"I'll tell you," she cried passionately. "I've worked like a slave for you for years. I've had no time for recreation, no pleasure, but I've saved my money. I'll pay you back your five thousand dollars. I'll hand you a check with my resignation."

The producer grinned sourly. "Five grand," he said contemptuously. "You know as well as I do that this film cost us a hundred grand already."

THE girl had broken. She was sobbing wildly—her sobs were becoming shrill. She was going to have hysterics.

Lowenstein was around his desk more swiftly than one would have believed possible in a man of his bulk.

"Snap out of it, Emily," he pleaded. "Listen, Emily, you been with me for years. You've saved me from lots of mistakes. I won't do anything to you. Here, sit down in this chair. I'm surprised at a smart girl like you bawling like a baby."

Emily's sobs gradually ceased. Lowenstein stood over her solicitously.

"I know how it was," he assured her almost tenderly. "You fell in love with this egg—he talked you into it, eh?"

Emily wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. Her lips were still trembling but she looked at him bravely.

"I haven't even that excuse," she said frankly. "I never saw the man until the day he left the script with me. I read it and while it wasn't outstanding, I thought it would make a good picture. I guess I had a brainstorm. I had never done anything not in the interest of the studio. I wanted to find out what I could get away with. That's all."

Mr. Lowenstein went back and lowered himself carefully into the throne chair. His mouth was grim.

"So you gypped me out of five grand for no reason at all," he commented. "And after you put the thing over you started going with him though you knew all he wanted was to get a drag with my secretary and sell us some more turnips and broccoli."

"No," she protested. "He liked me from the first. A girl can tell. Maybe he did think I could be useful, but he's in love with me now, I know he is."

"Ain't that nice! After he spends my five grand how's he going to support you? Has he asked you to marry him?"

She smiled demurely. "Not yet. But I know he intends to ask me after the preview."

"Preview!" shouted Lowenstein. "I'm shelving the damned thing."

The girl seemed to shrivel up in her chair. Her eyes grew piteous.

"You—you can't," she wailed. "It cost a hundred thousand dollars."

"Didn't I shelve 'Hearts and Faces' that cost half a million?" he demanded.

"But that was a bad picture. This isn't bad; you know it isn't. Discharge me—I deserve it—but please don't shelve the picture. It will break his heart, he'll never be good for anything. You won't lose much. I—I've saved ten thousand dollars. I'll turn it over to the studio—you know it won't lose more than that if you release it—"

"You'd put up your last penny," he said slowly. "No guy is worth a girl doing that, Emily."

"Ted is," she said firmly.

The producer folded his fat hands across his fat stomach. He coughed. He hesitated and then he spoke.

"Here's the idea. You go back to your desk. Forget this palooka—"

"You wouldn't understand, Mr. Lowenstein, but I love him."

"Who wouldn't understand?" he thundered. "I been in love, haven't I? All right, marry the moose—"

"But Ted won't marry me if he can't support me. If the picture is shelved—well, that's the end of everything."

"Emily," said Lowenstein in a queer, cramped sort of tone. "All the years you worked for me I thought you were a fine girl but not human. Here you are shaking and shivering and crazy with love. Like Greta Garbo in a big scene. Mostly you think like a man but you expect Super Wonder Films to release a rotten picture so this goniff will ask you to marry him—"

"I—I don't expect you to do it, of course," she said dismally.

"And if I did, you'd marry the guy, walk out on me and raise hell with my business."

"You don't want me any more so what difference—"

Lowenstein leaned as far forward as his stomach would permit and grinned at her like some great heathen idol.

"This is how it come up," he stated. "Stella Blair asked me today how come I bought the story. I said I didn't buy it and then Clark said you told him I bought it personally. So I inquired around and found that nobody had read the damn' thing except maybe you."

"Please—I've admitted my guilt," she said forlornly.

"And you highjacked me into buying it. Shut off the football broadcast just as the Trojans were making a touchdown and rushed me."

Emily began to weep again but silently. Lowenstein laughed loudly and she glared at him indignantly.

"Go on," he said mockingly. "You got grief coming to you. But the funny thing is that 'End of the Road' ain't such a very bad picture. I ain't going to shelve it—"

EMILY leaped to her feet. Her brown eyes were emitting sparks. She clenched her little fists. She sputtered—

"Why, you—you—I'd like to hit you right on your big nose!"

"But you thought you could get away with murder around here," he jeered. "You tried and found you couldn't. Moe Lowenstein's no sucker, young woman. I wouldn't have bought that story on a bet but Clark hopped it up and Blair gives a swell performance and it will be a pretty good program film. I'd be a fool to shelve it because I was gypped into buying it. And you showed up a weakness in the organization. Some crook might have your job and put over a hundred thousand dollar lemon on me."

"You—you were cruel," said Emily with a reproachful smile. Her eyes were still inflamed from weeping.

"You got a life job here and you want to marry a guy that will probably beat you. He will if you're fool enough to tell him how 'End of the Road' got on the screen—"

"Oh, I won't," cried Emily.

"Now this is what's going to happen. This egg can probably earn a hundred a week in the scenario department. I'll take him on—"

Emily clasped her hands ecstatically.

"If I don't he'll starve to death because he'll never sell another original story, but—"

"Yes," cried Emily excitedly.

"You have to keep your job—you got to fix it with him."

"No," declared Emily.

"Then I'll shelve the picture," he roared.

"I don't care," she cried passionately. "I thought you loved this bimbo."

"I do. That's why."

Mr. Lowenstein ran his hands through his thick hair. "They don't make sense, these dames," he mumbled.

"I'm not going to be married to a man and have to work nights," declared Emily. "We'll starve—maybe we won't."

"My wife made me get examined by a doctor, yesterday," Lowenstein said. "The doc claims I got a bad heart. I have to take care of myself. I have to cut out working nights."

Emily was terribly concerned. "Oh, I'm sorry," she cried earnestly.

He grinned wryly. "So marry the guy," he said. "We just got to work harder in the daytime."

"Mr. Lowenstein," said Emily fervently. "You are probably the finest, sweetest, dearest—"

"You get back to your desk," he growled. "We wasted an hour of office time already."

THE preview took place in a small theater in Beverly Hills. There was a large audience which liked the picture because it always had liked it. Things had turned out exactly as the public had hoped and anticipated that they would. and nothing riles an audience so much as when they don't.

Emily Forest and Ted Owens sat in the back row and held hands like two children. Every now and then Ted muttered angrily when they detoured around his story, and Emily shushed him. On the whole, the young man was pleased, thrilled and complacent. Taking it by and large, "End of the Road" was his brain child; he had a salaried job at Super Wonder Films and Emily already had promised to marry him.

From the theater they rode in his new car to the Trocadero and secured a nice table because it was a Monday night. In a lordly manner Ted ordered supper and highballs and brazenly reached across the table and imprisoned her two hands.

"I can't have my wife working," he stated. "It looks bad. So go tell Moses Lowenstein to get another secretary."

She shook her head. "Sorry, Ted. I explained I intended to keep on working. A woman needs a career just as much as a man does."

"If you loved me enough—" he protested.

Emily gazed at him gravely, compassionately. Emily loved him. He was a dear boy, a fine boy, a sweet boy, but he was not a genius. He didn't know why he was on the studio pay roll. He didn't understand that the hundred a week scenarists often get fired but never get their salaries raised. Nor did he realize that she longed more than anything in the world to leave the studio and keep house for her husband. Her resignation would be the equivalent to his discharge.

To him, Moses Lowenstein was a fat, unpleasant-looking old brute; that Lowenstein was permitting his secretary to have a husband so she wouldn't leave the studio was something Emily was determined that Ted Owens would never learn.

"Darling," she said. "It may be a long time before you get a big raise in salary; years, maybe."

"Pshaw!"

"But, if I agree, you won't complain any more? I'll promise to resign when you are earning two hundred a week. You promise to be content with the present situation until then. We have each other, we'll have a home, enough money—oh, it will be heavenly!"

Ted sighed rapturously. "You bet," he explained. "All right. I promise. Let's dance."

"No," objected Emily. "Let's—let's go outside and sit in the car."

"Sure," he cried enthusiastically. He snapped his fingers.

"Waiter, the check. . . ."

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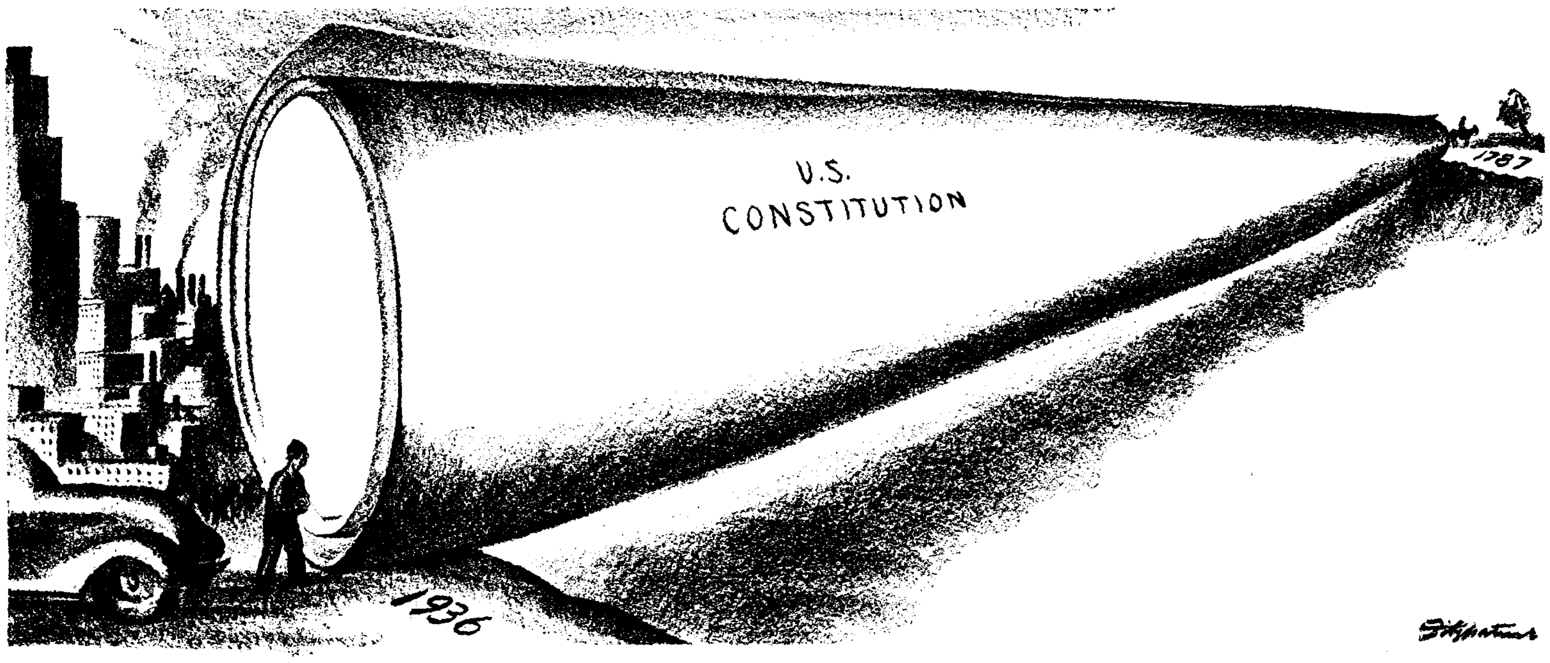


The Constitution Stays Young

IT IS no flag-flapping boast to say that our American government is unique among the great nations. It is the sober truth that the American system is and has been during its entire existence different from anything else in the world. This is the reason and the only reason that lawyers and Congress and courts are now quarreling so bitterly over what is and what is not constitutional in the United States.

In most countries anything which the existing government wants to do is for practical purposes constitutional. Of course there are written constitutions outside the United States, yet nowhere else, apparently, is it necessary or even customary to pay much attention to the constitution if the prevailing government prefers to ignore it.

We are, in fact, unique in this matter. With a few lapses we have both observed and respected our Constitution. Our record as enforcers of the criminal law is nothing to brag about, but when it comes to preserving written constitutions we have no important rivals.

So the vague constitutional issue which is being fought over in the developing presidential campaign has an importance which most foreigners and some Americans have difficulty in understanding. They wonder why we bother about a constitution written 149 years ago.

The explanation is simple enough to anyone who takes the trouble to recall our history. We have been literally raised on constitutions since our forefathers first came as adventurers to set up colonies on a new continent. From the very first settlements onward, constitutions were valued and preserved because of the very substantial benefits derived from them.

Our interest in constitutions is not a recent infatuation. America was settled by people who for one reason or another thought they would be better off away from Europe. Before the Revolutionary War, the settlers were steadily fighting off attempts of the British government to interfere in their affairs. The one useful weapon in these struggles before we became independent was the written charter of the colony or the local constitution. When the London authorities did something which the Americans didn't like, the colonists appealed to their charter rights.

Thus before we adopted any constitution of our own making, we had developed the habit of relying upon a basic document whose terms were superior to any mere legislative act. This habit and this custom were immensely strengthened by the necessities of our early life as an independent nation.

In 1787 there were few republics in the world and democratic self-government was a very revolutionary idea. Most governments centering in a king or an emperor said that the royal family had obtained its right to rule from God. The new American idea was that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the people who create the government.

Having had distasteful experiences with the British Parliament of that period, the founders of this nation were at great pains to safeguard themselves and their successors from the possible oppression of any government which might be established on the American continent.

They wrote a constitution for the United States and the separate states wrote constitutions for themselves. The national Constitution divided power between the federal government, the states and the people. The powers allowed the national government were enumerated in seven articles of the Constitution. Then as a quick afterthought ten amendments were written and adopted. By this means they sought to make it very certain that the national government would not encroach on powers left with the states or reserved by the people.

The Constitution has become a political issue this year on two counts. First, the question was raised of the authority of Congress under the Constitution to establish such national controls over our economic life as those set up in the NRA, the AAA and similar measures. State rights were at issue in these matters. More recent controversies have been conducted concerning rights reserved, not to the states, but to the people themselves.

Personal liberty, quite as much as national independence, was a principal objective of the American Revolution. In the Constitution important individual rights were specifically reserved to the people.

The zeal of some of the Senate investigators brought into court the question of whether the constitutional right to be free from unreasonable searches and seizures has not been violated by the lobby investigators.

Now, as often in the past, searchers and seizures are defended on the ground of the unpopularity of the victims searched and seized.

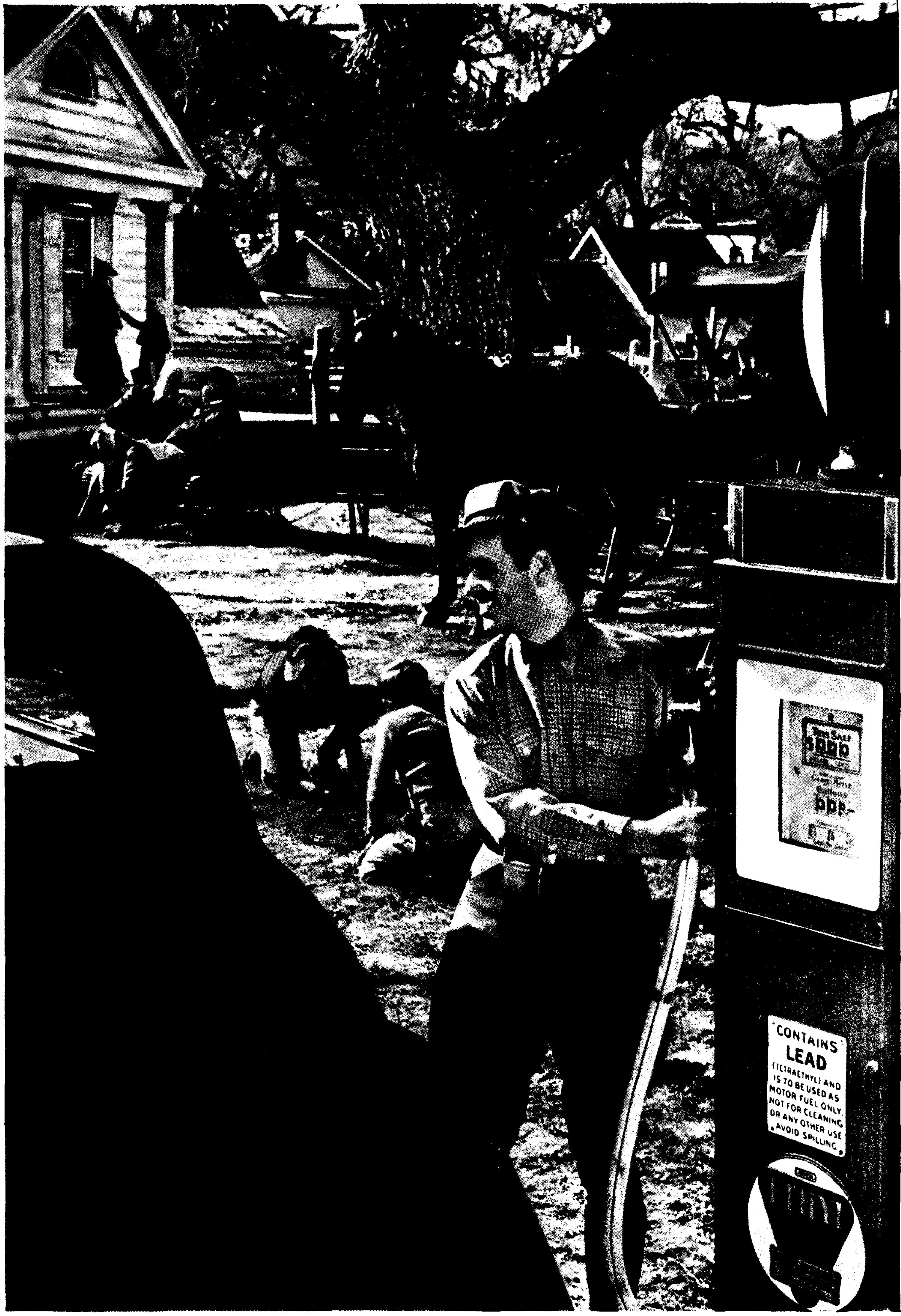
Liberty, however, is a possession quite as important to critics of government as it is to those in office. The constitutional guaranties were designed to protect all citizens and not merely those who happen to be in power or in favor or even considered good at a particular time.

So inevitably we shall hear a lot of talk about the Constitution as a political issue during the months ahead. Much of what is said will be partisan argument intended chiefly to influence votes. The Constitution will be defended as divinely inspired and it will be attacked as an obsolete reminder of conditions which no longer exist.

The majority of American voters will not be fooled by the fanaticism of either side. The Constitution will not be impaired by political discussion. It may be changed in the future as it has been in the past. Before it is changed, however, the specific amendments offered will have to win the approval of hard-boiled citizens who must be shown precisely what improvement is possible.

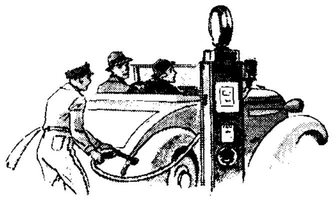
Cures for spring fever:

marbles for kids-Ethyl for cars

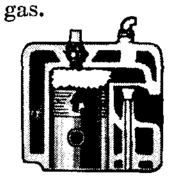

CONTAINS LEAD (TETRAETHYL) AND IS TO BE USED AS MOTOR FUEL ONLY NOT FOR CLEANING OR ANY OTHER USE. AVOID SPILLING.
ETHYL

HOW TO PUT *SPRING* IN YOUR CAR

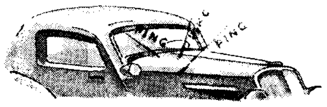
(*Only 37 seconds to read*)



Your car cannot run without gasoline. Your engine develops power only by compressing and "firing" gas.



The more gasoline is compressed before it is "fired," the greater the power each cylinder develops.



Gasoline which fails under compression causes a "pinging" sound when you accelerate or take a grade. Called "knock," this means *loss* of power and *waste* of gas.

To make gasoline stand higher compression, most oil companies add anti-knock fluids (containing tetraethyl lead) made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

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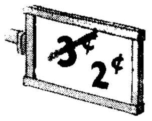

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